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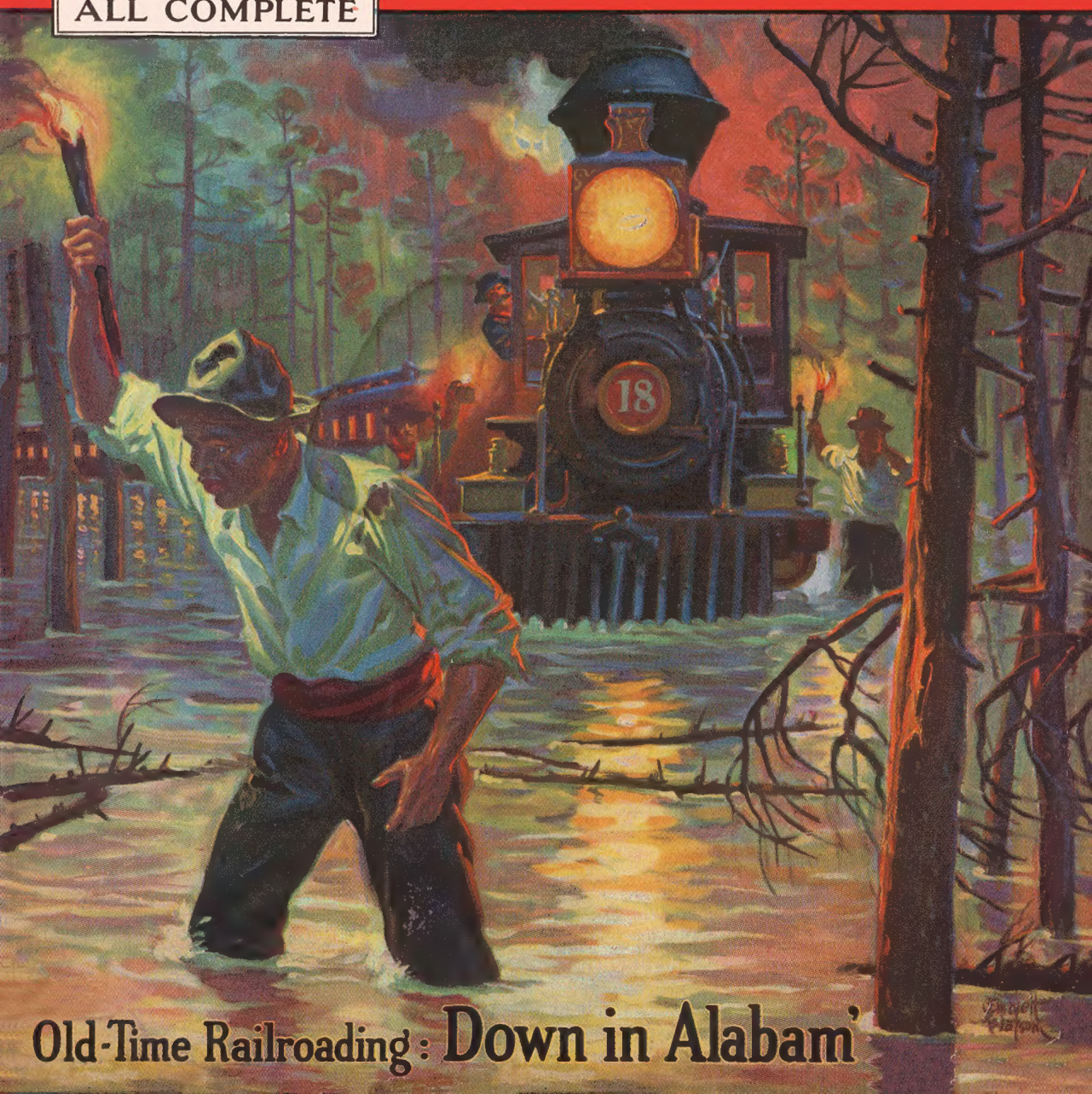
AUGUST 15¢

ALL COMPLETE



Old-Time Railroading: Down in Alabam'

The one thing they didn't teach him

THEY taught him everything about business except the thing he most needed to know—***how to avoid offending business men with whom he came in contact.***

Are they "not in" to you?

The No. 1 handicap in business is halitosis (bad breath). It hurts you with your associates, your employer, and the people you have to meet in the course of your work.

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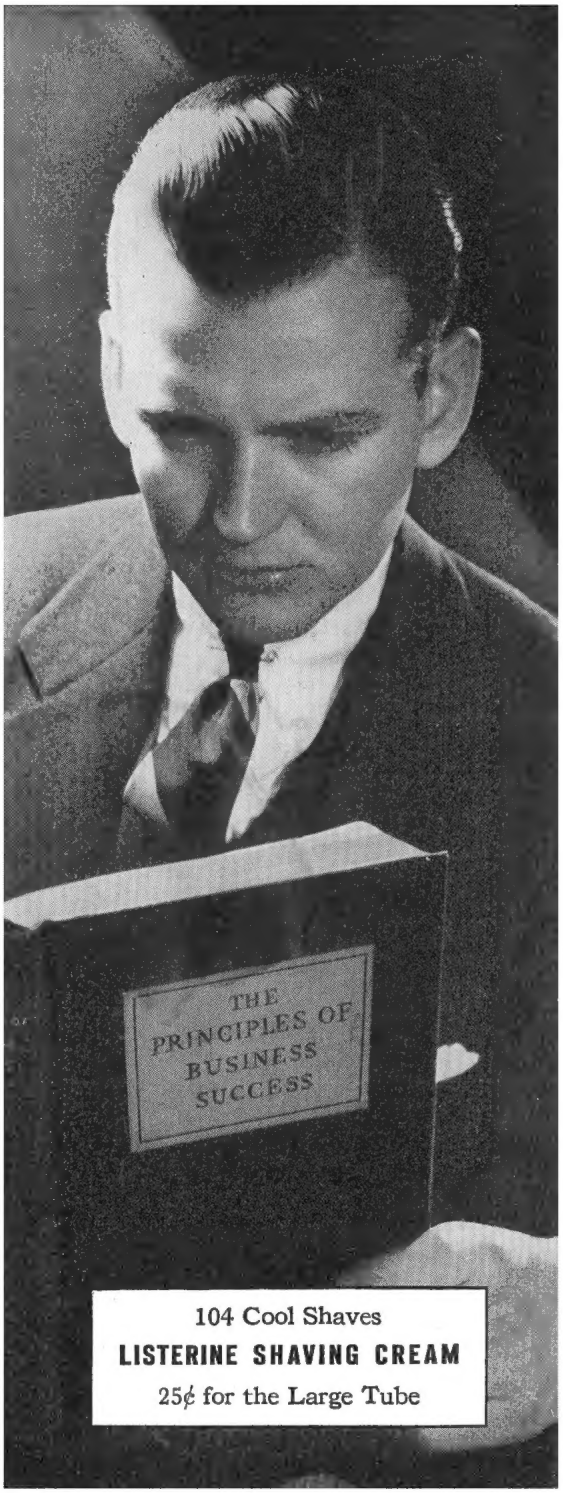
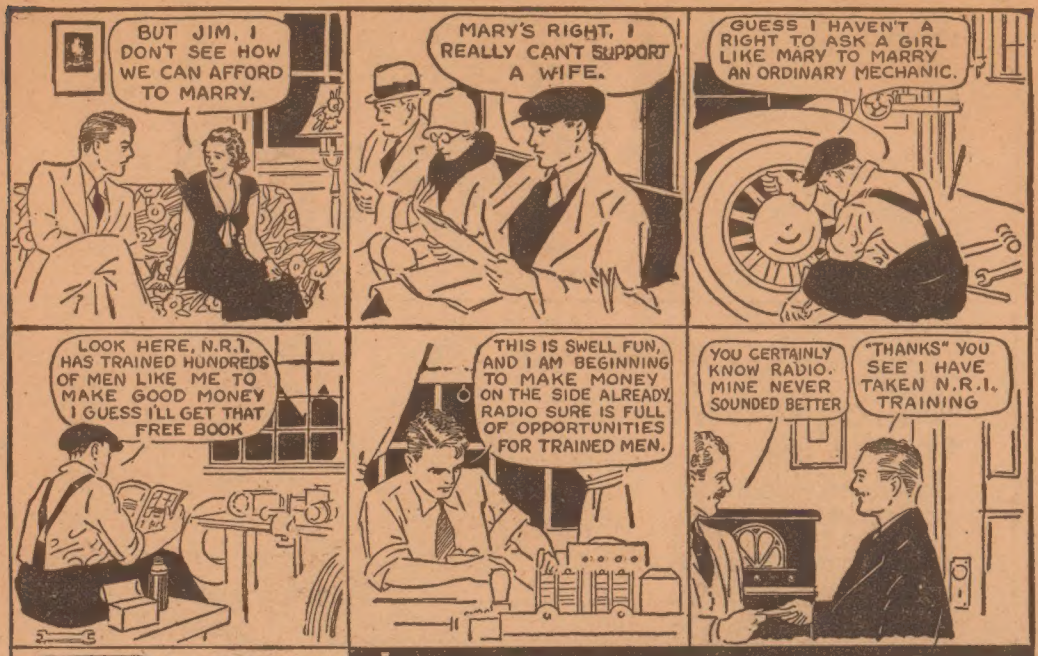
LISTERINE *halts halitosis* (BAD BREATH)




BUT JIM, I DON'T SEE HOW WE CAN AFFORD TO MARRY.
MARY'S RIGHT, I REALLY CAN'T SUPPORT A WIFE.
GUESS I HAVEN'T A RIGHT TO ASK A GIRL LIKE MARY TO MARRY AN ORDINARY MECHANIC.
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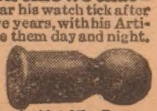

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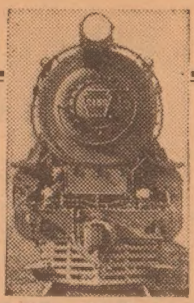

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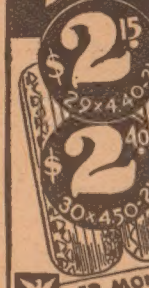

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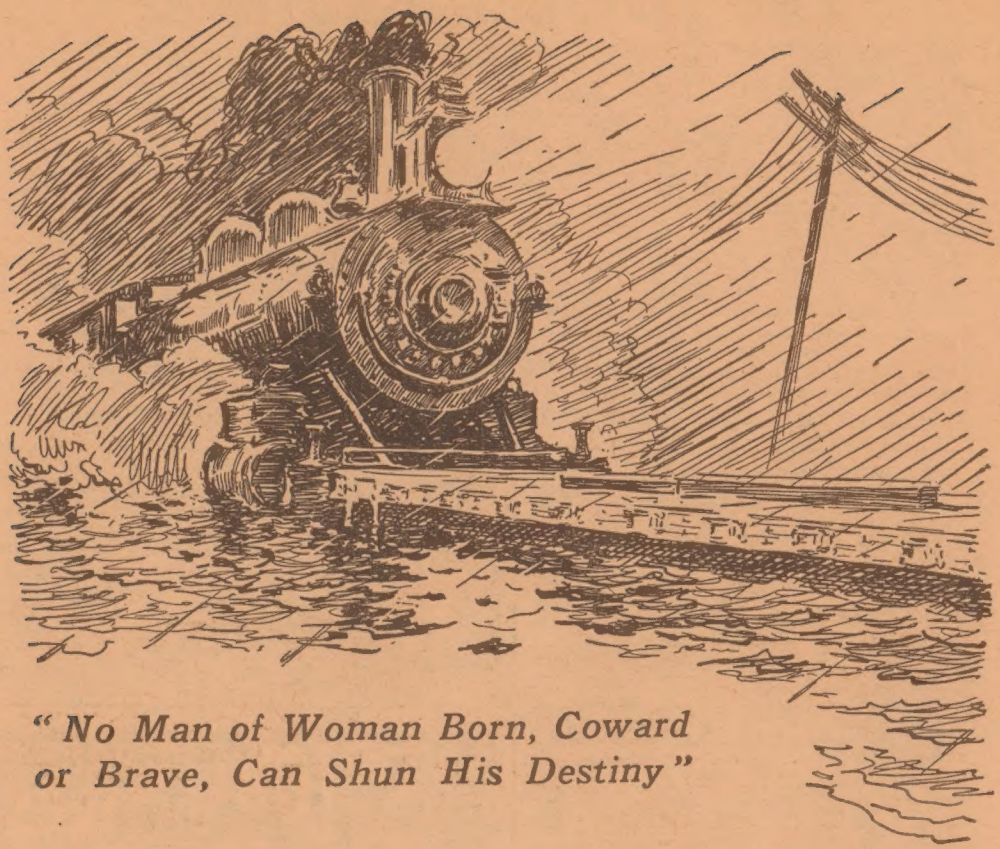

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When Destiny Calls

By E. S. DELLINGER

Ex-Brakeman, Mo.P. and Frisco; Author of "Vengeance," etc.

THE roundhouse whistle at Wellfield was the terminal telegraph for the old Southwestern. Five times each day its screaming blast proclaimed the hour. Sometimes, in between, it told of grim disaster and called the wrecking crew together.

Molly Weatherby always listened with a shudder. Molly was the daughter of the traveling engineer. Her boy friend, Gyp Travis, had gone into the wreck at Vengeance Hole, two years before, and not come out. Because of that, Molly had vowed she'd never marry a railroad man. The work was too dangerous.

But as times went on the girl's wounded heart was healed. And now a new spring had come—the spring of 1895—teeming with life of bird and blossom. Gay tulips lining the little walk that led up to the Weatherby home nodded in the breeze and seemed to mock the shrill roundhouse whistle.

Rud Randall, the lover of her school days, renewed his courtship of years ago. The big engineer had even

Wading Beside the Half-Submerged Flat Cars, Rud Randall Pondered on the Strange Fate That Had Brought Him Back to the Iron Trail

reached the point of asking her to be his wife. Molly wanted a day or two to think it over. Then, on an April noon, he sauntered up the road to Jim Weatherby's cottage for his answer.

Molly's father opened the door, extended a heavy hand. Rud was surprised. Usually the traveling engineer did not come home until later.

Mr. Weatherby noticed Rud's surprise. "I'm early today, boy," he explained. "You and I are going east at one o'clock."

"Going east?"

"Yes," said the traveling grunt. "You're taking Number 153—"

"That pile of scrap!" Rud cut in.

No. 153 was one of the first engines the Southwestern had owned. Men had been urging officials for months to take her out of service "before she blows up and kills somebody." Rud had heard that she was to be back-shopped as soon as business fell off.

"You're taking tonnage east with her today," Weatherby went on. "I'm going out to check on her and see what she needs."

"I've told you what she needs," Rud bantered. "She needs to be set out in the weeds for birds to build nests in."

Weatherby was patient. "This, my

boy, is a railroad. We've got to keep our old hogs patched up and running. It's up to men like you and me to find out where to put the patches."

Each man understood that below the jesting comment was a serious undercurrent. Weatherby said he had a hunch, every time he saw the old mill, that something was going to happen to her. Rud grunted. The other man nodded toward a closed door.

"Molly's in the kitchen, getting dinner. You'd better go in and help her while I pack my grip and get ready to go."

Rud eased through the kitchen door. Molly turned a flushed face toward him, gave a nervous little laugh, wiped flour from capable hands with a gingham apron and said:

"Oh! You frightened me."

With a smile Rud strode across the room and captured the floured hands. "Well?" he asked searchingly.

Molly looked away. Her eyes were swimming. "There's no use, Rud," she said at last. "It isn't that I don't love you. But you'll never quit the railroad, and I could never marry a man who works on it."

"But why?" the big fellow persisted. "Doesn't an engineer earn a decent living?"

"Sure you do, Rud," the girl said quickly. "We've gone over all that before. Life in a railroad family is a nightmare. I know; I was reared in one. The father always away—children strangers to him—wife sitting at home waiting, fearing, listening—"

As if to clinch her argument, the fierce scream of roundhouse whistle broke the noonday stillness. Rud felt Molly's hands grow tense in his. Her lips parted. The whistle sounded one long blast and died. She relaxed and said:

"Oh, my goodness! Twelve o'clock already. I'd no idea it was so late."

Rud released her hands and helped to set the table. They chatted through the meal. The hogger went home for his grip and returned by Weatherby's. Molly's father kissed her good-by.

Molly walked between them to the wooden gate. Gaily she swung a hand of each. Her gaiety left when the latch clicked behind them.

"Be careful, daddy!" she warned.

"I'm always careful, dear," he called back. "There's no need to worry."

Molly leaned on the gate. The two men turned the corner. Rud stopped to fling her a kiss from finger tips. The last he saw of the girl, she was holding the gate, with a warm April breeze whipping the curls back from a face lined with anxiety.

"She sure got it in for the railroad," Rud mused.

Weatherby snorted good-naturedly. "She'll get over it. A woman's like an engine. She has to get rid of surplus steam, and Molly's way is to pop off at the mouth."

They changed clothes in the crew room. No. 153 was on the outbound track. The men set their grips in the cab. Rud opened the firebox door and both looked in. With the fire down, they could see the entire exposed surface.

Although it was scarred and pitted from many a fire and many a mile, there was no outward sign of unusual weakness. *But under the skin*—that's where the danger lurks in a locomotive boiler—*were weaknesses that the keenest eye could not detect!*

A LOCOMOTIVE boiler is made up of sheets of metal. Where these sheets meet are seams—*welt* seams and *lap* seams.

In the *welt* seam the sheets are laid edge to edge, and strips are welded and riveted over the seam both inside and out. This was the new seam. The later engines of the Southwestern Railway were thus constructed.

The older hogs had *lap* seams. In the lap seams the metal strips are lapped, one over the edge of the other. It is all right while the boiler is new, but when age begins to creep on her. . .

Engine No. 153 was old. She had been in service since the Civil War. *Under the skin* those lap seams were beginning to weaken. Change in heat and pressure had been expanding and contracting the metal of that boiler for almost thirty years. At the inner edge of each lap a groove had formed where pressure was greatest—a groove which each fire was gouging ever deeper and deeper, weakening the metal toward the breaking point.

Rud and Jim Weatherby could not see those grooves because they were on the inner surface and covered deep with boiler scale.

Rud oiled around. The traveling grunt checked the engine. He made notations in his little book—notations of things which would need replacing or repairing when she went to shop.

At 2.30 they left town with twenty loads, running as No. 85. This train was carded as a *green-ball* freight, a *slow* freight, *third class* on the division timetable.

Usually it was annulled and its connections were run extra. Today No. 85 was run on its timecard rights, making it superior to nothing but hand cars and extras.

Because the train was inferior it had many orders. The conductor, Slim Higgins, brought out a batch thick enough to choke an ox. Rud checked them against the clearance. There were seventeen orders out of terminal, and other trains had copies of those selfsame orders. One of them read:

Exa 746 north has right over No. 85, eng 153, Sayre to Rover.

Rud and Weatherby read the orders, checked them with the conductor, and put them in overall pockets—at 2.30 in the afternoon.

It was a delightful afternoon. Breath of spring was in the air. Oak leaves were growing. Green wheat rippled in the sunlight. Rabbits scurried through the grass, and bob whites spread wings and sailed from sight as the engine thundered on.

Dogwoods in the valleys were white like snow, while flying orchards in full bloom shed fragrance from apple, peach and cherry for the soft south wind to whip in through open cab windows.

Rud and Weatherby leaned far out, their distended nostrils inhaling the perfumed breath. They passed a bottom field where a farmer with a team of dappled grays was turning a meadow, the sod falling away from the moldboard like an endless ribbon of black. The traveling engineer pointed toward the crawling team.

"That is the life, my boy!" he shouted. "There's no place like a farm."

"Yeah," Rud yelled back over the noise of the whirling drivers. "What do *you* know about it?"

Weatherby stepped over closer, so he would not have to holler. "I was raised on a farm."

"Why didn't you stay with it?"

"Didn't have sense enough," he said. "Some day I'm going back."

THE throttle was out, the reverse up. Rud hiked his feet to the brake stand and sang: "In the Sweet Bye and

Bye." Weatherby chuckled. He and the brakeman joined in the chorus.

The exhaust blared. They raced across the valley, running for the hill beyond the bridge. Other farms and other teams and other farmers came out of the haze and thundered by. Worshipful youths stopped teams to wave and shout a greeting. Halfway up the hill the traveling grunt spoke again.

"I'm serious about the farm deal, Randall," he shouted. "I know the very place!"

"Do you?"

"Yes, *sir,*" said the veteran. "There's a place up Swing River on the edge of Buelah Bend that's ideal. Acres of rich bottom land, worlds of flat sandrocks to build with, big spring of ice water running out of a cliff where a fellow could pipe it right down to his house. It's going to be for sale this spring, and if I can make the riffle I aim to buy it."

"How's the fishing?"

"Finest in the world—bass, cat, perch, by the bushel."

Rud sighed wistfully. "Almost makes me ask if yuh want a partner."

"Why not?" Weatherby returned. "You've saved some money. We could swing the deal—"

"Too far off the railroad for me. Twenty-five miles from where a man could hear a train whistle."

The traveling engineer was thinking of his daughter when he said: "The farther a railroad man gets from the road, the happier he'll be. If he's so damn far away he can't hear a train whistle—"

Rud whistled for Ludwig. They went in the hole to let No. 7 by and meet No. 36. For an hour and a half they waited there. All of the crew had sandwiches and coffee at the restaurant by the depot. The head brakeman cooled and packed a hot box. The fireman cleaned his fire, dumped the ash pan and wet it with the squirt hose.

Rud checked his orders carefully. He had expected the dispatcher to change the one on Extra 746. It is seldom that a dispatcher guessing a meeting point ten hours away will guess correctly. Usually he makes one guess and then makes other guesses, keeping both trains on the move until they meet and pass.

"We're still getting that 746 at Rover," he commented to the conductor.

"I reckon so," responded Slim. "We've not got any more on them."

It was growing dark when they left Ludwig. Jim Weatherby had seldom ridden engines with Rud Randall. The chief function of a traveling grunt is to instruct other engineers in the art of running. Rud had never needed much instruction.

Tonight Weatherby was inspecting rather than instructing. He took the throttle upon leaving Ludwig. Rud sat behind him, or crossed the cab to spar with the fireman or brakeman.

Stars were burning in a cloudless sky when they crossed Wind River. The fireman had his boiler hot and full of water and his injector cut down to throw a tiny stream. Rud scooped coal a while and went back to sit behind Molly's father. They talked some more about the farm up at Beulah Bend.

"It would sure be a peach of a place," the old man declared. "We could pay spot cash and fix it up."

RUD kept watching the water gage glass. From full it dropped rapidly as steam went through the smokestack. It went down to three-quarters and kept slipping.

The hard pull and more than half the hill was now behind them. The fireman went to his injector, opened it a trifle. He closed and opened it again.

Rud crossed the cab to ask: "What's the matter?"

"Damn thing's broke an' I can't seem to get it started again."

Rud elbowed him away and took the handle. He tried a dozen times but could not get the thing going. Then he left it shut and returned to the right side. He tried the right injector. It would not start. He opened the squirt hose, but still no water.

Jim Weatherby, who was watching now, left the throttle and tried both injectors. The gage was down now almost to a quarter glass.

"Have you got water in the tank?"

"I'll see." Rud went over the tender with a clinker hook and measured.

"We've got over half a tank."

Weatherby let Rud have the throttle while he worked with the injectors, trying first one and then the other. The water on the gage kept falling. Neither injector would pick it up.

The fireman quit scooping coal. The head brakeman came off the seat and stood in the deck debating whether duty required his presence in the cab.

Trouble was brewing!

When the water in a locomotive boiler takes a nose dive and both injectors quit, it's time for brakemen to hit for the rear end hunting hot boxes, because a boiler explosion is just around the corner.

A boiler explosion is one thing that men—even brave men—don't break speed records trying to get into. It is deadly. Many a poor devil who has forgotten to check his water, let it get off a crown sheet, and tried to cover up his blunder and save his job by easing in a little water, has been picked up in scraps out of somebody's wheat field.

Many another one, who has innocently taken out an engine which overzealous officials have kept in service after its seams have weakened, has gone to give testimony against selfish greed in the world beyond.

Rud was thinking of the possibility of a boiler explosion, and these facts ran through his mind as the 153 pounded along the rails with a string of freight cars jolting behind.

People just can't believe there's enough force in a locomotive boiler full of hot water to hurl a man a half-mile and hang him on the limb of a blackjack, or to lift a hundred-ton boiler off its frame and send it hurtling through the air as if shot from a cannon.

But the force is there. It is hidden in the heat energy which water snatches from burning coal when it boils and changes from liquid into vapor. Its exploding agent is lessened pressure and temperature which makes the vapor spill its heat energy.

Briefly, Rud told himself, it works like this: At sea level, water boils at 212 degrees. Increasing pressure raises the boiling point—the higher the pressure, the hotter the water must be before it sloughs its compact liquid form and expands into high-powered, bulky steam. Under a pressure of 180 pounds to the square inch, it boils at 380 degrees instead of 212.

RUD knew these things, knew the cause of boiler explosions. At 180 pounds pressure and 380 degrees temperature, a 2500-gallon boiler full of water has 2½ *billion* footpounds of heat energy all stored up ready to turn loose. This energy, if all released at once and used in one direction is sufficient to lift a hundred-ton locomotive

not a few hundred feet off the right of way—but *two and a half miles* straight up in the air!

After all, Rud couldn't exactly blame Molly for feeling the way she did about the railroad. Railroading does have danger, especially when you're riding a Civil War relic whose boiler is chock full of so much potentially destructive energy.

Your boiler with its seams and bolts and braces holds this energy in its belly. A seam springs a leak. Staybolts give way. Water gets off a crown sheet. The crown sheet gets red and stretches. Explosive action darts through like lightning. A little steam leaks. The leak lowers pressure. The pressure lowers boiling point. Water flashes into steam at lowered pressure—and your explosion is on!

"That's one way," Rud reflected grimly. "There are others."

Maybe neither seam nor bolt nor sheet gives way. The hog is standing still. The fireboy fills the boiler through his injectors and builds a fire under it. Water gobbles up the heat. It gets hotter and hotter. Motionless, it does not boil. It becomes superheated. Fire keep pouring more energy into it.

Sudden movement—the tap of a hammer, *the opening of a throttle.* The sleeping energy awakes. Water tries to flash into steam.

Rud was aware that if the safety margin in boiler strength is sufficient, the boiler holds the water down until equilibrium between steam and water is again established nothing happens and nobody knows about it. But rust and years and miles lick the margin of safety off boiler metal—pits, seams, warping. *That's* what makes widows and orphans.

Jim Weatherby and the head brakeman knew these facts also. That's why the brakeman thought there might be a hot box in one of those heavy loads which demanded immediate attention. He headed for the gangway.

Weatherby shouted: "Let's shut her off and see if we can pick up the water with the throttle not working."

"That's the system when she's foaming," said the hogger, "but she's not foaming now."

"Let's try it a whirl."

Rud closed the throttle. Their speed fell off quickly, five miles an hour, three. Weatherby worked with the injector. He leaped back and cried: "Highball! Let's go! That's got her working!"

They dragged up the hill. The traveling grunt made notes in his little book. The fireman scooped coal. The brakeman returned to sit in the cab window.

It was 8.15 when they rattled through Glennwood. There was an order. Rud thought it would concern an extra. It didn't. It gave him fifteen minutes on No. 6.

"I wonder," he said to Weatherby, "what's become of that extra 746?"

"Had right over us to Rover, didn't they?"

"Yeah."

"We'll probably get something more on 'em over there."

EVERY freight division has its own pet piece of hoodooed track. The thirteen winding miles between Glennwood and Rover was IT for the Ozark. More things had happened there than on all the rest of the division—wrecks, washouts, runaways, holdups.

In that thirteen miles were Vengeance Hole, which Molly Weatherby dreaded; and Green River; and Travis Hollow, where Rud had been reared.

Time was when he had almost feared to ride that thirteen memory-haunted miles. But that time was passed. For him railroading had ceased to be an adventure; it was now a job, a business.

Tonight he had no reason to expect that anything would happen. There was no intuition. No clouds crept over the land. No ghosts grew out from subconscious memories. Stars twinkled in the black heaven. Wind whipped soft odors through cab windows.

Thinking of his days in Travis Hollow, and of the future when he *might* go to live with Jim Weatherby—and Molly—on a farm far off from the rail at Beulah Bend, Rud shuttled in and out through curves and over fills of the Breakdowns, crossed Vengeance Hole, and fell down the grade through Travis Hollow.

They flew across the bridge and hit the grade with the reverse down, the throttle out, the left injector forcing a thin stream into a lowering boiler.

The fireman watched his glass and checked the gages. He opened his injector a trifle more, expecting to hold the water level higher. But instead of the stream increasing, the injector quit working altogether.

Both Rud and Weatherby were watching. He tried a dozen times, shoving the injector in, easing it out. He opened the squirt hose. That did not help matters. He looked helplessly at the two engineers and scratched his curly head.

"Maybe she'll pick up again if you shut off," he suggested.

"I hate to shut off here," Weatherby yelled. "If we do, we're going up the hill twice."

The bakehead growled: "It's a damn cinch we can't make it over the hard pull with the water we've got in the boiler."

"Here, you take her again," Weatherby said to Rud, "and let me try it."

Once more Rud ran the engine, the traveling engineer worked with injectors, and the brakeman became interested in hot boxes. The water fell down the glass, fell to a scant inch!

"You'll just have to shut her off, Randall," shouted Weatherby. "We can't get a drop through."

RUD closed his throttle. The train rolled to a stop. Rud whistled out a flag. The fireman had quit scooping coal. They had expected the injector to work as soon as they quit using steam just as it had done on Wind River. But it didn't. Though they tried both injectors, opened the squirt hose, did everything else they had ever done to start an injector, they could not get a drop of water into the boiler.

"It must be a stopped-up strainer," guessed Weatherby.

"Probably full of mud and trash."

"We'll have to cover the fire and find out. We can't take a chance as low as that water is."

They talked. Sure they talked. Covering fires under locomotive boilers and cleaning them afterward is the kind of thing which teaches enginemen how to talk and makes them ashamed to look at the preacher on Sunday afterward.

But Weatherby and Rud, knowing that hot fires and low water cause boiler explosions, and that boiler explosions send good railroaders to glory, didn't lose any time.

The fireman grabbed a scoop and went down on the ground hunting loose, wet earth. He shoveled up scoops of it, passed it to Rud on the engine steps. Rud passed it to Weatherby, who threw it into the firebox to smother the fire.

The conductor came. He helped with the dirt. Rud and Jim uncoupled the tank hose and cleaned the strainers. When the hose was again connected, the injector worked like new.

The conductor, Slim Higgins, returned to his caboose. The hind man was back flagging. The head man was curled up on the bunk getting his spot.

In the cab, the weary fireman swore, cleaned the dirt off his fire, shook down his grates, built up a new fire. The steam was down. He turned on the blower, started raising steam and running in fresh water.

"We'll have to double* out of here," Rud told the traveling grunt.

The water glass filled up. The fireman shut off his injector. The steam gage needle crawled up and over. Weatherby and Jim looked the hog over, and leaned side by side against the pilot bar, staring dismally up the track.

"A few trips like this, and I'll be damn glad to go to the farm with yuh," Rud said to the traveling engineer.

The latter chuckled, looked at his watch. It was 10.03. "If we didn't have that fifteen minutes on Number Six," he drawled, "we'd have to flag out of this lousy hole."

"Yeah. We may anyhow."

Rud turned toward the cab, intending to see how the steam was coming. He didn't go.

AT 11.15, "Punk" Harris, conductor on Extra 746, and engineer "Battle-axe" Borden, received that order reading:

Exa 746 north has right over No. 85, eng 153, Sayre to Rover.

They read it and eleven other orders. Two brakemen and a fireman read them. Each of the five men commented to himself: "He'll annul that Number Eighty-five before we get to Rover. He always does."

That kind of thinking is not safe for a trainman, because he never knows what a dispatcher will do during the course of a day; and thinking like that leads to forgetfulness.

Although the engine for No. 85 was specified, that is exactly what each of the five thought. The hind brakeman hooked the conductor's batch of orders on a file between the cupola windows. The engineer shoved his into an overall pocket. All day they kept getting orders, because an extra cannot move on single track against regular trains unless it gets train orders.

Under these newer orders, the old one was dismissed from mind as wholly useless. Not one of the five men ever thought of it again, because all of them had jumped to the conclusion: "No. 85 will be annulled."

The dispatcher did not forget it. When No. 85 left Glennwood, he put out an order to Extra 746 at Barnett and No. 85 at Rover, reading:

Exa 746 north get this order hold main line meet No. 85, eng 153, at Barnett.

He issued that order because he figured No. 85 would be out of Rover by 8.45, and would meet No. 6 at Barnett. But No. 85 was not at Rover by 8.45. It wasn't there at 9.00.

The dispatcher called Rover and Barnett, and "busted" his meet order —that is, he instructed both operators not to give it to the trains addressed. Thus the order issued more than ten hours before was still in force!

Extra 746 blared through Barnett

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* *"Doubling a hill" means to cut the train in half, haul one half up the grade and then come back for the other half. This is done when the engine cannot pull the load uphill in one trip.*

on a green board. They stopped at Rover for water. The operator there didn't check to see whether they were going to head in for No. 85. Train and engine crews are expected to know when to crawl into a sidetrack without an operator telling them.

At 9.55 the operator saw a pair of tail lights going down the grade toward Green River.

He called the dispatcher to "OS" Extra 746 by Rover at 9.52. "OS" means "on train sheet"; it means reporting the time a train passed a certain point.

The dispatcher stopped him, commenced pouring lightning over his wire telling him to get hold of that extra and stop them. The operator couldn't, because Battle-axe Borden had turned down Green River Hill, running to make Glennwood ahead of No. 6.

RUD didn't go into his cab, because in the act of turning he caught a peculiar flash of light over the treetops.

"What's that?" he asked.

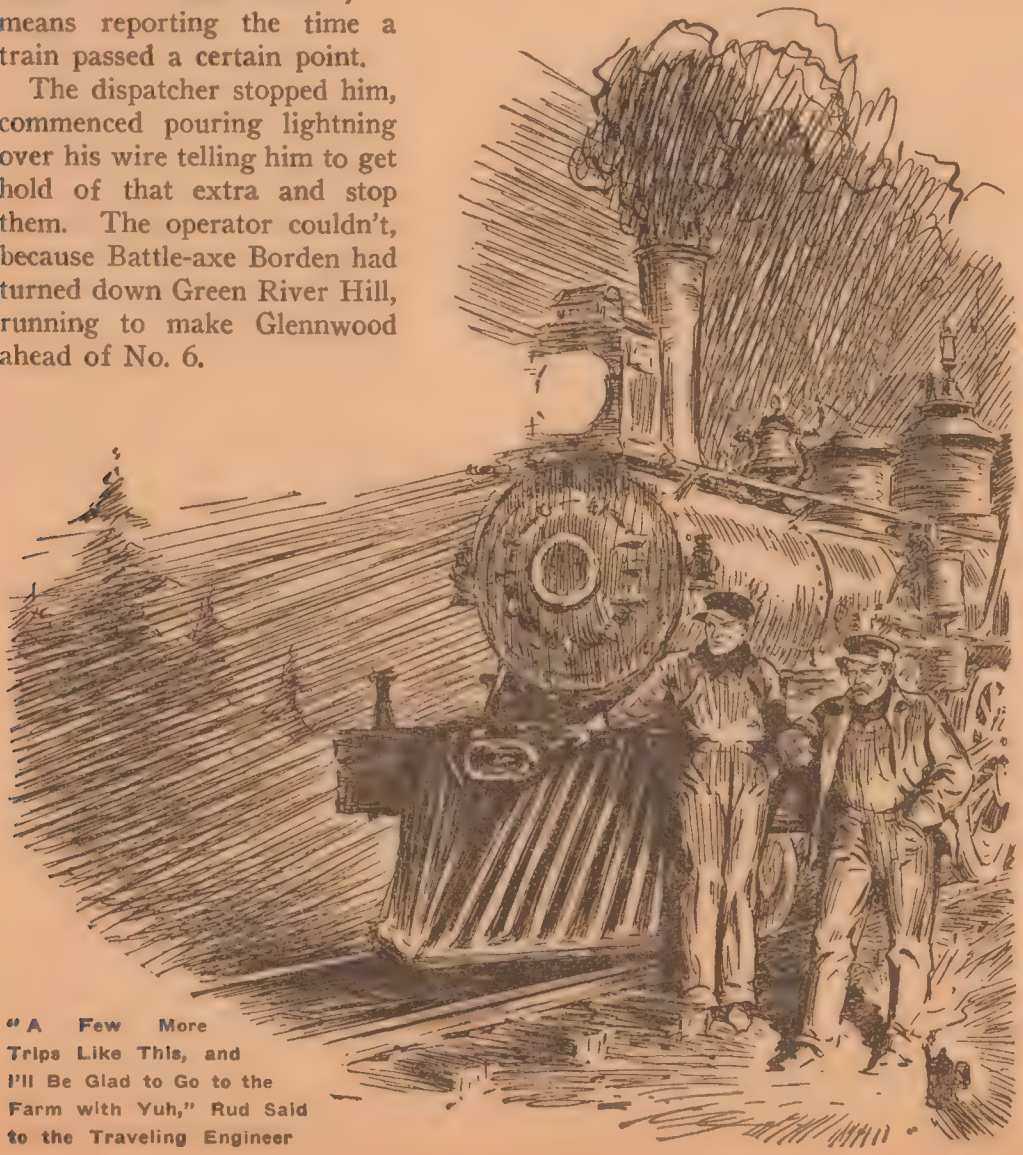
Weatherby looked up the hill.

"What's what?"

"That light—there it is again."

Weatherby peered into the darkness. "It looks a hell of a lot like the light from a firebox."

"I'll bet, by jimminy, Extra 746 overlooked their hand. That's what



"A Few More Trips Like This, and I'll Be Glad to Go to the Farm with Yuh," Rud Said to the Traveling Engineer

comes of high-powered dispatching. If that bird Garner's a train dispatcher, I'm a double cross between a green elephant and striped giraffe . . . . Of all the— Putting out an order to a crew at noon, and expecting them to remember it at midnight!"

While Rud talked he was dashing toward the engine steps. Weatherby went up, shoving from behind.

"You grab a red one, kid," he ordered. "You get up there around the curve and flag her down. I'll give these a roll down the hill, and try to get out of his way."

Weatherby kicked off the air brakes. He whistled a back-up sign. He did it like he meant it. A madly circling white light told him to "Come on!" He braced his feet against the quadrant, and horsed the reverse into backward motion.

Rud was two hundred feet up the track, running through the cut. He distinctly heard the roar of the train coming down.

"Sure is 'balling the jack," he thought.

He heard Battle-axe start whistling for a crossing. He didn't hear the whistle end, because as the second blast sounded, there came a blinding flash—a deafening roar. Rud went face down into the track.

For seconds he thought someone had hit him. The roar echoed and re-echoed through the wooded hills. He listened, listened and sat up.

His head cleared. He knew what had happened. He knew that Jim Weatherby had opened the throttle of that rotten old 153 on a boiler full of superheated water, and the boiler had gone to pieces! He knew that Jim Weatherby and the fireman—

A new sound jarred him into action. Battle-axe Borden was whistling again, nearer this time. Rud groped for his lantern. It was out and its globe was smashed to slivers. He found a fuse.

Then he stumbled up the track, wiping blood mist from his eyes, determined to stop that thundering freight before it crashed into the last remains of engine No. 153.

"The Damned Wrecker Whistle!"

MOLLY WEATHERBY went to a church social that evening, and returned home shortly before ten. She brought back a girl friend, Willa Kingdon, to spend the night with her. The two girls were in bed by 10.10, but Willa's rapid-fire tongue kept rattling on about men. Willa was a pretty redhead. She liked men, any of them.

"Of course you and Rud will marry," she said inquiringly.

Molly was thoughtful. "I don't know. Really I don't."

"But why not? You like him. He's got a good job. He's straight as a string—and crazy about you."

"And wrapped up heels and head in this railroad job of his," retorted Molly. "Rud would never quit till he gets killed or fired; and I don't want to live around a railroad and spend the rest of my days in constant fear of being left alone."

"You're a fool, Molly. Your dad's railroaded for thirty years. Mine for longer than that."

"Yes, Willa, but look at the close calls they've been through. One never knows when he goes out—"

The redhead was philosophical.

"Quit fighting shadows," she cut in,

"and take their idea of life. Every railroad man believes in Destiny. He *knows* he's going to live till his time comes; and when it comes, he's going—no matter if he's sitting in a rocking chair or at home in bed."

The clock struck eleven. A freight staggered out of the yards with tonnage. A switch engine coughed and sputtered. At 11.05 the wrecker whistle sent in its mournful call ringing through the cloudless sky.

Molly counted the blasts, four of them. "There it goes again," she said. "Another wreck in the south! I wonder who'll be left a widow now?"

"Cheer up, kid," Willa muttered sleepily. "Maybe it's only a car off the track—or an engine on the ground."

The redhead fell asleep immediately, but Molly listened. She heard two men go up the walk together. They were almost running. The limping step of one, probably the wrecker foreman, sounded loud on the wet flagstones.

The switching engine whispered, popped off, whispered again as it brought the freight caboose to put on the wrecker outfit.

Molly did not get up. She knew she could see nothing. A telephone rang. She thought it was at Kingdon's, next door. Yes, it was. She heard an excited exclamation from Mrs. Kingdon:

"Oh, my God! You don't say! How terrible! Oh, I can't believe it!"

Molly lifted a corner of the shade and looked out. There was a sliver of light under the Kingdon front room shade.

Minutes passed. Molly trembled. A door slammed. It was the front door at Kingdon's. Mr. and Mrs. Kingdon came out on the front porch. The steps went down, out to the walk, and stopped.

Molly sat up in bed. Her eyes were staring. There were cold drops on her forehead. Willa snapped awake and sat beside her.

"What is it, kid?"

"I—don't know. Your father and mother—they're coming."

The Weatherby gate creaked open. A hand struck lightly on a closed front door.

Molly scrambled into slippers and dressing gown, struck a match to the gas jet. Her face was white. Willa followed her like a shadow.

Mr. and Mrs. Kingdon were at the front door. They had no merry greeting. Their faces were cold sober, and Bill Kingdon's mouth was twitching.

Without a word they entered the living room. The girl in the flowered dressing gown was backing slowly away from them, as if she feared their touch.

"Molly — Molly, darling," murmured the kindly mother. "Don't—please don't look at us like that. Something—terrible—"

"Don't tell me!"

Molly's eyes were bright. In them was no tear. They were wide and blue, and they seemed crawling out of sight into deep sockets.

"Don't tell me!" she panted. "I know! I've known it since the day I could first remember. I knew it when they took out that 153 tonight. I knew it when the whistle started blowing—*the damned wrecker whistle*—"

With clenched fists and heaving chest, the girl fixed fierce eyes upon the friends who had come with bad news.

"Both of them!" she cried bitterly. "Both dad and—and him! Fate couldn't leave me—"

"Not both, my dear," Willa's father interrupted gently. "Rud is safe."

Briefly he told about the explosion

and how Battle-axe Borden had overlooked an order and crashed head-on into the wreckage, how "The Lord surely made Battle-axe overlook that order a' purpose to save Rud Randall for you . . . ."

RUD did not return to work after the explosion. Not that he was afraid. The very fact that he had lived while others died only strengthened the fatalistic doctrines inculcated by his hill-billy father through such maxims as: "What is to be will be; an' what hain't, cyan't be." He had other duties, other desires.

Molly stayed with the Kingdons and Rud stayed with *her*. She let him lead her like a little child.

The young engineer had not forgotten what Jim Weatherby told him on their last trip about a farm up Swing River. Two weeks after the tragedy, Rud suggested to Molly that they drive over the hills to Beulah Bend.

"They tell me," he explained, "that the bass are striking over on the Swing. I want to try my luck. You've got an uncle or something of the sort you can visit, haven't you?"

The girl smiled sadly.

"Uncle Ed is the village doctor."

Beulah Bend was no longer young. It had been a county seat fifty years when the first railroad had pierced the Ozarks. Its nearest station was twenty miles away. Not even on the clearest day could its soft-voiced youth and dreamy-eyed maidens hear the distant whistle of the locomotive.

"So restful and quiet," Molly ventured as they drove the winding street along the river. "Here one could live in peace and forget those perils which hide beneath the veneer of so-called progress."

"And forget also the advantages which that progress affords," Rud added sagely.

They remained two weeks. "Uncle Ed" knew the farm Jim Weatherby had in mind. "He's been figuring on buying that old Gentry place ever since he was a boy. Went railroading twenty-odd years ago so he could buy it."

It was a fertile strip for second bottom. Rud liked it. He had cash. He bargained with its owner. He brought Molly out to the spring. The girl was mystified. He enlightened her.

"You mean," she choked, "you—love me enough—enough to give up your work? Leave your engine and move out here to please my whim?"

Rud smiled. "A man will give up much for the woman he loves."

"You darling dunce!"

"Will you come?"

Molly came. They built a house of sandstone well down in the walnut grove.

Rud bought crop and teams. It was hard work feeding, milking, following team through cornfield, swinging a grubbing hoe and wielding an ax.

But Rud did not grumble. Not once did he remind Molly that he had come here for her, nor how his heart ached for the throb of an engine, the scream of a whistle, the merry greeting of jolly fellows who rode the cab. He smothered that ache and went right on farming.

But from the first day, things went wrong. No man who has spent a dozen years around a railroad can ever become an expert farmer. Rud never quite figured out when to plow and when to stay out of the field. His corn yellowed. Drought withered it. Lightning killed his best team. Two cows drowned in the river.

The Wellfield Bank, where legal grafters carried the account while they

settled Jim Weatherby's estate, closed its doors and somebody else spent the money which the traveling engineer had worked a lifetime saving.

THREE years went by. They were relentless years, tumultuous years, yet happy years. Little Jim was two when the twins were born. Work and worry had told heavily on Rud, but they had left their mark more deeply traced in Molly's character. When the twins came, she didn't do well. Not all her uncle's skill and experience could bring her out.

"She'll have to go east," was the verdict. "I need advice, and I need it quick, or else—" The doctor tapped his forehead significantly.

Rud drove his wife to Wellfield and took her on the train to St. Louis. Skilled physicians treated her. Skilled surgeons operated.

Rud's meager funds disappeared as if thrown into a well. He went back to Beulah Bend, mortgaged the home, and returned with more money. Property meant nothing when her life hung in the balance.

Molly came home at the end of the summer, a semi-invalid. No longer was she the sweet girl whom Rud had married. Molly had become irritable. Adversity and ill-health had embittered her. Nothing seemed to please. She blamed her husband because crops failed, and chickens had roup and hogs died of cholera.

Rud let her do the talking. Life was too precious to waste it arguing with a woman, even when a man knows he is right. He bent his shoulders to the load and worked the harder.

The fifth spring came. Little Jim was three; the twins were one. Rud worshipped them, worshipped the more because he realized there would be no others. He played with them, and Jim toddled to the fields behind him.

During this fifth spring there were rumors. A new railroad projected down the valley. Rumors grew. Men in laced boots and khaki drove stakes between the Randall house and the river. Molly watched them in cold-eyed brooding silence.

"I suppose you'll be wanting to get back running an engine as soon as it comes," she said fearfully.

"Why, I never mentioned it, did I, sweetheart?" soothed Rud.

"No, but you've been thinking about it. You can't fool me."

Rud hadn't fooled her. He *had* been thinking that unless his luck changed at farming, he might try to get on running for a few years until he could pay off his debts and get his worn nose once more from the grindstone.

Grading gangs followed surveyors. They built a switch yard, roundhouse, and terminal offices on the upper end of Beulah Bend. Civilization prodded the sleepy town into wakefulness.

Rud plowed and planted, and harvested another failure. The mortgage fell due. He sold the lower part of the farm to a realty firm. He did not get much out of it, because the town was building the other way. He did get enough to pay off the mortgage on the half he had left.

In the fall, trains rattled the windows and showered cinders on the roof. To Molly every sound was a taunt from an evil destiny which had thwarted her purpose. To Rud it was a challenge to give up the life he despised and return to the work he loved, the throb of engines on the iron road.

ANOTHER year. Another harvest. Little Jim was five now. He would toddle down to the barbed wire fence

and watch the trains go by. Men waved at him, men who remembered his father as an engineer.

November came. Corn was shocked. Wheat was sown. Rud was husking the first real crop he had grown since he had returned to the farm. Molly and a rheumatic neighbor were making apple butter in a copper kettle under the walnut trees. The children were playing.

In the middle of the afternoon, although she had forbidden little Jim ever to play on that side of the house, Molly looked up to see him and the twins clinging to the right-of-way fence, watching a work train dump rip-rap.

She called. The boy pretended not to hear. She called again. Again he did not answer, though both the twins looked around. Molly ripped a switch off a walnut tree and the three came crying to meet her. She gave each of them a few raps on the legs, led her eldest into the house and put him to bed.

Jim slipped out of bed and saw his mother busy about the copper kettle. He had a knife, which his father had bought for his birthday. He liked to "whiggle" with it.

He went over to the dresser—the beautiful walnut dresser which his mother had brought out from Wellfield—and cut a "railroad track" a foot long right through its top. By the time he had it done he knew he was in trouble, because mama had spanked him more than once for "whiggling."

Rather than face the issue, the little fellow decided to run away. He sneaked out, keeping the house between him and his mother, crawled through the wires and started east along the railroad track.

An hour later, just before the "Texas Flyer" came to town, Molly looked up from her work. The twins were playing in a sandpile. She wondered where Jimmie was. Then she remembered. Maybe he had fallen asleep.

Mollie tiptoed into the house, through the kitchen and into the bedroom. Little Jim was not there, but his knife was on the dresser, and beside the knife his "railroad track."

The neighbor came running. Molly looked out over the field. Beyond the upper end, where the track ran into the cut, was a moving speck of white. Jimmie!

"My God!" she cried. "The Flyer!" She whirled to the neighbor. "Run—run to the field and tell Rud!"

Molly darted outside, fled to the fence and hurled herself through. Skirt torn to shreds, she sped down the tracks, shouting: "Jimmie! Oh, Jimmie! Rud! Oh, Rud!"

But Rud could not hear her. Rud was working at the edge of the field farthest from the track. He was on his knees shucking corn, and the rattle of dry fodder drowned all other sounds. He did not know anything was wrong until the rheumatic neighbor came within a hundred feet of him, yelling incoherently that Jimmie was on that track and the Flyer was coming.

RUD sprang up. He saw his son on the high trestle over the long hollow, with a frantic mother in pursuit.

He leaped into the wagon half filled with husked corn, lashed the startled horses into a mad gallop. But even as the farm wagon careened madly on he knew he would not be in time. Already the Flyer was whistling for the trestle.

Molly heard the whistle. She cried and prayed. Little Jim, thirty yards from the farther end, toddled stub-

bornly on. He stepped from tie to tie. The mother knew he would not make it across. She called to him to jump, but Jimmie pretended not to hear, until the roar of the train drowned her voice. Hand to her throat, she stopped. Her heart stood still.

Running fifty miles an hour, the Flyer came into the cut. A watching engineer was whistling frantically. A blurred speck appeared in the left cab window, plunged along the running board. The fireman was coming—*coming to the pilot to save her Jimmie!*

The train slowed. The fireman reached the pilot. Jimmie stepped out from between the rails, looked down into the ooze and slime, clinging to the grab iron.

Molly could see him, see every move he made. The engine was running ten miles an hour. The fireman clung with his left hand, swooped out with the right, caught Jim in the crook of a strong elbow. Molly started a prayer of thanksgiving.

But the prayer froze in her tight throat. When workmen had put on that grab-iron they had forgotten to batter down the end of a bolt over a nut. Vibration had loosened the nut. It had lost off. The weight of the man and the child jerked the iron from the bolt. The fireman could not hold. Under her very eyes, his grip gave way, and, holding the child in his arms, he plunged down into the ooze and slim below!

No one ever knew quite what happened—whether in hurtling down, the child fell under and the fireman fell on top of him, or whether he came down in a twist. Certainly the fireman had risked his own life in the attempt and no blame could attach to him whatever.

But little Jim—Uncle Ed put him to bed. The boy didn't get along. He was paralyzed and grew constantly worse.

The Grab-Iron Broke, the Fireman's Grip Gave Way and, Holding the Child in His Arms, He Plunged Down into the Ooze and Slime Below!

After Christmas Uncle Ed said: "St. Louis or his coffin!" Rud and Molly again mortgaged the home place to send this child to St. Louis.

He was there until March. When he came home, Rud built a picket fence around the little mound under the walnut tree, and Molly planted roses, and a shaft of light from the bedroom window fell across the white and green.

Old Man River

THE fall rush came. Every man and every piece of rolling stock was working overtime. Trainmasters and superintendents were running around with their hats in their hands begging men to take out trains for them; because even in the nineties, good engineers on new railroads were at a premium.

Came a Saturday in November. Four boomer engineers heard of a *good* job up Rawlins way. The yard was blocked. There were trains. There were engines. When four quit there were no engineers.

Officials held council. There were questions, arguments, suggestions.

"*Hire* engineers or *make* them," demanded a superintendent.

"I'm a master mechanic, not a creator," barked the expert.

"Set up firemen."

"And cause a million-dollar wreck?"

"Hire somebody."

"You find an engineer and I'll hire him."

"There's a farmer below town who used to run on the Southwestern out of Wellfield." The suggestion came from a square-jawed trainmaster.

"Can he still run?"

"He was a whiz on the Southwestern."

"Why ain't he there now?"

"What the hell difference does it make to us why he ain't there, if he'll take an engine and handle it?"

"It won't take long to find out."

Superintendent and master mechanic drove to Randall's. Rud was scooping his last load of corn into the crib. He straightened a tired back and watched his visitors come by the house.

"Mr. Randall?" queried the super.

"Yes, sir,"

"I'm Goodman, and this is Mr. Harding, master mechanic."

Rud shook hands.

"They tell me you used to run an engine for the Southwestern."

"Yes, I was set up on the S. P. out of Tucson, and ran out of Wellfield for four years."

"Would you be interested in getting back into the game?"

Rud hesitated. "Well, now, I don't hardly know."

"If you don't, who does?"

Rud laughed, a strained sort of laugh. Molly was feeding the chickens, and the twins were helping. Somewhere an exhaust was whispering, a whistle was sounding. His eyes kindled.

Molly called the chickens. They scrambled over each other gobbling corn. He looked down at the big bay horses. One of them yawned and wiggled an ear. Rud was not aware that the two visitors smiled broadly when he strode toward the chicken yard.

MOLLY tilted her sunbonnet. "Who is that?" she asked suspiciously.

"Two railroad officials out from town." Rud faltered and looked down at his worn boots.

"Oh, are they?"

"Yes. They've come to ask me to take a job running an engine."

The woman threw handfuls of corn to greedy chickens whose crops were full. "I refused to marry you until you quit railroading."

"I know, Molly, but don't you see? When we were married, we thought we had a home, and a place to make a living. Things are different now. We've got that mortgage to pay. We'll never pay it the way things are. In two years we won't have a roof over our heads."

"Go on and say it. It's my fault."

Rud caught a twitching hand, held it in both his own calloused ones.

"I didn't say that, dear. It's nobody's fault, so far as I can see. It's the act of Providence. Now, I've been thinking that if I'd take this job and work, say this winter, or maybe for a year, until we get kind of caught up—"

The twins were listening. They were as still as two gray mice in a kitten's boudoir.

"We have to make a living some way," Molly admitted grudgingly, "so you'd better go."

Molly pushed back her sunbonnet. There were tears in her blue eyes. Rud caught the young woman in his arms and kissed her. Then he went back to the two railroad officials, who were waiting impatiently.

"What does the boss say?" queried the super with a chuckle.

Rud laughed. "She says you've hired an engineer."

"When can you go to work?"

"In exactly one hour."

"Be at my office at six o'clock," beamed the master mechanic. "I'll give you a little examination."

At 6.00 Rud was in the office. At 7.30 he was on a freight engine on the roundhouse lead. It was the first time he had been on one since that night on Green River Hill. He thought of that last trip, and how Jim Weatherby had gone up whole and come down in pieces, but it did not worry him.

He felt a wild exultance, as if years had been lifted from him. The railroad had made him; the farm had broken him. Now with the throb of steel beneath his touch, he knew that life was good. He sang for sheer joy.

His fireman watched dubiously—until Randall let the Consolidation back into the string of stock cars full of lowing cattle, let it back with never a tremor. Then the fireman breathed more easily and went on scooping coal. He did not need to be told that though Randall had come that night from a cornfield, he was a railroad engineer.

AT 8.00 Molly told the twins their last story, tucked them into cribs, and sat down to mend little stockings by lamplight. She was startled at the strange lightness in her heart. Stubbornly she repressed the glad smile which rose to her lips.

Deep down in her own soul she realized their financial worries were at an end, because as long as Rud Randall held a railroad job he would make a good living. Doggedly she determined never to let her husband know her feeling, told herself that other worries would come.

At 8.20 a freight pulled out of the yards and came whamwhamming down the valley. Molly lifted a corner of the blind and looked out. She could see the glow from the gage lamp and the firebox, with a figure silhouetted in the window. Came three sharp barks of the whistle, and she knew somehow her husband going down the line was riding the rail which would lead him on until the Great Caller overtook him.

Rud worked every day. His pay checks were an inspiration. He whistled and sang—when he wasn't around home—and joked with the boys as he had done in those old days before the farm whipped him.

Molly sang about her work during the day. But at night, when quiet settled over the valley and the children were asleep, she would lie awake listening, listening ever for the call of the wrecker whistle.

The following spring was one Beulah Bend never forgot. Old residents still talk of it as "the year of the flood and the fever." The fever came first. Streams had become contaminated. The scourge struck Beulah Bend in virulent, fatal form.

In terror Molly watched her precious darlings. Uncle Ed came out every day. But it was no use. First one of the twins took sick, then the other. Rud tried to lay off so he could be home to help during the crisis. Men were sick. Nobody could lay off.

When the twins had been sick for seventeen days, the floods set in. Swing River went out of its banks. It came over the flood bottom and crept up and up on the sycamore trees.

Railway officials watched with alarm. It was the first real flood since the line had been built; and doubt grew —as it came higher and higher— whether their tracks would withstand the onslaught. Work trains dumped rip-rap to protect danger spots, and track walkers followed the line.

Rud brought a freight into Beulah Bend the second day of the flood. For twenty miles, from Benton to Garver, water was lapping the girders of low culverts.

The long trestle over Garver's slough was under water, and there was a five-miles-an-hour slow order over it.

"Looks serious," Rud told his fireman. "Old Man River's causing plenty trouble."

"Unless the rain lets up," said the bakehead, "this here M. & M.'s gonna have to build a new pike."

When Rud got home he sent Molly to bed without telling her about the high water. He sat down between the children. They scarcely knew he was there.

Uncle Ed came around nine that night. He took temperatures and tested pulses.

"How are they?" Rud asked.

"Pretty bad, my boy." The doctor shook his gray head. "Couldn't be much worse."

"Is the danger—immediate?"

"The danger is when the fever breaks. I only hope it doesn't come before tomorrow night, because—"

Rud waited breathlessly.

"I'm out of medicine."

"Out of medicine?" The engineer sat up straight, looked at the doctor reprovingly.

"Yes. We've used enormous quantities of it, my boy. I've ordered more from St. Louis by wire. St. Louis was out, so I had to order from the East. It should be here tomorrow on the noon express. But tonight—"

He threw out his hands in helpless gesture. Rud paced the floor. Hours dragged by. The doctor remained with him. Midnight came, and one o'clock.

"I think I'm going, now," said Uncle Ed. "If any change should come—"

The muffled telephone rang. Rud answered it. "Mr. Randall speaking."

"Calling you for Number Eight at 2.40," said the voice of a call boy.

Rud protested: "I can't go out tonight. My children—"

"Other men have children sick,"

said the voice harshly. "They've gone. You're going too."

"Wait a minute," Rud pleaded. He called to the doctor. "Do you think I'd dare go out tonight, Uncle?"

"I think you'd be perfectly safe if you get back before midnight tomorrow."

"All right," said the hogger. "If you'll double me back here—"

"Don't worry but what you'll get back soon enough. We're turning every crew at the other end."

THERE were twenty slow orders on the line that night. Sidings were full. Rud was alarmed at the rise in the water since he had come up in the afternoon. Backwater from the river was over flats, which he had never before seen hidden. The trestle over Garver's slough was up to the ash pan, the engine rocked and wobbled. Other trestles which had been dry in the morning now had water up to the ball of the rail.

The thought came into Rud's mind: "What if this track should go out before I get back tonight?"

He arrived in Darrel at 8.20 A.M., and was three times out. Three regular trains were marked up to go before noon. Rud was in line for No. 3. He would certainly be in Beulah Bend shortly after dark.

The hogger went to bed. Rain beat a lullaby on cypress shingles. He slept three hours. When he snapped awake he sensed something was wrong.

Dressing hastily, Rud hurried out. It was still raining. Clouds were black and close. He went straight to the yard office. Before he reached it two passenger trains were in the yard which did not belong here. One was the westbound Texas Flyer. The other was the Oklahoma Express.

A freight brakeman, coming from the office, was whistling in the rain. "I reckon we'll sleep awhile now, hogger," he gloated.

"What's the matter?" barked Rud.

"Oh, haven't you heard? They've tied up the works."

"Tied up—what's that?"

The brakeman smirked. "They're holdin' everything here an' at Beulah until the flood leaves. Track from Garver to Benton's all under water, an' they're lookin' for bridges to go out any minute."

"You mean they're not running anything to Beulah today?" Rud gasped.

"That's what I said. Why the stew? Afraid you'll miss a trip or two?"

Rud did not explain. He ran into the yard office. "What's this I hear about nothing west today?" he croaked.

"You've heard correctly, hogger," the yardmaster informed him.

"But I've got to get home."

"You'd better start walkin' over the hills or swimmin' Swing River then, because—"

"But listen, man. My kids are sick. They may not live through the night."

"Oh!" The yardmaster was not laughing now. "I'm sorry, Randall. Bill Sweeney's in the same trouble."

Engineer Cassidy and Fireman Sweeney, who had been called for the express that morning, were playing pinochle with other enginemen in the lobby of the roominghouse. Sweeney was cursing viciously.

"I don't see why they couldn't have let Number Five go on through," he raved. "The dirty, lousy—"

"I'm glad they annulled it," Cassidy bellowed. "I've been looking for a train to turn over in that river ever since—"

"I come cockeyed near turning Second Number Eight over up by Gar-

ver this morning," volunteered another of the men.

"On the long trestle?"

"Yeah. Right square in the middle of it. If I'd had my terbacker in the other side uh my mouth we'd a flopped right off there in thirty foot of water."

"Horsefeathers!" rasped Sweeney.

Rud had been over the trestle two hours ahead of Sweeney. He remembered it had been getting soft. He did not talk. Instead, he wired Uncle Ed;

Can't get home tonight. No trains running west. Tell Molly.

Then Rud sat in a pinochle game. He could not keep his mind off Molly, left alone with the children, nor off the children themselves. While he played he was hearing the feverish chatter of a little boy and a little girl in the walnut grove at Beulah Bend. At 2.30 he threw down his cards and went back to the office.

IN Beulah Bend, Dr. Ed Weatherby received Rud's message at 1.40. He had been waiting impatiently for the train to come from the east. He dashed to the telephone and called the office.

"Our track is under water and trains cannot get through," the agent informed him.

The physician hurried to the division offices. He picked up Dr. Lyons on the way. Superintendent Goodman was pacing the floor. Goodman had a hundred miles of railroad tied up and a daughter at the point of death. He greeted his visitors gruffly.

Briefly Dr. Lyons explained that the supply of a certain vital medicine was exhausted, that a new supply was now on the train tied up at Darrel, and that unless that supply reached them shortly souls would go out in the hours before the dawn.

"I'm sorry, gentlemen," the super said, "but service has been discontinued to avoid disaster."

"Better think clearly, Mr. Goodman." Dr. Lyons was Goodman's family physician. "*Lives* depend upon that medicine coming through today. *Some* of those lives are close to you."

He caught the doctor's meaning.

"You do not understand, gentlemen," he cried hoarsely. "You do not realize what you're asking. Twenty miles of that track is under water. It has not had a train over it for more than seven hours. Both train crews and track men advised it was unsafe to operate even then. If it was unsafe seven hours ago, with water rising constantly and gnawing at embankments, can't you see it would be utter folly to risk bringing a train . . ."

"But an engine," persisted the doctor. "Couldn't you send a light engine?"

"Even if we would risk the loss of an engine in the flood, our men would balk. Every engineer on this division knows traffic was discontinued, and knows why. I wouldn't order one of them to take the chance."

Dr. Weatherby was twiddling his thumbs. He glanced up quickly. "Suppose," he suggested, "there was an engineer in Darrel so deeply interested in this matter that he'd volunteer to take the risk?"

The Shadow of Death

RAIN slanted down from leaden skies. Flood waters surged through young sycamores covering the flat beyond the railway yards in Darrel.

Rud joined the dozen railroaders loafing in the crew room. Behind the glass, a yardmaster was talking over the telephone. He hung up, strode into the crew room, and laid a hand on Rud's arm.

"Wanna talk to you a minute, Randall," he said.

Rud followed into the office. The Y.M. began abruptly: "Just how bad do you want to get into Beulah Bend?"

Rud eyed him levelly. "*Plenty* bad!"

"Would you risk taking an engine up over that track?" The Y. M. hesitated.

"What are you driving at?"

"Got a wire from the super. Says there's dope on this westbound express some doctors in Beulah must have tonight."

Rud swallowed hard. He remembered now what Uncle Ed had told him last night about the medicine coming on the noon express. Funny he hadn't thought of that this morning. The yardmaster was watching him.

"Goodman thought you might—"

"I *will!*"

"Mind, I'm not urging you to go, Randall. I don't think any engine can make that trip. They pulled the work trains out of that segment from Benton to Garver this morning, to try to save the tracks farther west. That grade through there's likely to be cut out."

"We'd shove flat cars ahead."

"But the water may be so infernally deep it'll flood the fire."

Rud was undaunted. "We'll take kindling and start a new one."

"But, dammit, Randall, you might turn an engine over in thirty feet of water and drown like a rat."

"I said I'd go," Rud insisted. "What engine do I get?"

"I—I don't know yet."

The hogger squared his jaw. "Find out. If that 761's under steam, let me have her. She's light on her feet, and she's a high-wheeling baby. I used to run that old gal over in the Southwestern."

"You'll need a fireman—"

"Get Bill Sweeney. He's playing pinochle at Ma Shipton's."

Rud pulled down to the office. Growing gossip had spread quickly. The platform was crowded. People jabbered—"Five hundred dying in Beulah—two heroes (or two fools) taking engine through carrying medicine—not one chance in a hundred—track washed away—go into a hole and never get out—" Solemn men stalked; hysterical women dabbed red eyes with wet handkerchiefs.

Besides twenty slow orders, the dispatcher gave Rud a running order, instructing him to run extra with rights over all. One message told him to pick up four empty flat cars ahead of engine, Benton to Garver; another warned him to look out for work trains at mileposts so-and-so.

Looking out for work trains was in the day's work. Rud knew they were there. He realized that although twenty miles of track was submerged, most of it was buried in shallow backwater. The real danger of washouts was in the forty miles beyond Garver. It was there that the swift water came close to the track. That's why a roadmaster had practically abandoned the track around Garver, and taken men and equipment west to fight the flood.

Rud read his orders jokingly, shook hands with friends, and left Darrel at 3.40, carrying in his grip a package for "Dr. E. M. Weatherby, Beulah Bend."

AT 6.30 Molly called Uncle Ed. He went out immediately. The twins were awake. One was moaning.

The Flood Season Hits Illinois: A Baltimore & Ohio "Plug Run" from Flora Backing Into Beardstown About Nine Years Ago

"How are they?" he queried.

"I don't know," Molly faltered. "They seem to be—different."

The doctor felt a pulse, took a temperature. He opened his bag and searched futilely among his bottles. Then, with a sigh and a shake of the head, he walked to the window and back. The woman asked:

"Has the crisis come?"

"It's coming, Molly."

Her face hardened. "I don't see why Rud left me," she said petulantly. "He may be down there for a week, and me here alone."

"Don't blame Rud," urged Uncle Ed. Briefly he explained. "Rud left Darrel," he concluded, "at 3.40 with an engine carrying that package of precious drugs. If he makes it through he will be here before the crisis. If he doesn't . . ."

The railroad woman understood. The hard look left her face. Her children were going into the valley of the shadow. *She* was watching, Rud was working; and the roar of the river warned her that he might not come home at all.

For the first time in years she had a *good* cry.

RUD pulled into Benton at 5.35. Water was over the rails and four inches deep in the station. The operator came to talk while the fireman filled the tank.

"You guys trying to commit suicide?"

"Who wants to know?" Rud asked.

"You can't get through to Garver," the op announced definitely.

"Oh, can't we?"

"No," said the op. "They had the 153 on work train over there this morning."

"And she flooded out?"

A Burlington Extra in the Yard at Beardstown—"Where the Natives Have Web Feet and Brakemen Wear Hip Boots," Says Joe Bandy, of Litchfield, Ill., Who Sent These Two Photos

The op answered: "Yes, and the water's rose a foot since then."

"A foot!" The dispatcher had told Randall four or five inches.

"Yes, a foot, and she's still rising an inch or so an hour."

"Hurry up, Sweeney!" the engineer bellowed. "We've got to get out of here."

The operator returned to his office. Rud coupled four empty flat cars ahead of the engine and shoved them to the main line. Turgid water moved sluggishly down the lane through the forest, with the telegraph poles rising from it like black crosses, and a deep gloom settling over the valley, a gloom which the sullen roar of the river accentuated.

Rud clanked along at eight miles an hour. He wanted to run faster, but knew that if he ever got one wheel off the track in that flood his run was ended; his children might not see the light of another day.

The forward flat car nosed against the sluggish, muddy current. Rud fixed his eyes on it, watched it for that plunge which would tell him the track was gone from before him.

The flat car sank deeper and deeper. Its wheels went almost out of sight. The engine followed blindly. Side-rods came up streaming and fell with a splash. They crawled through the sag, climbed to a rise where bright steel glinted through, sank into another hollow and out again.

Daylight gloom deepened into dusk. Nine endless miles were behind. Eleven more stretched up the river, with Garver's slough at their end. Rud did not take his eyes from that flat car. They crossed another ridge and started into a depression where a trestle spanned a hollow.

Something blacker than the dusk rose from the water. At first the hogger thought it was coming toward him. He called to the fireman:

"What is that down there?"

Sweeney peered out intently. "Looks like a brush pile."

Nearer, nearer came the black object. It was in the middle of the track. Rud stopped the head car at its edge. He and the fireman went to investigate. A mass of brush and bits of wood brought down the hollow had lodged against the trestle.

"Looks like we're stuck," gloomed the fireman.

"Can't be!" insisted Rud. "We got business in Beulah!"

He went to the cab and returned with ax and crowbar. Hip deep into the flood they waded. They felt their way along the ties, where a misstep would plunge them into twenty feet of black water.

The fireman slashed at tangled timbers. Rud groped to the bottom of the pile with the bar. Bit by bit the débris came way. Darkness settled.

At 7.05 the last of the obstruction went down with the current. They returned to their cab, crossed the trestle, and groped their way through the darkness.

AN hour went by. The flat cars led them on. Sinking, rising, sinking. The dull glow of the oil headlight glinted from the muddy surface. The track was softening. Twice in the last five miles their engine leaned right. Grim-faced, tight-lipped, the two men held their breath, fearing it would keep on going. But each time it righted itself and rocked on.

Shortly after eight they saw the green gleam of the switchlight at Parnell. Parnell was on a hump two miles from Garver's slough. Rud called to Sweeney.

"We're going into deep water over here," he said. "We may have to pull out of it without a fire. I'm going to set out three of these flats. You shake your fire down, and we'll dump the pan before we start into the slough."

"What's the idea?"

"If we kill our fire in that damn slough and have to kindle—"

"I got yuh." Sweeney shook his fire down to a veneer of live coals.

They left three cars in siding. Rud knew he was disobeying instructions. He took the chance, because if he killed his fire in that long slough he would need every pound of steam he had to pull him out to the hump beyond.

It was 8.20 when they left Parnell. Rud knew he was coming now to the crisis of his run. The abutment to the trestle might be cut away. One car-length did not give him much room to stop. If he stopped on that trestle, or if the engine turned over into that flood, friends would find him and Sweeney in the judgment.

Running down to the trestle, the two men were silent, alert. Down and down they went. Water rose to the axles on their flat car. It shaved off rolling wheels. Wheels disappeared. Drift and scum were almost within arm's reach of the cab window. Sweeney stood up on the left platform ready to jump. On the right, Rud gripped his throttle, watched that flat car in hypnotic fascination as it sank deeper, ever deeper.

Would that trestle never roll on beneath their wheels? Would they never reach its western abutment? Would the track beyond be sound or sunken?

Side-rods churned water. Steam billowed from hot metal. They felt the engine tipping, careening far to the right; and the blow of the steam grew suddenly louder. Water was in the firebox!

SUPERINTENDENT GOODMAN did not go out with the work trains. A roadmaster and a trainmaster were both on the job, so he remained in Beulah Bend. He did not know whether an engine could come through the Garver country. He doubted it, but he had risked his job and two lives on the chance that it could.

Dr. Lyons had told him later in the afternoon that unless the engine came

through there would probably be a vacant bedroom in his home the day after tomorrow.

Mr. Goodman walked the floor at home until 7.10. At 8.05 he went to the dispatcher's office. Dispatcher Poff was his friend. They had railroaded together for years.

"Shouldn't you be getting something on that 761?" the super asked anxiously.

"I expected him to show at Garver by 7.50," Poff said uneasily.

"You think somethin's happened?"

"We'll never know, Charlie, till Garver calls. A lot of things could happen to an outfit like that."

They waited. They listened to the rain. They heard the whine of steam in the boiler of a switch engine.

The super groaned. "Poor Mrs. Randall! I'll never forget the night I went out and hired her husband away from her. She seemed to know somehow—"

He hushed. The sounder was talking. The dispatcher recognized the hand. He leaned eagerly forward. The message: "Exa 761 showing . . ."

Poff leaped to his feet. In his excitement, he grabbed the superintendent by the shoulder. "They've made it!" he shouted. "Randall's come through!"

AT 11.30 Rud climbed stiffly to the platform at Beulah Bend. Two doctors and a division superintendent were waiting. Uncle Ed snatched the package from a wet black hand, ripped the wrapper and divided its contents with Dr. Lyons.

Rud caught his slicker sleeve and croaked: "How are the children?"

Uncle Ed did not answer until he had Rud in the buggy and was lashing the horses into a mad gallop. Then:

"They're awful bad!"

"Am I too late?"

"God help us! I hope not!"

He wasn't. At five in the afternoon Uncle Ed came again. The Randall twins were asleep. They were breathing naturally. He beamed upon his niece and her anxious husband.

"They've passed the crisis," he said cheerfully. "And, thanks to you"—he patted Rud's arm—"others will live who might have gone."

Molly lifted a tear-stained face from which was gone the last trace of bitter resentment.

Rud took the woman in his arms. While she clung to him the coarse voice of the roundhouse whistle sounded. Tonight it was not calling out the wrecker. It was telling housewives of Beulah Bend that the hour was six o'clock.

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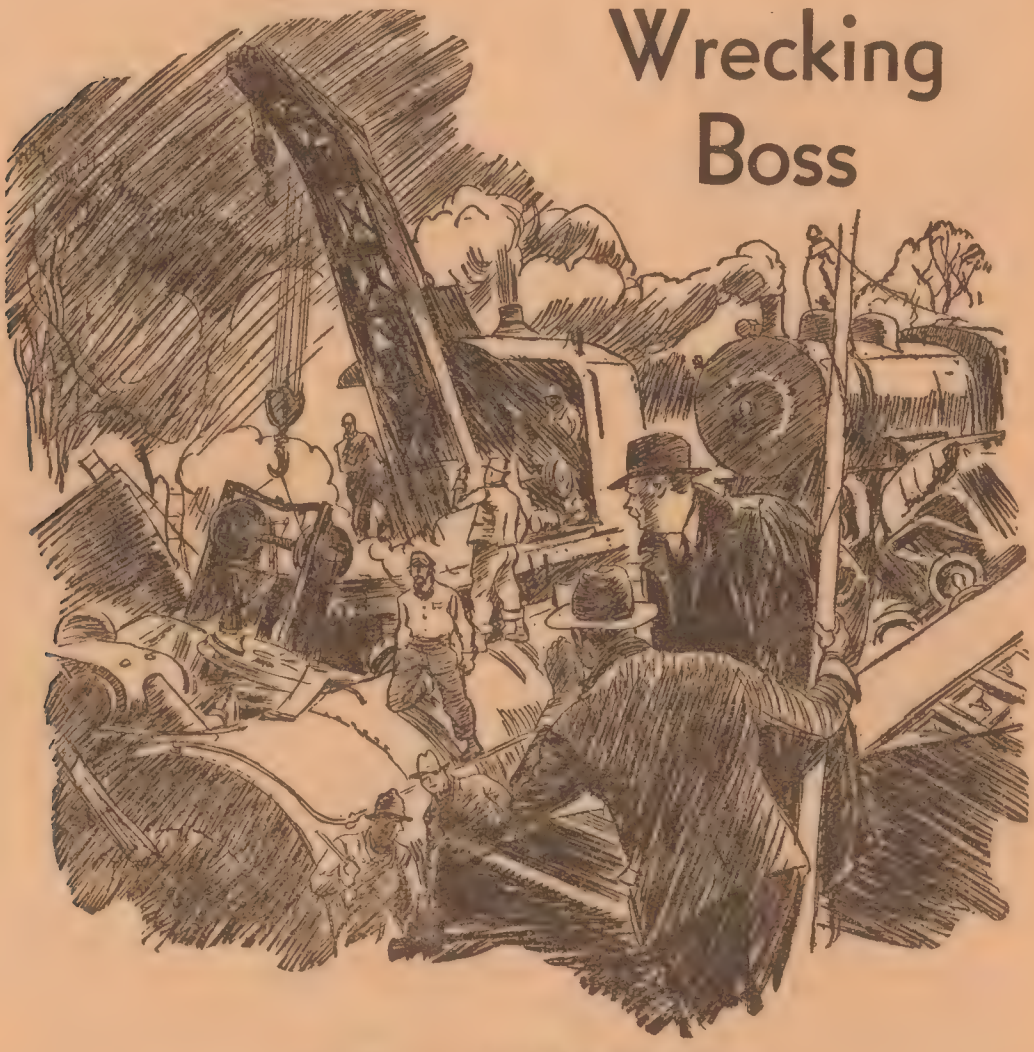
Wrecking Boss



By W. C. "CAP" WHITE

As Told to H. G. Monroe, Ex-Brakeman, Southern Railway

FOR thirty-six years I was on the "big hook" of the Southern Railway, and for twenty-six of them I was wrecking boss. They say I've lifted more wrecks than any living man; maybe I have. Anyway, I've certainly cleaned up plenty of them. I worked on the Georgia, the Seaboard Air Line, the Central of Georgia and the Atlanta & West Point, before any of them had such a thing as a derrick. If I had to begin my life over again, I'd still follow the big hook.

I was born May 27, 1858, at Marthas-

ville, now Atlanta, Ga. When the Civil War started I was three years old; when it ended I was eight. Marthasville had become Atlanta just a short time before the War. Three railroads ran into it: the Western & Atlantic, now the N. C. & St. L.; Georgia; and the Macon & Western, now the Central of Georgia. I can remember the desolation left behind Sherman's army—the ghostly chimneys and smoked walls of the razed city—after his army had passed through and went down the Georgia Road.

At the close of the war I saw the boys in gray drift home again by twos and threes, gaunt and ragged but undaunted, determined to rebuild a new and finer South. There was plenty of building to do in those days, and I became a carpenter. I followed that trade until I was twenty-six. However, in those days a railroad job was the highest dream of every youth, and I was like the rest. On December 30, 1884, I signed up with the wrecking crew of the East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia Railway.

Of course the War left the South prostrated, with no money to spend except for actual necessities and very few of these. We were kept busy picking up cars and little kettles that tried to run over tracks that were sadly in need of repairs; trestles were rotting, and half the time we went unpaid for lack of funds.

Ten years later (1894) I was made wrecking boss, and the next year the Southern Railway was organized. This company bought my bankrupt road along with the Georgia Pacific, the Richmond & Danville, which some years before had bought the Georgia Midland & Gulf; the Atlanta & Florida and several small branch lines. They were all streaks-o'-rust; simply tossed on the ground, with Alpine grades, curves that a wagon could hardly negotiate, and hundreds of trestles, because they were cheaper than fills.

My first big pile-up after I became master was the only one I was ever called to go to before the wreck actually happened. It came about this way:

Rube Mayfield, who was the oldest hogger on the old Richmond & Danville, had pulled the "Air Line Belle," a famous two-car accommodation between Atlanta and Toccoa, Ga., for over twenty years. He was a whistling fool, and everybody up there knew and liked him. It was said that he had planned to retire, but Fate dealt him a losing hand.

The collision occurred on the morning of June 14, 1900, at 8 A.M. There was no excuse for it, but the regular brass pounders were on a strike, and most anything could happen with the bunch who were at the keys.

Colonel Hodges was dispatching trains, and he put out orders for a meet at old Belt Junction, now Armour Station, between the "Belle," headed south, and No. 12, a Richmond "varnish," * which left Atlanta at 7.30. Rube had the order in his pocket, but the "31" meet order was on the pad at the junction to be delivered to No. 12.

No. 73, a fast freight, headed south ahead of the "Belle," was making the junction, where it would meet the two passengers, and the time was so close that Flagman Ben Davis dropped off his caboose beyond the north mile board and flagged the "Belle." This cost the poor fellow his life.

No. 12 was stuck two or three minutes while 73 was heading in, and why that fool op failed to deliver the order I don't know. He couldn't have possibly thought that the freight was the "Belle." Anyway, when 73 cleared, old man Bill Davis, hogger on No. 12, kicked off his brakes and left the junction.

Rube picked up the flagman and was running about thirty-five miles an hour when he came out of a cut, while Davis was hammering the 852, one of our first ten-wheeled passenger hogs, and was doing forty across a long curved fill. Neither of the engineers could see the other until they were less than fifty yards apart.

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*"Varnish": passenger train, so called because the cars are varnished.

The engines met with an awful wallop, and it was remarkable that no passengers were killed. Rube's hog was an eight-wheeler. When she hit her the boiler left her frame, sailed through the air and landed at the bottom of the forty-foot fill. Her main open in a few hours. Then I went after the tank and boiler of Rube's engine.

When I had time to listen to stories of the wreck, I was told that Bud Willingham, conductor on the "Belle," and a quiet, matter-of-fact fellow, was the first

Derrick of the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia Railroad (Now Part of the Southern's Atlanta Division). Cap White Called It a "Hook and Ladder." Photo Made Shortly After He Became Wrecking Boss. Cap Is the Sixth Man from the Left

wheels and frame fell across the track and the 852 rode over them.

Hodges called me before they hit.

"Cap, get to Belt Junction as soon as you can! The 'Belle' and Number Twelve are gonner get together!"

It was only six miles out there, and I was there a few minutes after the collision. Nearly 400 passengers were milling around, dazed, injured and in a confused panic.

The flagman's body had been removed from the field, where he had gone with the cab, but Rube was missing. I finally found him under the running gear of his hog, where the ash pan should have been.

Rube's engine was so badly torn up that we loaded her on a flat. The 852 we sent in on her wheels. I turned the damaged baggage cars out of the way and had the to see the op. When he walked into the telegraph office the brass pounder was as white as a ghost.

"W-w-where did you meet Number Twelve?" the operator gasped.

Bud looked at him a moment and then said, just as if he was saying good morning: "Right out there on the main."

I HAD real men—they had to be to stay with me—and though I allowed them some rest, I never closed my eyes until trains were moving, regardless of the time. Three of my sons were in the crew as they grew up. Ed, who came on the wrecker in 1892, was my assistant; Frank came with me in 1901 and later was derrick engineer; and in 1907, Charley, my youngest son, was given a job. He became my der-

rick man when Frank left me in 1908 and went on the big hook of the Central. Bud Davis and three husky Negroes completed the crew.

Back in 1909 we were picking up a derailment two and a half miles north of Flovilla. It was hot with the blower on.

An old farmer was sitting on the bank, calmly chewing a huge wad of tobacco as he watched the proceedings. My sons Charley and Ed got frisky and I lit into them, giving them a good cussing, when the old man slid to the ground near me. He started cussing them, too. I reckon I wasn't doing the cussing to suit him.

"Looka 'ere, old man! Them's my boys, and I'll cuss 'em as much as I please. But, by gosh, don't you or anybody else cuss 'em, see?" When I said this the old man folded up like an umbrella and went back to the bank.

THE first steam derrick in Atlanta was delivered to me from Spencer, N. C., in 1907. It was only a 50-ton machine, but she soon had to wrestle with No. 1285, a 180-ton Pacific, in the first big pile-up after her arrival, on the afternoon of January 7, 1908.

I didn't take time to ask the call boy where it was. I knew that the 1285 was pulling a test run that day over my old pike, the Chattanooga Division.

The word spread like wildfire. Men were darting here and there as they hurried to get the wrecker ready. A consolidation 800's blower was tearing at her insides as she moved to the coal chute. A goat bumped into the big hook and snatched it out on the lead. The tool car, two cars of trucks and timbers, and a caboose were shoved onto it.

In less than thirty minutes Hogger Walt Eason pitched his grip up to the deck of the hog and climbed after it. In less than an hour after the call, we were heading down the lead toward the main. Walt later said that a man climbed into his cab as he cracked the throttle and he thought that he was a newspaper photographer or reporter.

"Where in the hell are you going?" he asked the stranger.

"I'm going to the wreck."

"I'll be danged if you are!" the hogger replied, shutting off and reaching for his brake valve.

"I'm the G. M., and I want you to go to the wreck as quickly as it is safe to haul the big hook!" the brass hat told the astonished hogger.

"Why didn't you say so before?" Walt shouted, and widened her, nearly jerking the official down.

The stillness of death hovers over rails going to a wreck, for we never know what we will find. Many will refuse to go, as one brakeman did on this day. It is hard to find your buddies caught in a grip of steel, or scalded by the white death.

The newspapers stated that we made a record run to the wreck, and that Walt went through the yards at 45 per, as he rolled 'em toward Austell, ignorant of the fact that his best pal was pinioned in the cab of the overturned Pacific.

The shadows of the bleak January evening were falling as Walt Eason spotted the 800 at the water tank in Austell, where we would get running orders to the wreck. Walt was oiling around when a rail came to him.

"Know who it is, Walt?" the rail asked, and then said, "It's Jim Edwards, and he's still in the 1285."

The cards were marked on Jim Edwards that day. A last-minute swap of hoggers in Chattanooga had sent him south on the 1285, instead of on the ten-wheeler he usually ran north.

Jim Edwards was a likable fellow, good natured and always smiling. While Walt stood dazed over the fate of his pal, the conductor came to him with their orders and warned the engineer he was carrying the big hook too fast. The brass hat spoke up: "Mr. Eason is carrying out my orders and I'm responsible for him!"

I reckon it is useless to say that we went to that wreck. The new derrick was swaying and bouncing over the track, swinging drunkenly through the reverse curves, and

Cap White in 1915 at the Height of His Career with His Crew and a New "Big Hook." Cap Is Standing at the Extreme Left, Next to His Son Frank, Who Was a Derrick Engineer for Sixteen Years. This Hook Is Still in Service, but Now There Are Few Calls for It

I didn't know what she would do. It was fastest that I had ridden with the then strange derrick, but my thoughts were at Coppermine trestle, two and a half miles north of Hiram, where the second section of a tourist train from the Big Four lay with some of her passengers trapped in her cars, and with Jim Edwards pinned down in the cab of the 1285.

Walt hardly stopped the 800 at Hiram before he hit the ground and raced into the little waiting room of the depot, looking for Jim. He found him on the floor, along with H. D. Snapp, road foreman of engines, and the Negro fireman, Moses Baldwin. Jim had just been brought to the little depot after being caught and held by the engine's brake stand for two hours.

Though his eyes were blinded, Jim recognized the voice of his pal as Walt stooped and spoke to him.

"It wasn't my fault, Walt; I ran 'er the best I knew how," Jim mumbled through his scalded lips.

It was bitter cold, with ice and snow covering the ground, and I saw a tough job ahead of me that night when we moved down the track toward the wreck.

I DON'T know what went wrong at the trestle, but I found the 1285 nearly a hundred feet from the structure, leaning on her right side against a twelve-foot bank and almost squarely across the main. I saw that there was no chance for help with the engine, for the trestle was gone, and the train looked like a great snake as it sprawled in the swamp behind the hog.

The baggage car had stopped on top of the bank after knocking down an eighteen-inch pine tree; the stump is still there, or was the last time I was up there. The five Pullmans sailed right and left, some breaking in two. The diner headed downward to bury its nose in the south bank. The rear end was raised by one of the sleepers, and the thirty or more passengers who were at lunch were dumped into the

front end, with the chairs and tables piled on them.

Reese told me of the imprisoned passengers and how he had tried to get to them. It was dark now, and I ordered one of my Negroes to get the torches. By their light we could see the folks who had been in the freezing cars for three hours.

Though we waded in snow and ice up to our knees down in the swamp, we couldn't get into the sleeper and diner where they were trapped. I was yelling a blue streak, as I either drove the curious out of the way, or put them to work moving ties with which to build a crib so that we could get into the cars.

Shortly after daylight a brass hat came to me. "Cap," he said, with disappointment in his voice, "that Seaboard man says that he's broke down and has gotta go in." He was referring to the Seaboard wrecker at the other end.

"Let him go on in! He ain't doing no good, nohow!" I told him. "I'll have the 1285 outta the way in a few minutes and will snatch them sleepers outta that hole while he's thinking about it!"

Frank was at the levers, and when he swung the Pacific around I nearly had heart failure and thought of what I had told the brass hat. The casting on the foot of the gib cracked, and I yelled like an Indian to warn Frank. But by being very careful with the derrick we got the 1285 back on the rails and sent her to Hiram.

I had been on duty forty hours when the last sleeper was pulled out. A brass hat came to me again. "Cap, we gotta rebuild that trestle; you go and get some rest," he said.

"Rest hell!" I answered. "This main is gonna be open before I go to sleep!"

I'LL never forget the day back in 1911 when I headed in a young brass hat and turned his tail lights, too.

I was picking up a yard goat at Peachtree Creek trestle, just south of Armour, after Dick Tedder had knocked her for a loop at 8 o'clock the night before. He was coming south on No. 11, a varnish, and when he rounded a curve, Hogger Wayne Farris and the 1705 with a cut of cars was in the middle of the trestle.

Dick was rolling them, and there was no time to stop. He hit the goat like a ton of brick, and she went off that 35-foot trestle, turned a flip to land on her back at right angles to the Seaboard tracks.

Farris and his tallowpot were thrown from the cab and killed in wreckage, but a bale of cotton saved Dick's life. When the 1231, a Pacific gal, slapped the goat out of her way, she waded into a carload of cotton. That cotton got tangled up with her wrecked pilot and pony truck, skidded along the track and held the 1231 on the trestle. She wasn't damaged much, and we had sent her in, turned the 1705 and had her ready to lift when the brass hat shouted:

"Cap, you can't lift that goat with this derrick!"

"The hell I can't!" I barked.

Sure, she was a 120-ton goat, and we only had a fifty-ton hook, but my boys had to know their stuff to stay with me. That was the last time the "old man" bothered me at a wreck.

THERE is an old belief among rails that accidents run in series of three. While I'm not superstitious, I have often known this to be true. Nine days after I cleared up the wreck of the "Belle," I was called, shortly after 11 P.M., to go to Camp Creek, twenty-nine miles south of Atlanta on the Macon Division, to pick up the most complete wreck of my career.

I wondered how anything could go wrong at the little creek. One of the strongest culverts in the South had replaced an old trestle, and no fears were ever felt for flood waters. But Fate rolled strange dice that day. It saved lives on one train, while Camp Creek's treachery took the life of Jim Sullivan and thirty-eight others, including twenty-five rails. Several crews were deadheading back to Atlanta.

Though Jim Sullivan was fighting the extra board, he didn't want to make that trip. Since the morning that I cleared up

Couch Creek Wreck, Feb. 28, 1902, Which Took Cap White 3 Weeks to Clean Up. (Top Photo.) Day After the Wreck. Engine No. 1002 Is Buried beneath Passenger Coach at Right. (Middle) 15th Day. No. 1002 Emerging from Water. (Bottom) 18th Day. Engine Ready to Be Hauled off

the "Belle," it had rained every day, but on this Saturday morning a regular flood fell, and the section and bridge men were going up and down the pikes trying to keep trains running. By night orders were out to examine all waterways before crossing the trestles.

Jim had pulled a drag from Macon that morning. When he saw the caller he dodged the boy, but after learning they wanted him to make an emergency run for Jim Pittman, he signed the call book and doubled back to Macon with a three-car varnish. (Jim Pittman thus cheated death once again. However, two years later I was called to clear up the wreck which cost *his* life.)

A cloudburst around 7 P.M. closed the mouth of the culvert, forming a huge lake on the west side of the track. The water rapidly climbed toward the rails twenty-five feet above the arch, but section men found nothing wrong at the culvert just before dark.

Jim was on time when he pulled into McDonough at 9.02, on his return trip from Macon, but No. 27 from Columbus, whose passengers he must carry into Atlanta, had not showed up.

The storm was raging, and fifty minutes passed before word was received that 27 had returned to Luella, Ga., because of a washout at Indian Creek trestle. This fifty-minute wait was a wait order with death for all but nine on Jim's train. On the other hand, the damaged Indian Creek trestle saved the lives of every one on the Columbus train.

At 9.52 Jim kicked off his brakes to make the mile and a half run down the hill to the culvert. Jim Hunnicutt, track supervisor, was riding the tallowpot's seatbox, while members of bridge and section gangs were in the combination car with the deadheading train crews.

Hunnicutt should have seen the lake from his side of the engine, but it was pouring rain, and the 836 had an oil headlight. Maybe the lake had fallen. I don't know. Nobody knows. And Jim Sullivan could see nothing because of a curve.

When I reached the wreck at 2 A.M., the flashing lightning revealed the horror in the waters of Camp Creek. The 836 was in the water of the lake on the west side, still upright, and seemed to be trying to climb up the bank to the track.

The little kettle disgorged her firebox and set fire to the splintered cars, which burned like tinder. All the windows were down, and those who were not crushed were trapped in a funeral pyre. Not a soul escaped from the two cars or the engine.

The nine who survived the wreck were in the Pullman "Giraldo," which veered to the right as it went down, crashing into the wreckage of the culvert, which kept it from being washed downstream. There were five men passengers and two women in the sleeper, and for over an hour the women were in water that nearly reached their chins.

The first to reach the wreck was a nearby farmer. He told me of a freight that had waited in the sidetrack in McDonough to follow the varnish down the hill, and of Flagman J. J. Quinlan, of the passenger train, who rode the sleeper to protect his train against the drag. When the crash came, all of the lanterns were broken, and the rear door was blocked by tons of mud which had slid down the bank. The desperate flagman could see that his markers were still burning. He broke out a window, and grabbing one of them, climbed to the top of the leaning car.

Twenty-five feet above him were the tracks, and he momentarily expected to hear the rumble of the drag. The bank was oozy as the water coursed down it and would break loose and slide with the slightest touch, yet the flagman gripped the handle of the marker between his teeth and started climbing.

I don't see how he did it. After tearing out his fingernails in digging holes into the bank, Quinlan reached the track with the burning marker swinging from his mouth. He stumbled the mile and a half up the hill to McDonough. As he passed the drag, which I later learned was held in the side-

track by an order, he swung his light and staggered to the depot. He opened the door and screamed just one word, "wrecked!" before he fell to the floor from exhaustion and injuries.

The five men and a Negro porter climbed to the top of the sleeper. The next day I learned that one of them thought he heard the distant whistle of the drag, and when he shouted, "the freight!" they all became mad men. One attempted to climb the bank, but slipped and fell into the torrent. He was lucky when he caught a willow tree downstream and waded out. This man brought the farmer to the wreck.

Cap White, Retired Wrecking Boss. Photo Made on His 57th Wedding Anniversary, Dec. 25, 1934, at His Home, 855 Stewart Ave., Atlanta, Ga.

It was every one for himself that night. The women were forgotten. After the cry, the porter discovered the "whistle" to be the faint shouts of one of the women for help.

There was nothing for me to lift but trucks, twisted iron, and the badly torn up engine. When I attempted to lift her, the boiler came out of the frame and I had to take her up in sections. The sleeper was in such shape that we stripped it and applied the torch.

We worked nearly thirty-six hours before we had a trestle up and trains moving. The culvert was never replaced. A deck trestle now spans the waters of Camp Creek, and she'll never repeat the horror of that night.

THE wreck that took the longest time to clear up occurred about 6 P.M., February 28, 1902, at Couch Creek, on the A. & F. division. It is located thirty-nine miles south of Atlanta and, like Camp Creek, it drains a large territory. The trestle over the little stream was more than a hundred feet long and thirty feet high.

Hogger Allen Mathews left Atlanta at 4.10 on the 1002, an eight-wheeler, pulling a three-car passenger train. He had orders to tie up at Williamson, five miles below Couch Creek, due to a washout.

A short time before the train reached the trestle, a mill dam broke, and this water added to the flood, washed out part of the trestle. As Mathews swung through a cut less than a quarter of a mile from the creek, a dislodged boulder tore off the gangway step on his side of the engine. He stopped, backed up and he and the tallowpot loaded the step on the tank.

It seems this might have warned the old man, but he let the 1002 go. She went off the middle of the trestle on the right hand side and disappeared in the water. The combination baggage and mail car fell downstream. No passengers were seriously hurt, but the mail clerk, baggagemaster, engineer and tallowpot were drowned.

That was the biggest little job I ever had. We had to get the 1002 up before the bridgemen could rebuild the trestle. She was out of sight, with rain falling each day. We camped there three weeks before we had the hog back on the main.

We had to build cofferdams around her, and when the water was low enough we changed the course of the creek, placed five boilers and pumps in the swamp, and went to pumping water. Including my gang and the bridgemen, there were nearly fifty of us on the job.

At the end of the second week we had the water almost low enough to turn the 1002. During the night another flood came, and the next morning the pumps had vanished. I was beginning to think that we would have to leave the engine in her grave, but finally, on the 15th day, we had pumped out all the water possible. I

swung chains around my shoulders, waded into water up to my chin, and fumbling around in the cold water, I got her chained up. I was almost ready to shout with joy when we turned her on muddy drivers.

OUTSIDE of a smashed finger I got on April Fool's day of 1905, I have been hurt only once. That was when I got knocked on the head by a bridge brace, and I was stuck in a hospital for three days. Worse yet, my wife made me stay home two months!

I was sick only once, and that was during the flu epidemic in 1918. On the afternoon of October 1, during my convalescence, I was sitting on my porch listening for Bill Rentz's whistle as he came in on No. 24 from Macon.

As time passed and I failed to hear him blow, a strange feeling came over me. It wasn't long before I saw the call boy.

He reached the porch, all excited and pumping air like a big-holed hog. "Cap, Mr. Markham said for you to go to Ellenwood if ye hadda go in a rollin' chair! The 1326's run halfway out of the county!"

I went down there, but I didn't go in a rolling chair. When I got there I found that it was John Acree coming in on Oscar Garner's run, and he had jumped the track and gone down a fill with the 1326.

The passing track begins just north of the depot, and beyond the switch there is a curve on a ten-foot fill. South of the switch is a water tank. A tallowpot had cleaned his ashpans there, leaving the cinders where he dumped them.

John came through town with the 1326 talking to him. When the pony truck struck the cinders, it rode the rails. The drivers went off, and she was running so fast that she went straight ahead and leaped down the fill toward a house before John did anything but clean the clock.

A woman was in the yard washing windows. When she heard the racket and turned to see the big Pacific coming her way, she actually had a fit. But the engine ploughed into the front yard.

I GAVE up the big hook on September 1, 1920. It was one of the saddest days of my life. I'm working at the South shops now, and provided I can smell smoke and steam the rest of my days, I have hopes of keeping going as long as my father, who lived to be 93.

Though the wail of the wreck signal has passed out of the picture, and the big hook no longer stands at attention, ready to answer the wailing call of death and disaster, I still live on the deck, in the glare of flaming torches, while the steel cables sing in my ears. But I no longer have to wade in water up to my chin to hook chains around a wild hog, or struggle to remove helpless souls from splintered wrecks. Those days are gone and the big hook stands in the yards, cold and lonesome, as she waits for calls from engines that seldom go wild.

For a thrill
Try Beeman's

Enjoy Beeman's Gum
. . . AIDS DIGESTION

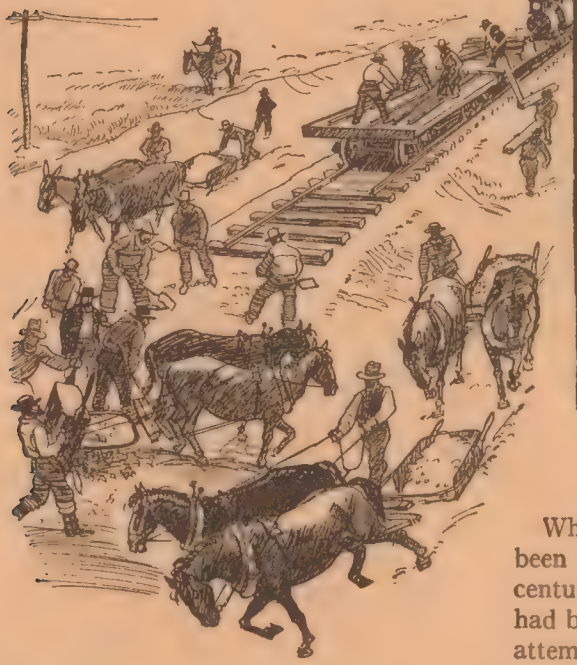
Photo by Nicholas Morant, Hotel St. Regis, Winnipeg, Canada

Railroading in the Canadian Rockies. The Middle of a 4500-ton Canadian Pacific Freight Train Crossing Stoney Creek Bridge in the Selkirk Range. The Train Was Headed by Multi-Pressure Engine No. 8000 (2-10 4 Type), Largest Locomotive in the British Empire, Centered with Two of the 5900 Series (Shown in the Photo—Also 2-10-4 Types), and Pushed by One of the 5300 Series (2-8-2 Type)

Van Horne of the C. P. R.

By CHARLES F. CARTER

Author of the Book "When Railroads Were New"



William Cornelius Van Horne, Railroad Builder

VAN HORNE says he is going to build five hundred miles of the Canadian Pacific this year. That's a lot of railroad, what?"

"Ridiculous! The braggart knows it can't be done."

That was the way a great many Canadians talked about the plans of William Cornelius Van Horne, who had arrived in Winnipeg in January, 1882. He was under contract as general manager of the Canadian Pacific Railway, at the biggest salary ever paid a western railroad man up to that time, to build the transcontinental line the Dominion Government had promised British Columbia to complete in ten years if the province would join the Eastern Federation.

While the transcontinental railroad had been talked about for nearly half a century; while nearly four million dollars had been spent in surveys; and while three attempts by a private corporation and by the government had been made to get the work under way, no substantial progress had been made.

The famous James J. Hill, then a stockholder, recommended Van Horne as the best man to put the scheme through.

Dominion pride was somewhat mortified by the importation of an "alien" to boss the great national undertaking. Antagonism to the "alien" was kneenest within the organization. But Van Horne had had experience with office politicians and that did not worry him. Any man who knew his job and attended to it could get along fine with him.

Then the task of assembling material and supplies for the short summer season went faster. Steel was ordered in Europe and sent around by way of New Orleans and forwarded by solid trainload.

Van Horne Was Born In This House, Near Joliet, Ill., on Feb. 3, 1843. (He Died on Sept. 11, 1915)

Contract for 900 miles west from Winnipeg was let to the firm of Langdon & Sheppard, of St. Paul. The day after the contract was signed the firm advertised for 3,000 men and 4,000 horses. Sub-contracts were let for the grading. All season long graders trod on the heels of locating engineers, tracklayers crowded graders off the dump. When bridge building lagged behind, night crews were put on.

Even at that, it became evident as the weeks wore on that the stint of 500 miles would not be finished before cold weather stopped work. Van Horne called a conference of engineers and contractors.

"Impossible to hurry any faster," protested the contractors.

"If that's the way you feel about it I'll cancel the contract and get somebody who can work up to schedule," replied Van Horne.

On second thought, the contractors conceded that it might be possible to speed up a bit. They were working on open prairie which offered no exceptional difficulties.

Before that session with the general manager, 5,000 men had been employed. The force was doubled. All night and all day trains of wagons rumbled from rail head to graders' camps. Sub-contractors on finishing their jobs moved by night to the next one, sometimes passing engineers' camps before location had been completed.

Van Horne was all over the map all the time. He would step from his shabby office car to a buckboard and drive from camp to camp. Nothing escaped his eye, particularly food for the men. It had to be ample and good. Poor food, poor work, he argued.

At Winnipeg he saw that materials and supplies moved to the front as fast as they could be used. Each supply train carried material for one mile of track—ties, rails, fastenings, telegraph poles, wire, bridge material. No track-laying machines were used. Everything was done by hand. Soon the Canadian Pacific was creeping across the prairie at the rate of two or three miles a day.

When freezing ground ended construction for the season the "braggart's" score stood: miles of railroad built, 508; miles of telegraph line finished, 897; miles of line located, 620; station buildings erected, 32.

VAN HORNE was the son of Cornelius C., a pioneer lawyer and the first mayor of Joliet, Ill. When he died he left his widow to support 11-year-old William Cornelius and a younger sister, but with nothing on which to support them. From an early age the boy was independent. Although he made some mistakes, in the main he got what he wanted. One day he was caught drawing exaggerated pictures of the school principal. He was so severely punished that he left school and never returned.

He was 14 then, and he went to the telegraph office, where he learned telegraph operating, poker playing and yarn swapping, all of which accomplishments he practised to the end of his days. The latter two in particular were factors in developing a personality which smoothed his way to success, though they cost him a lot of sleep. He never willingly ended a poker

game a loser; and he always had the last word in a round of story telling. Such efforts sometimes kept him out of bed until seven in the morning, when he would rub his eyes and go to his office for a day's hard work.

"Why go to bed?" he used to say, not so seriously as some people took it. "It wastes a lot of time, and you don't know what's going on."

In a short time he had mastered telegraphy so well that he could help send Lincoln's speech at Joliet in 1856. For this the operator got him a job as operator in the office of the master mechanic of the Michigan Central in Chicago, which he promptly lost through his fondness for practical jokes.

He planted a steel plate, wired to the telegraph battery, in the yard in view from his window. It was great fun to watch the antics of those who stepped on the charged plate and received a shock. The master mechanic came along, stepped on the plate, traced the wires, and swearing heartily, asked Willie if he did it. Van Horne admitted he did. The master mechanic took him by the collar, deposited him outside the door and told him not to return.

After Snow Slices Had Carried Away in Succession Seven Wooden Bridges Like This, the C.P.R. Got Mad and Spanned This Rocky Mountain Gulch With a Steel Arch. There Has Never Been a Snow Slide In That Place Since!

But Van Horne could also appreciate a joke on himself. Twenty years later, while general superintendent of the Chicago & Alton, he was told to make up a special train to take President Rutherford B. Hayes from Kansas City across Illinois on his way to his old home in Ohio. Assembling the Alton's swellest equipment and engaging Chicago's most famous caterer to serve meals, he went to Kansas City. He was accompanied by his friend, G. B. Hopkins, and the two intended to welcome the President personally.

Next morning, while walking past the telegraph office he overheard a message ordering a train for the President on a rival line. Van Horne wondered how come,

Donald A. Smith Driving the Last Spike at Craigellachie, B.C., on Nov. 7, 1885. The White-whiskered Gent in the Top Hat Is Chief Engineer Sandford Fleming, and the Shorter Man on His Right Is Van Horne

but as the Alton had been "locked" to protect the President's special, it was necessary to run the special to "unlock" it. Not knowing of the changed program, people turned out all along the Alton to cheer President Hayes. Dressed in frock coat and silk hat, Hopkins stood on the rear platform of the Alton train bowing acknowledgment as the train went through town after town. The good people were just as well satisfied!

When the Alton special and the rival train met at a junction, General Sherman, traveling with the President, visited the Alton special to see if Van Horne had anything to relieve a four days' thirst. He explained that a director of the rival road, who was also a politician, had got the President to travel over his road. The President knew nothing of the Alton arrangements. Sherman wanted Van Horne to call on the President, but the railroader declined. Finally Sherman brought the President over to Van Horne's car to express regrets over the mix-up. Naturally crestfallen at first, Van Horne soon appreciated the humor of the situation. The trip ended hilariously for Hopkins and himself.

From ticket agent and operator on the Chicago & Alton, understudying the job of every man within reach, young Van Horne advanced step by step, until at 27 he was superintendent of transportation of the system. Then two of the directors bought a bankrupt railroad, the St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern (now Wabash), and made him general superintendent. In two years he had the road on its feet and going in good shape.

After a disagreement among the directors two of them withdrew and took Van Horne along as president and general manager of the Southern Minnesota, another bankrupt line at its last gasp.

In two years the Southern Minnesota had paid off its floating debt, wiped out arrears in taxes, built an extension of 160 miles, put its equipment and road bed in good repair, and was running the pay car on schedule time. It was such a smooth

performance that the Chicago & Alton grabbed Van Horne again and made him general superintendent. Then, in 1880, he was given the job as president of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul. And by the time the Canadian Pacific offer came along Van Horne knew more or less about railroading.

AT the beginning of Van Horne's second year it was foreseen that the prairie section would be well up in the mountains in a few months. Two difficult sections remained. One was through the 600 miles of mountains at the west end. By agreement Contractor Onderdonk was building East from Port Moody, B. C., for the Government. The road was to be turned over to the C.P.R. when completed.

The other section was along the north shore of Lake Superior, an unbroken wilderness of granite, alternated with bottomless muskegs. During 1882 the Canadian Pacific had bought a railroad from Montreal to Toronto and from Toronto to Collingwood, on Georgian Bay. Van Horne arranged steamship service from Collingwood to Lake Superior to distribute materials and supplies at points 100 miles apart. Portage roads were built over which dog sleds could distribute supplies over the ice in winter.

Stone quarries were opened and three dynamite factories were built with a daily capacity of one ton each to furnish explosives. This saved time, expense and the difficulties of transportation. Even at that, *a single mile on the North shore cost $700,000 and other miles $500,000 each.* This is probably the most expensive piece of railroad ever built.

When Engineer Secretan was preparing to send out several parties that spring of 1883, the local storekeeper at Winnipeg cut down his requisitions for provisions one-third and eliminated altogether such luxuries as ham and butter. Somewhat peeved, Secretan appealed to Van Horne, who sent for the storekeeper. When the man appeared Van Horne glared at him for several seconds. Finally he exclaimed:

The First Through Train From the East Over C.P.R. Rails Arriving at the Pacific Seaboard on July 4, 1886. She Was Hauled by No. 371, a Wood-burning 4-4-0 Type

Headquarters of the C.P.R.—The Famous Windsor St. Station Building in Montreal

"Are you the idiot who orders provisions? I'll give you till six o'clock to ship a carload of the very best provisions you can find to Secretan at the front. And you come back here at six o'clock and tell me you have shipped that carload. If you have not, don't come back at all, but go back to wherever you came from."

Van Horne had a way of his own in expressing his sentiments. That way was abrupt and adorned with expletives never heard at an Epworth League convention. Pioneer railroads were built and operated with language; and Van Horne was a graduate of the pioneer school. But his violent explosions were often followed by a hearty laugh, for he was never vindictive.

THE C.P.R. main line and branches built and bought in 1883 brought the total mileage up to 1,552. In August, 1884, Van Horne set out to inspect progress on the mountain section, going by rail through the United States and by steamer to Port Moody, the Pacific terminus designated in the charter. It was so obviously unsuitable that Van Horne selected a new site in dense woods at the entrance to Burrard Inlet and named it "Vancouver," and arranged to have the place cleared and a town site laid out at once.

Accompanied by Engineer Sam Reed, an old friend from Joliet, he journeyed by rail, by stage, by boat and on horseback to Revelstoke, more than 300 miles from Port Moody. From Revelstoke across the mountains in three feet of snow was pretty tough going for a fat man, but Van Horne never let on, even when his horse slipped and dumped him in slush waist deep, nor when they missed the engineers' camp at which they had planned to stop and wandered around in the mountains for two days without food. What is more, he never bragged about it afterward.

Owing to Van Horne's insistence on the shortest practicable commercial route, Yellowhead Pass, originally chosen by the chief engineer and now the C. N. R. route, had been abandoned for Kicking Horse Pass, much farther south. But the grade west from the Continental Divide was far greater than the maximum allowed by the government in the contract, which called for 2 per cent. The best the engineers could do was 4½ per cent—237 feet to the mile—for the dozen miles from Hector to Field.

Old-timers on that line used to talk about grades that were "like falling down a well." That described them perfectly.

No wonder the government refused to acknowledge the existence of a railroad down the "Big Hill," as everybody called it. For a quarter of a century the Canadian Pacific was obliged to run its trains over a line that had no official existence until the famous spiral tunnels were built, reducing the grade to 2 per cent.

Eight miles an hour was the scheduled rate of speed down the Big Hill. That was too slow for Van Horne, who was on his way west with a special train to inspect the Onderdonk section, which was said not to be up to specifications. Van Horne decided to give those fellows a ride, just to let 'em know they were on a railroad, as he explained to Charley Carey, one of his favorite engineers. Charley dropped them down the Big Hill in 33 minutes instead of the 82 minutes he should have used.

When they reached Field Van Horne walked forward to the engine.

"Can't you do any better than that, Charley?" he asked.

"How fast do you want to ride?"

"Well, don't put us in the ditch, but you might keep 'em moving."

Lower Kicking Horse Canyon would be terrifying to any one who had not seen the Big Hill. Charley covered the 51 miles to Donald in one hour and 17 minutes. Jimmy French, the porter, came forward.

"You tryin' to kill us?" he demanded. "Dose gemmen back dere all under de seats 'cept de boss. He's settin' in his cheer smokin' a seegar."

Having had experience in putting bankrupt railroads on a paying basis, Van Horne was alert to the necessity of developing traffic. He returned from every trip over the road bubbling over with enthusiasm over prospects. He already visualized the 10 per cent dividends the Canadian Pacific paid for years. At his suggestion, the road, instead of following the American custom of giving away revenue-producing side lines such as express, sleeping cars and many other things, retained everything that could possibly earn a cent. Travelers rested in C.P.R. sleeping cars, ate in C.P.R. dining cars food raised on C.P.R. farms, stopped at C.P.R. hotels, climbed mountains led by C.P.R. guides, bought novels and peanuts from C.P.R. vendors, sent telegrams over C.P.R. wires.

Even at that, his greatest achievement was to keep construction going while the treasury was bare. Directors, including President Stephen, also president of the Bank of Montreal, and Donald Smith, afterward Lord Strathcona, Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company, pledged their personal fortunes. Canadian business men advanced credit and supplies until the Dominion would have been bankrupt if the C.P.R. had blown up. Construction forces went without pay for months. At the last moment the government came across with a loan which kept the company's nose above water.

A force building East from Kamloops, 251 miles from Vancouver, met a force building West at Craigellachie, 2,534 miles from Montreal. There, on November 7, 1885, exactly fifty years ago, and just forty-six months after the "braggart" assumed the impossible task of building five hundred miles of railroad in a year, Donald Smith, in the presence of a small group of directors and officials and a larger group of workmen, drove the last spike in an all-time record in railroad building.

Van Horne never became a British subject, did not give up his American citizenship. He was only a "C.P.R." man. When his first contract with the Canadian Pacific expired the directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul offered him the presidency of that road, saying:

"The question of salary cuts no figure. It will, of course, be very large, and you will have all freedom of action." The offer was declined. In 1888, at the age of 45, he was made president of the Canadian Pacific. He announced that when its stock

C. P. R. Booklet Free

TO celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its completion, the Canadian Pacific has printed a 15-page, large-sized, illustrated historical booklet, "The Canadian Pacific—a National Institution," and has generously set aside 1000 copies for readers of "Railroad Stories." It will send one to anybody writing to the C.P.R. Press Bureau, Windsor Station, Montreal, Canada, as long as the supply lasts. Do not ask for more than one copy. Mention this magazine, but do not write to us.

rose to par and its mileage reached 10,000 he would resign. Both goals were reached in 1899, and Van Horne kept his word.

HE wandered around until he found himself in Havana. There inspiration came to him. Here was this great strip of real estate without a railroad. He would build a railroad for Cuba.

He found that no fewer than five other men had had the same inspiration and were sitting around Havana waiting for a chance to horn in. The Foraker Amendment, prohibiting granting public franchises during American occupation, blocked them. Finding nothing in the Foraker Amendment or elsewhere forbidding a man to build a railroad on his own property, Van Horne recruited a corps of right-of-way agents and turned them loose, while his five rivals waited. The agents were instructed, whenever dealing with the Cubans, to bow first, to bow lower, and to bow twice to the Cubans' once. When an owner refused to sell a strip along his land for a railroad Van Horne bought the whole plantation, which was, incidentally, later on utilized for raising sugar.

The Cubans were hostile because they suspected Van Horne was an emissary of the United States government scheming to hog the island. At Camaguey, half way to Santiago, the eastern terminus, he struck a snag. No right-of-way there. At last a plot was found reaching right into the heart of town. Van Horne announced that he would establish the Cuba Railroad's shops there.

Nobody was interested. Then he announced elaborate ceremonies to mark turning the first sod on the Cuba Railroad right in Camaguey. Still nobody was interested. The ceremony threatened to be a washout until the mayor sneaked in accompanied by his brother-in-law and the latter's daughter, only eight years old.

Right in brother-in-law's front yard Van Horne persuaded the child to turn over a spade full of earth, then made a speech at her and read flowery resolutions drawn up by himself in his capacity as president and board of directors of the Cuba Railroad, expressing appreciation of her historic act. Neither the child nor the rubbernecks gaping open-mouthed beyond the fence understood what it was all about, but they could, and did, spread the news.

Returning to Canada, Van Horne had the resolutions framed, bought a pretty watch, dug up some more capital and returned to Camaguey. After a long wait while the little girl was scrubbed and dolled up in her very best, he led her out into the front yard again, made another speech at her, presented her the framed resolutions and the gold watch.

This time the great crowd of rubbernecks was simply paralyzed by the sight of such munificence. The more emotional even dropped a few tears before speeding away to tell everyone. All Cuba soon heard the tale with embroideries. After that hostility melted. Those Cubans would have wrapped up their island and presented it to Van Horne if he had wanted it.

The railroad was built on Van Horne's private property, stopping on either side of every highway; for without a franchise he could not cross a public road. These installments of railroad being of no use in that form, Van Horne called upon President Palma to see what could be done about it. Both were stumped by the problem. At last President Palma said:

"Think it over, Mr. Van Horne. Perhaps you may find a way out of this most deplorable dilemma."

Instead of thinking, Van Horne went to Palma's best friend, whose advice he often sought, and said to him:

"If President Palma happens to mention the Cuba Railroad you might suggest that he issue a revocable permit to cross highways. If things turn out wrong he can revoke the permit and the railroad can be torn up. But meanwhile the people of Cuba need the railroad very much and it can be operated almost at once. But do not mention my name. Offer the suggestion as your own."

Soon the President sent for Van Horne.

"The only thing I can do under the circumstances, Mr. Van Horne, is to grant a revocable permit for the railroad to cross highways," said he.

That was exactly what Van Horne wanted. Still, he protested. Railroads were simply not built that way. After long discussion he allowed himself to be won over to Palma's idea. As soon as he was out of sight of the palace, he galloped to a telegraph office and wired waiting crews to get the rails across highways pronto. In no time, or perhaps a little longer, trains were running on the Cuba Railroad, while Van Horne's rivals were still waiting.

In recognition of his great services to the Dominion the king made him an honorary Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George (K.C.M.G.), which conferred the right to prefix "Sir" to his name. Reaching his office the morning after news of his title had become public, he was greeted by a veteran attendant with a profound bow.

"Good morning, Sir William," he greeted.

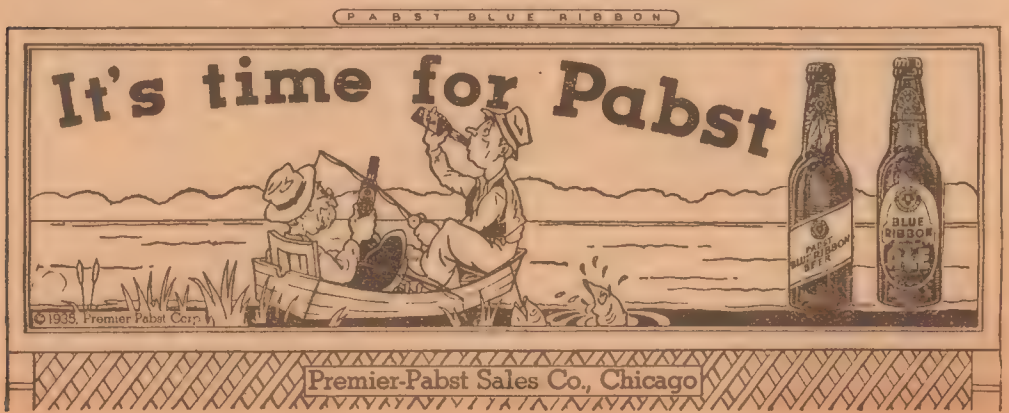
"Oh, hell!" answered Van Horne, hurrying on.

Railroading in the Bible

IN the days of the old government-operated Intercolonial Ry. in Canada, free passes were considered proper rewards for political services. Many Nova Scotians thought the same should apply to other railways as well. The following incident comes from Clarke's "History of the Earliest Rys. in Nova Scotia":

General Manager Smith of the Windsor & Annapolis Ry. (now Dominion Atlantic) was pestered by many pass seekers. One day a grizzled fanatic entered his office for the sixth time to ask for a pass. Mr. Smith said gravely: "The Bible is opposed to free passes," and handed him a card which stated:

"Thou shalt not pass." (Num. 20:18.) "None shall ever pass." (Isaiah 34:10.) "Suffer not a man to pass." (Judges 3:25.) "The wicked shall no more pass." (Nahum 1:15.) "This generation shall not pass." (Mark 13:30.) "Though they roar they cannot pass." (Jer. 5:22.) "So he paid the fare and went." (Jonah 1:3.)—Robert R. Brown, sec'y, Canadian R.R. Historical Ass'n, 700 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada.



Bakehead Hennessey

By ED SAMPLES

Author of "Brotherhood Man," "Longhorn Lannigan," etc.

"He Is Only an Ignorant Bakehead—a Fireman Who's Buffaloed You into Thinkin' He's an Engineer"

TWO high-wheeled passenger engines stood on the outbound track, coupled and ready to go. Steam was crying in their boilers, and their air pumps chugged and squeaked. Smoke climbed skyward from their short stacks, and lights gleamed in their dingy cabs. Toward them, breaking through the fog-screen which overhung the engine yard, strode Barney Hennessey

His mouth was puckered in an uneasy, tuneless whistle. But when he saw the lighted torch on the side rod of the rear engine, and beheld Old Tom Ryan going carefully over the driving gear his whistling died out.

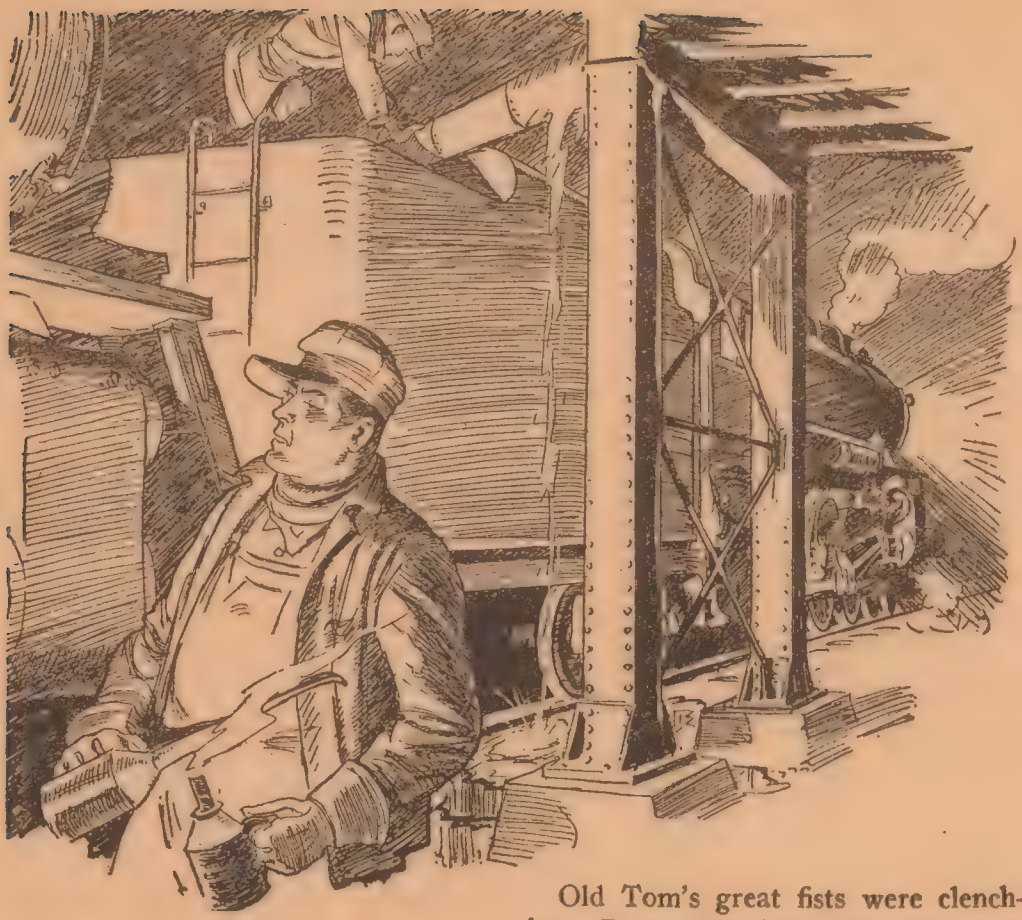
"Hello, dad!" he saluted as he squeezed past, his clean overalls brushing dirty ones.

But Old Tom Ryan didn't return the greeting of his daughter's husband. He moved away. The red scar on his ham-like face grew redder at the edges. His lips, unshaven and still black from the soot of yesterday, drew down in a tighter line.

When Barney and his fireman were even with the pilot of the rear engine, Old Tom jerked his torch off the side rod, and strode after them, bellowing:

"Hennessey! Hennessey!"

Barney came sauntering back to



meet him. The fireman stood uncertainly. Old Tom stopped. His voice thick, he snapped:

"Hennessey! I want to know what sort of frame-up you fellers are pullin' here tonight."

"Frame-up?" queried the young engineer in surprise.

"Yes, I said frame-up. That's exactly what it is—puttin' you out here in Miller's turn on the most important run that's ever gone over the R.M.&D. An ignorant bakehead—barely old enough to pull passenger. Puttin' you ahead to handle the air—an' then callin' me to play second fiddle to you—lettin' me run the helper engine while you handle the train an' git the credit for it!"

Old Tom's great fists were clenching. Barney set down the grip, stood slapping the palm of his left hand with his gauntlets. His lips were clamped tight.

Both firemen, startled by this outbreak between two engineers who had spoken only once in ten years, came hurrying toward them, ready to interfere if they came to blows. But at the sight of the scar on Tom's face, Barney took firm grip on his flaming temper and answered in a voice scarcely audible above the screech of air pumps and the wail of steam.

"There's no frame-up, Ryan. Miller laid off sick on call and they came after me. If they'd told me I was to doublehead with you—"

"That's a lie, Hennessey. And you know it!"

"Be careful, Ryan." Barney's voice was like the first whisper of distant thunder, but Old Tom paid no attention.

"You've framed this thing, you and your college outfit—framed it so you could handle the air on this trial trip of the mail an' humiliate me. I know your breed. That's the way with a gang of low-down college sissies."

SWEARING and muttering, the old man stormed back to his oiling. Barney glowered angrily after him for a moment, then hurried to the forward engine, threw his grip into the gangway, and followed it up the steps. Fireman Eddie Mason quit sweeping coal out of the littered deck and turned toward him with a grin.

"Old Tom kinda got hos-tile tonight, eh, Bakie?" he ventured.

"Maybe he had cause, Eddie. Do you know who had me called for this mail run?"

"Superintendent Moran had you called, Bakie. Why?"

"Then Miller's not sick?"

"Not if you ask me. Who said he was?"

"Caller told me he laid off sick on call."

Eddie burst into a laugh.

"He laid off sick on suggestion, Bakie. The big brass hat suggested to Moran that if this train didn't get off the Mountain Division in good time, there might be a new superintendent in Hanley. Moran suggested to Miller that they had a train on this turn tonight instead of a wheelbarrow. And Miller suggested to Moran that if they didn't like the way he pulled their condemned passenger trains, they could pay him fifty miles, and go call the next man, the devil, or whoever else they pleased."

Eddie chuckled as he lifted the water jug out of the seatbox. Turning once more toward Barney, he added with a grin: "So Moran got hold of the caller and said, 'Go call Bakehead Hennessey.' And that's how you come to be double-headin' with Old Tom Ryan."

Barney's first impulse was to tell Moran and the whole lot to go straight to. Why should they call him on this turn when there were a dozen men older than he who were eager for it?

But on the other hand, why not? How could Moran or anyone possibly have known he would not feel honored by the call? A year ago, before the Warwick wreck, he would certainly have had no twinges of conscience about doing anything to plague Old Tom Ryan. And no one but Peggy knew he was trying to make peace with his old enemy.

Then again, what else could Moran do? Everybody on the division knew that "Terrapin" Miller's fastest pace was fifty miles an hour. This trial trip of the Frisco Mail, the trip which was to decide the contract for the R.M.&D. or for its old rival, the Pacific, would require sixty or seventy miles.

When Terrapin stood for the run, absolutely the only thing the crew dispatchers could do was to get him out of the way and put somebody in his place who would set the pace and keep it. Nor was Barney flattering himself in the least when, as he swung down the steps, he grimly decided they had called the right man.

Everybody from the call boy in Hanley to the general manager in Chicago knew he was an engineer. From Chicago to the coast there was not another who could match his skill—*save Old Tom Ryan.*

Old Tom Ryan! Funny old devil, Peggy's dad was. Take that night ten

years ago when the old man had renamed him "Bakehead—Bakehead Hennessey, A.B." How Ryan had always hated college men! Probably always would.

The flaring torch by the rear engine left the side rods, moved forward to the pilot, and Old Tom, clinging to it, climbed across to the other side. His face was turned for a second toward Barney. The young engineer could see the red in the distorted features, where the ugly scar reflected light like a mirror.

If Ryan had not been hard, he, Barney Hennessey, would have burned to a crisp that night in the Seneca wreck, just as his father had burned almost thirty years ago. It takes a hard man to deliberately cook his own face to a pulp in a jet of steam trying to keep the fellow he hates from sizzling. But that was exactly what Old Tom had done. And then the way the old man had repudiated his own heroic action when Barney had attempted to thank him!

"I reckon, young feller," he had said coldly, "I did make one hell of a mistake down at Seneca that night. But it's too late to remedy it now—except by murder."

Barney had to laugh as he recalled the meeting.

HIS task completed, Old Tom limped back to the steps of the 3768 and clambered into the cab. Funny that Barney had not noticed that limp in the old man's gait before, never saw it until this morning, when Old Tom had hurried away from the gate to keep from meeting him. Or was it this morning? It seemed years since little Danny had climbed on his lap and asked innocently:

"Daddy, why does gwanpa Ryan always wun away when you come home?"

Barney gathered up the tools and climbed to the cab of the big Pacific type engine. Eddie Mason was singing: "This is not Thirty-eight, but she's Old Ninety-seven."

Who the devil ever invented a song like that, anyhow? Barney looked at his watch. It was 9.03. He turned off his cab light and glanced toward the rear. Old Tom was sitting with his head thrust out of the cab window and his elbows resting on the sill. The young engineer reached for the whistle cord, sounded his *Wha-a, wha-a!* Old Tom did not move a hand.

"Stubborn old cuss!" growled Barney. "Might at least answer a signal and let a fellow know whether he's ready to go."

He waited a few seconds, kicked off his brakes, opened his cylinder cocks, and drove the 3775, enveloped in a cloud of white, towing the 3768 out toward the passenger station.

While they waited in the spur above the station, Eddie Mason came sauntering across the deck and stood in the gangway, watching the line of dark clouds which fringed the north.

"Goin' to rain tonight, eh?" called the fireman cheerily.

"Maybe so, Eddie. You never can tell."

Barney wiped off the levers and the window sill. Eddie slouched back to his post, singing again: "This is not Thirty-eight, but she's Old Ninety-Seven—"

Barney wished the kid would sing something else. That mournful dirge fitted too nearly into his own mood—that unreasoned fear which had enveloped him since morning.

Far up the track a headlight was glowing. Eddie broke off his song in

the middle of the sentence, fell to work with scoop, laying coal in the corners of the big firebox. A hush fell over the terminal, to break into a whirl of excitement as the new train pulled in. Car-knockers swarmed about it. The flagman, adjusting his markers, dropped to the ground, lantern in hand, to pace nervously up and down the platform. The conductor, changing his stately tread to a nervous run, hurried away to the office for his orders.

Barney caught a bit of their enthusiasm. The old-time gleam came back to his eyes as he sat waiting tensely for the incoming engine to cut off so he could couple on.

Truly, the need for haste was great. Ever since the building of the two roads, the R.M.&D. and the Pacific had been bitterest rivals. Due to shorter mileage, to slighter grades, the latter had hauled the bulk of the coast mail.

During the last four years, however, the new management of the R.M.&D. had spent literally millions straightening curves, cutting grades, and buying up connecting lines to shorten its mileage. This year, with the coast mail up once more for bids, its officials had hoped to win a heavy contract.

But on the test trip, though everything had been in readiness, the train had seemed hoodooed. Everything had gone wrong except an actual smash. It was coming to the Mountain Division four hours late on the fast time laid out for it; and from Chicago to Denver and from Denver to the coast, the brass hats were frantically urging their superintendents to get it back on time and keep it there. The division to the east had made up forty minutes. It was up to the Mountain to do no less.

BARNEY softly coupled his two engines into the head car. An "air" man connected the hose. The compressors on the head engine cut in, racing, clicking, thumping, forcing the train line pressure up to ninety pounds. Barney glanced at his gage, then out toward the yard office where Conductor Gardner was running to the platform with two sheaves of green and white tissue in his hands. Behind him waddled stout Superintendent Moran. A second later Old Tom Ryan was climbing down upon the brick platform to meet Gardner.

Barney watched him, glanced once more at his air gage, then toward the rear. An inspector's light was saying: "Set the air." He opened the valve, watched the needle swing back, then closed it; and wiping his hand on a piece of cotton waste, went striding toward the men who were comparing watches and reading train orders.

The conductor handed him his set of flimsies in silence. There were only three: two slow orders and the running order. He glanced at the latter.

"Running us as Second Seven?" he asked, looking at Gardner.

Gardner nodded. Barney read the order through. He knew that never in the history of the road had such a task been laid out for an engineer—to clip sixty minutes off the time of No. 7, the fastest train through the Rockies on any line.

Air pumps were racing. The pop valve on the 3775 opened and white steam climbed skyward. A dozen lights darted hither and yonder about the steel mail cars. Superintendent Moran came panting up to the group.

"We want action on this run tonight," he began.

"What the hell's the use uh puttin' out a fast schedule for that sizzlin'

bakehead?" snarled Old Tom. "He's got you fellers all buffaloed into thinkin' he's a hoghead. Hoghead! Bakehead! Bakehead Hennessey, A.B.!"

The old man laughed bitterly. Barney bit his lip. Moran looked from one to the other.

"I think that will do for tonight, Ryan," he said slowly. "What we want on this trip is time, not tongue. You've got the two best engines on the job. We gotta have this outfit in Sanders on the time of that order."

Barney stood with his arms folded. Old Tom gave a snort and turned toward the engine. The air inspector was trotting toward them, jerking the bleed cock on each car he passed. Down the platform came the operator on the run.

"More orders—more delay, I suppose," growled Gardner.

They all watched. The operator passed the air inspector, sped up to the waiting group.

"Hennessey!" he said in a voice that quivered with excitement. "Hennessey, you're wanted on the phone."

Barney glanced at his watch. It was 9.30.

"Haven't time, kid," he returned.

"Forget it, fella. Come on. Hurry!"

Barney looked at the superintendent. The operator seemed anxious. Moran nodded.

"Go on, Hennessey. But for Pete's sake, make it snappy. We don't want any delay on this terminal."

Barney and the operator sped away to the yard office. A moment later he was hurrying back, his face like chalk. Old Tom Ryan, who had climbed down under pretense of putting more oil on the main rod, was standing five feet from the others. Barney went straight to him.

"It's Danny, dad!" he quavered. "Danny and Peggy got hit by a truck going home from the show."

The old man turned slowly. He dropped the long spouted can, and grasped Barney's shoulder.

"Is he—"

BARNEY shook off the grip and whirled to the superintendent who, with the conductor, was crowding close. They all knew little Danny. Everybody in Hanley knew Barney Hennessey's kid.

"Mr. Moran!" Barney's voice broke. "Mr. Moran, we've got to hold this train until the doctor gets Danny down here. He says there must be an operation that can't be done this side of West City."

"You don't know what you're asking, Hennessey. Hold this train! Why, it would mean the discharge of every man on the job."

Barney laughed mirthlessly.

"Mr. Moran, that schedule's slow. I can cut it down—"

"You can't cut off a minute to save your soul, Hennessey. To trim ten minutes off that schedule would mean suicide. We'll order a special for you."

Moran turned toward the office. Barney halted him.

"Mr. Moran, when this train leaves here, Danny will be on it. We are due in Sanders at 12.10. The Pacific Limited for West City is due there at 12.13. We will make the connection so Danny can go on the Limited to West City."

Moran considered a moment, shook his head slowly.

"It can't be done, boy," he said at last. "You'll put the whole outfit in the ditch."

"Moran's right, Hennessey," spoke Old Tom, all the venom gone now from his voice. "I've made this trip

five thousand times. I know every inch of the track."

"You *knew* every inch of it, dad," Barney was speaking more calmly now, as he paced the platform. "You knew it ten years ago. You've failed to reckon the lengthened curves, the heavier steel, the new braces. I'll put this train in Sanders in time to connect with the Pacific Limited."

Barney climbed into his cab, spoke a few words to Eddie Mason, then went striding down the platform toward the station. Moran was cursing. But when the ambulance roared up to the platform, both men and the conductor followed Barney to the station entrance.

Through the entrance came uniformed attendants bearing two stretchers. On the forward one was Peggy, with a broken arm. On the rear one rested little Danny, lying as if dead. Barney kissed his wife, took one hasty look at his boy, and went stumbling up to his engine.

As he passed the rear cab, the old man called to him:

"Better let the old man take it, Hennessey," he choked. "I know the road."

"I'm going to put this train in Sanders to connect with the Pacific Limited, dad."

Barney held out a trembling hand. Old Tom looked at it. His lips began to tremble, his hand to shake. Then he climbed to his place.

Stumbling forward, Hennessey swung to the cab of the 3775. Soon the uniformed hospital attendants climbed down from the platform of the day coach. Nine cars away a white light rose and fell. At 9.55 the two engines began talking first in long-drawn, sighing sobs, then in short, jerky barks, and the string of steel mail cars went filing out of the yards twenty-four minutes later than it had entered Hanley.

FOR eighty miles out of Hanley the track of the R.M.&D. unwinds over rock-ribbed hills which rise into the west; or circling these hills, swings up the steep-sided arroyos on broad curves. This stretch had always been the race-track of the Mountain Division.

Old Tom Ryan had made no scientific study of speed. Scorning all help which science could have given, he had depended upon experience and intuition in setting his own speed far beyond the limits prescribed by the timetable.

And therein Barney had the advantage, and he knew it. Born to the railroad game, he had spent his years in college, in preparing for this very work. Moreover, while Old Tom had spent the last ten years in hating him and mulling over real and fancied wrongs, he had kept track of the improvements. He knew every inch of this track not only as the roadmaster knew it, and as the section man knew it, but as the technical expert knew it. What was more, he had a keen judgment to guide him beyond the limits of scientific accuracy.

As the two shivering engines snatched the short train out of Hanley and away from the glare of the electric lights, Barney looked toward the north. The fringe of cloud had become a bank of black stretching from the eastern horizon to the mountain barrier. Lightning now could be seen. Somewhere to the west the storm must cross his path.

When they approached the first curve Eddie Mason straightened in the quivering deck, tossed his scoop aside

and stumbled to the platform. He shot a startled look out at the curving rails ahead, at the blur of huddled piñons streaming back into the darker night, at the smear of smoke lying low over the weaving cars behind. Then turning, he stared across the cab at Barney.

Barney's throttle was all but closed as, running seventy miles an hour, he streaked down upon that curve. He shifted a hand from brake valve to throttle, but instead of closing, he widened it a bit. Accustomed to the pace of Old Terrapin Miller, Eddie gasped and clutched at the window frame. Barney dropped the hand back to the brake valve, kicked five pounds of air under the train to take out the slack, released his brakes, and reeled on. Breathing once more, Eddie dropped into the deck to spread coal over the floor of the dancing, roaring inferno.

Barney glanced back, saw the dim figure of Old Tom Ryan leaning from the window. It was but a silhouette, a shadowy outline. He could not see the look of excitement, of fear almost, hovering over the old man's scarred face. Nor could he see that Tom had closed his throttle as he blared down upon that curve, doing more than sixty there for the first time in his life. Neither could he know that as the engines had cleared the curve in safety, Old Tom had gulped and swallowed hard, had wrinkled his scarred face and muttered to himself:

"Too fast! Too damned fast!"

As the Mail hurtled down through Hogan, Barney looked at his watch and dropped it back into his pocket with a grunt of satisfaction. In forty miles he had made up grim four minutes of the lost time.

He stood up to test his lubricator, glanced across the cab at his fireman. Unmindful now of their mad pace, Eddie was sitting on the seatbox singing in a high pitched voice: "This is not Thirty-eight, but she's—" He whirled around, dropped to the deck to fill the firebox once more. Barney laughed.

WHEN they charged down past the station at Walnut Grove the minutes regained had grown to eight. Barney watched the thickening sky, turned to look back where Old Tom Ryan still leaned from the cab window, on toward the rear where lights glowed in the lone day coach, felt himself wondering how Danny was. Maybe— His heart rose in his throat.

Gardner would come over for the clearance at Seneca. Then he would know how Danny was. There were the lights at Seneca now, eight green blobs, two yellow ones and a red, rising out of the night. Barney closed his throttle.

"Goin' to take water, are yuh, Bakie?" yelled Eddie, turning on the blower and crossing the cab.

"You bet. No time to take chances tonight, boy."

As soon as he had stopped the train with the forward engine spotted at the Seneca tank, both Barney and Old Tom swung down with torch and oil can, began dabbing grease at slots and holes, twisting grease plugs down in their sockets.

A lantern came off the rear coach, bobbed up and down—Conductor Gardner coming over for his clearance. The lightning in the north was incessant. Thunder rolled in. Moving his can with shaking hand, Barney watched the light until it had almost reached the dim figure of Old Tom Ryan. Then, still holding his oil can, he ran back to meet the conductor.

"Well?" he questioned hoarsely, be-

fore Gardner had time to speak.

"No change," was the laconic reply. "Doc says it's time that counts. If you can make Sanders—"

Old Tom did not look up from his oiling. Barney turned back toward his engine, Gardner cleared his throat and called:

"Hennessey, you've made the best time ever made this side of the ridge. But you want to be careful going over. You know Garcia Canyon—and it's going to storm."

"Keep your shirt on, Gardner. I aim to ride the iron."

"Listen, Bakehead, you think because you've been through college you're smart. But I'm tellin' you that smarter men has tried to run that Garcia Canyon order. Them that ain't in hell's all lookin' for a job. If you try to make Garcia in less than sixty-three minutes, I'll pull the air on yuh."

"You'll play the devil pullin' the air on somebody," bellowed Old Tom. "Hennessey's handlin' the air this trip. He's runnin' for life an' to hell with slow orders. You tend to your own business! Don't you dare touch the air on this train."

Gardner began backing slowly away toward the telegraph office. The old man clambered up the steps, drew a dirty sleeve across his eyes. Barney hurried away to spot the 3768 for water. Funny old devil, Ryan was—one minute fighting you, the next fighting for you.

The minute Red Norvelle dropped the lid on the rear tank and waved his torch, Barney called in his flag and began the last lap of the run which still lives in the legends of the R.M.&D.

From Seneca, where the R.M.&D. enters the mountains, it winds and twists and squirms like a scared black snake up the canyon to Ridgecrest. Then it falls down Garcia Gorge, sixteen hundred feet in eleven miles. The track doubles on reverse curves, creeps along high trestles, burrows through short tunnels in the granite, or clings like a goat path to the mountainside. Number Seven's time up from Seneca to Ridgecrest was thirty minutes, down from Ridgecrest to Garcia, thirty-three. The best time on record over the stretch was forty-one.

Reckoning what lay ahead of him, Barney figured he could make Ridgecrest in eighteen minutes, drop down to Garcia in nineteen. That would be clipping off four minutes from Old Tom Ryan's record. That would not be impossible—not with new rails, the heavier ballasting, and lengthened curves. He had to beat the Limited to Chavez Crossing.

It was 10.59 when he shoved the reverse down toward the corner and turned steam into his cylinders. His own engine barked. The 3768 boomed an answer, and from the rear the cough of the helper came as a softened echo.

Outside the storm had broken. In the deck Eddie Mason tripped the air doors and hurled coal into the blazing belly. The speed indicator crept around the dial to thirty and hung there. Barney stood up on the platform. Losing time! Losing time! He prayed. He swore Old Tom was laying down on the job, was not helping him over the hump. But when, through the roar of the storm, he heard the beat of the exhaust he knew the old man was pounding the 3768 as she had never been beaten since the day she was made. The old man was driving for little Danny, for Moran, and the R.M.&D.

IT was 11.23 when the Mail stopped at Ridgecrest to cut off the helper engine from the rear. Forty-eight

minutes left to make fifty-five miles, and eleven of it down Garcia Canyon. At Ridgecrest the operator came streaking out through the rain and swung into the cab.

"Garcia operator says the river's rising the fastest he ever saw, fella," he informed.

"Thanks, kid," replied Barney.

His set face was white beneath the streaming waters. He looked old. Down Garcia Gorge on a night like this Long Bob Hennessey had gone some thirty years ago. And when they had found him, three days later, his hand still clutched the throttle. Eddie Mason stood watching his engineer for a moment, recrossed the cab and dropped into his seat muttering:

"Beat the Pacific Limited to Sanders—fifty-five miles in forty-eight minutes. Beat it to hell, maybe!"

Already the two locomotives were clawing madly for footing. A train length from her stop the Mail was running thirty. Barney shut off steam, sat with his hand on the brake valve, drifting with ever-quickening stroke down the curving steel. Thirty-five. A tremor in his voice, Eddie commenced once more the mournful dirge: "This is not Thirty-eight, she is old Ninety-seven—we must put her in Sanders on time!"

Came the squeak of the air whistle—Red Gardner sounding for brakes. Still the hands on the face of the gage crept around. Thirty-seven—forty. The limit was only half that!

Eddie ceased his song and sat watching Barney. A half-mile away was the trestle where his older brother had hit a broken rail nine years ago. The fireman rose to his feet, stood gripping the cab window. His mouth drew down at the corners.

Barney jerked his head inside the cab for a look at the gages. Again Red Gardner was sounding his air whistle: *Whee — whee — whee — whee*. Forty-three, read the gage. Barney twisted the brake valve and watched the hands begin dropping back. At thirty miles an hour he shot out over the trestle, lurched around the curve, and, kicking off his brakes, rolled with quickening speed toward the next danger point, a mile away.

With unerring precision Barney brought into play every trick he knew to hold his pace safely between thirty and forty-five. Already the canyon walls were lowering. One more curve and he would come out on the straightaway to Sanders. But that one curve! "Long Bob's Curve," they called it. Many a time the old heads had told him how his dad had come over from Hanley on a schedule which made any run Old Tom Ryan had ever staged look like snail's pace—until he hit "Long Bob's Curve" at the mouth of Garcia Gorge—hit it in a storm.

THE rain had ceased. The odor of wet earth, mingled with the smell of hot wheels and burning grease, filtered into the cab.

He was running forty-two. He tugged at the leather strap which served him as watch chain. No time to kill here! If he dropped to twenty at this point, as he had always done, he would never make it.

"Too fast for the softened track!" he thought. Almost too fast! He imagined he could feel the track sliding toward the rushing flood. The engine heeled far out. In the deck the scooping apron broke loose from its heaving links and the left end shot three feet in air. The engine lurched back. The apron dropped with a clang. Eddie was clutching madly for handhold. Barney

glanced behind him. Surely the 3768 would leave the rails. He reached instinctively for his throttle. Old Tom's engine still rode the steel, and Old Tom had never moved.

One by one Barney watched the mail cars round the curve. Their lights swung and jostled. The day coach followed and the green of the marker glowed behind.

It was 11.40 when he crashed through Garcia, seventy miles an hour, picking up speed. Never before had a train made the run from Ridgecrest to Garcia in seventeen minutes. The operator swung him a highball as he approached, greeted with a yell as he passed. Barney had been forced to do it. He had made that run for Little Danny.

And the run from Garcia to Chavez Crossing — twenty-four minutes to make thirty-six miles. Ruin two good engines, maybe. Whole crew get fired.

He would go in six minutes late on schedule. He had to beat the Pacific Limited to Chavez. For the next thirty miles he sat like a statue, watched the needle climb until it stopped against the peg, and counted telegraph poles until he was doing a mile in forty seconds.

Eddie crossed the cab and aroused him from his grim reverie.

"How fast'll these damn engines run, Bakie?" he asked.

"I dunno, Eddie," returned Barney.

At 12.03 he came in sight of the distant signal for Chavez Crossing. The signal was yellow. He began calling, *Wha-o—wha-oo—wha-oo—*

Away to the right a glow was lighting the western sky—the headlight of the Limited. What if the tower gave the Limited the signal after all? He laid his hand on the whistle cord again. The home signal still showed red. Would the tower hold him? He twisted his brake valve once more. The speed dropped back, and the signal cleared. The glow of the headlight to the right became a glare.

As the Mail crashed through the crossing, Eddie Mason came over to the right, stood with a hand on the back of the engineer's seat.

"Well, we made 'er, Bakie!" he said coolly.

Barney turned, nodded, and, trying to smile, wiped from his cold cheeks drops which were not left by the midnight rain.

"Take her in, Eddie," he mumbled, stumbling out of the seat. "I want to scoop coal awhile."

And Eddie climbed to the engineer's seat singing the last verse of the dirge.

WHEN Barney comes in from the road nowadays he never sees Old Tom making his escape toward street and alley. Instead, the old man who pulls Red Gardner on the Frisco Mail will sit out on the porch with him and watch Little Danny and the big collie pup romp on the lawn.

"And yuh aim to decorate that kid's Irish name with a handle like yourn, do yuh, Bakie?" the old man will ask.

"I reckon so, dad, if the kid wants the decoration," Barney will reply.

August in Railroad History

Friedrich List, Father of German Railroading, Born Aug. 6, 1789

IF you want to know what happened on your birthday or any other day of the year, watch this almanac, which began last April and will end next March. We'd like to thank all readers who sent us important dates; particularly Robt. R. Brown, secretary, Canadian R. R. Historical Ass'n.; Paul Darrell, Richmond, Calif.; Wm. Wanzer, Burlington, Vt., and Karl Deutsch, N. Y. City. Oct. dates should be received by us before July 10.

Martin W. Clement, New Pennsy President, Began as Rodman Aug. 1, 1901

August 1

1849—Erie & Kalamazoo, first railroad in old "Northwest Territory," leased to its chief competitor, the Michigan Southern. (Now part of N. Y. Central. See article by M. J. Myers, Oct., '34, RAILROAD STORIES.)

1850—R. B. Mason, supt., N. Y. & New Haven R. R., stops the practice of letting cattle roam over the railroad's right-of-way on the Sabbath. Although the road has no Sunday trains, some future emergency might make one necessary.

1853—N. Y. Cent. & Hudson River R. R. consolidated from N. Y. City to Buffalo; first train scheduled over the entire line.

1870—Lake Superior & Mississippi R. R. opened, St. Paul to Duluth; total mileage, 169. (Now part of N. P.)

1891—B. & O. gets shorter route to Chicago (present route of its through trains) by acquiring the Pittsburgh & Western Ry. and the Pitts., Cleveland & Toledo R. R. and the Akron & Chi.

1901—Martin W. Clement enters Pennsy service as rodman. (Born Dec. 5, 1881, at Sunbury, Pa. On Sept. 1, 1918, he became supt. frt. transportation, Eastern Lines; on Sept. 16, 1926, v.p. in charge operation; and April 24, 1935, P. R. R. president.)

1908—Work started on world's largest railroad embankment, the Pequest Fill, located on N. J. cutoff of D. L. & W. near Lake Hopatcong, N. J. (It extends 3 miles; average height 110 ft.; total 6,625,000 cu.yds. of material; completed in 1911.)

August 2

1892—Evans and Sontag, notorious bandits, take $2,300 in gold from S.P. train at Fresno, Calif. (See article by J. W. Davis, Nov. '31, issue.)

August 3

1831—First trial run of a steam passenger train in N. Y. State, on the Mohawk & Hudson R. R. (now N. Y. C.), an 18-mile road, Schenectady to Albany. Train hauled by "DeWitt Clinton," third locomotive built in America for actual railroad service. Locomotive was built at West Point Iron Works, weighed 4 tons, makes only 15 m.p.h. Cars are converted stagecoaches chained together.

August 4

1852—Act of Congress grants "rights-of-way to all rail and plank roads or macadam and turnpike companies through the public lands of the United States."

1891—Second annual convention Brotherhood Ry. Carmen of America held at Pueblo, Colo., with 60 lodges represented and 4 amalgamated organizations.

August 5

1898—Gulf, Beaumont & Great Northern Ry. inc. in Texas. (Santa Fe System.)

August 6

1789—Friedrich List, father of German railroading, born at Reutlingen, Wurtemberg. He died in Austria Nov. 30, 1846.

1850—Organization of Syracuse & Rochester Direct R. R. (Opened in 1853, one of the original roads comprising N. Y. Cent.)

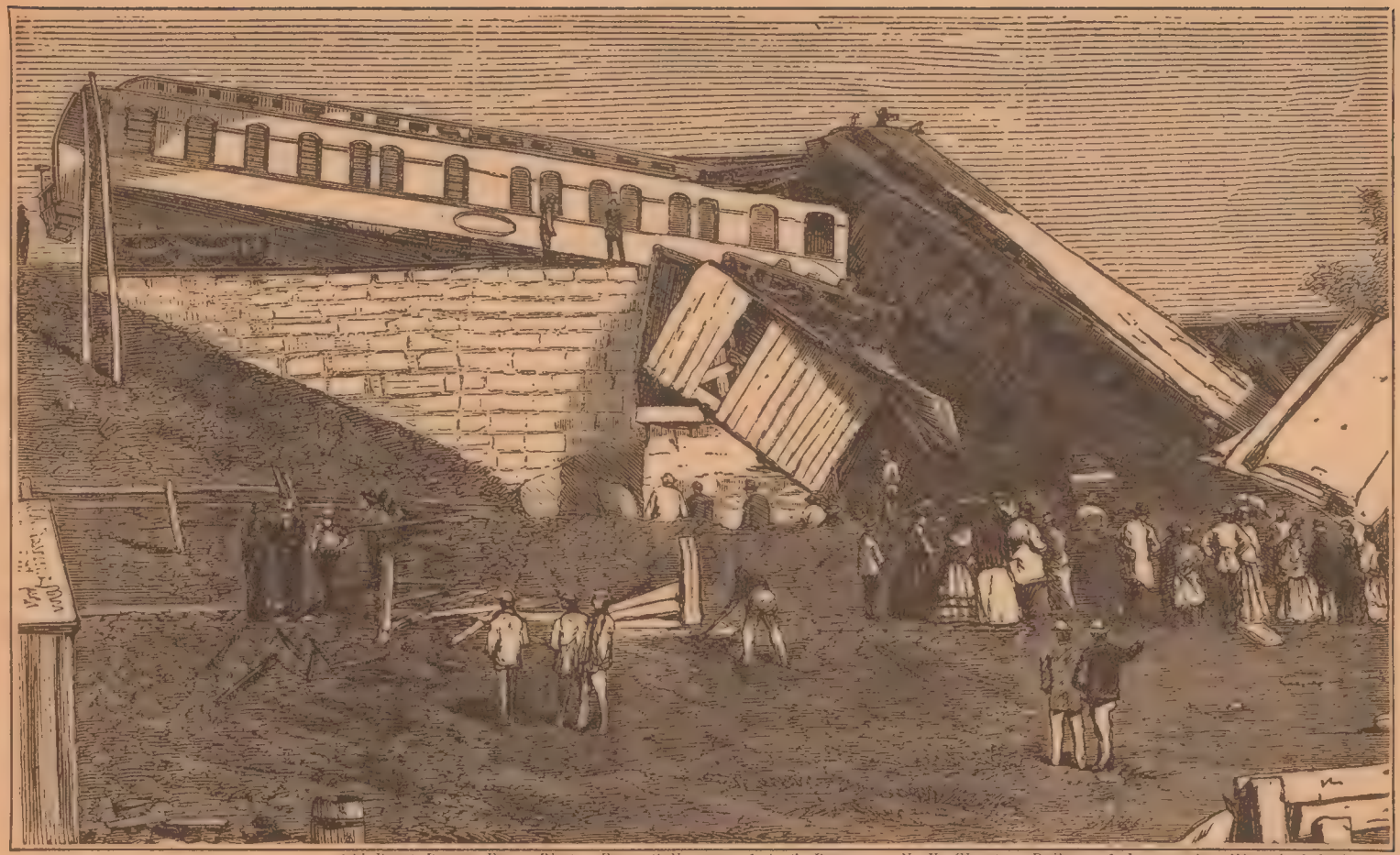
1858—Kirby C. Jackson enters P. R. R. engine service. (He was one of 7 brothers, all locomotive engineers. He retired April 1, 1902. On his 100th birthday, March 8, 1932, he claimed to be "world's oldest railroad man," and was given a white pass, good on any Pennsy passenger train.

1872—N. Y., N. H. & H. inc. in Conn. (Total mileage today, 2,072.)

1927—Prince of Wales opens Toronto Union Station in Canada.

August 7

1903—Circus train wrecked on Grand Trunk



Old Print Drawn From Photo. From Collection of A. S. Pennoyer, N. Y. Chapter, Railway & Locomotive Historical Society

On August 9, 1871, a Maine Central Passenger Train Was Speeding to Make Up Lost Time. The Engine and Tender and Part of a Mail-Express Car Had Crossed a Bridge over Hampden Road at Bangor, Maine, When the Bridge Collapsed. The Rear Trucks of the Mail-Express Car and Three Passenger Coaches Fell Twenty Feet to the Street, Killing Brakeman William Percival, of Waterville, and Injuring Thirty Passengers. The Last Car, a Pullman, Remained on the Track but Was Shattered in Front

Ry, at Durand, Mich.; second section crashes into rear of first section; 26 killed, many injured.

1911—Union Station opened, Winnipeg, Canada.

August 8

1829—"Stourbridge Lion," pioneer locomotive, makes first trial run on Delaware & Hudson Railroad at Honesdale, Pa., with Horatio Allen at throttle. First practical steam engine to run on any American railway. Built by Foster, Rastrick & Co. at Stourbridge, England. (Although weighing only 7 tons, she was found too heavy for the tracks and had to be taken out of service.)

1833—America's first major rail accident occurs on Amboy & Bordentown R. R. in N. J.; several persons killed.

1873—Track-laying starts on narrow-gage Mineral Range R. R. in Michigan. (Now standard gage.)

1931—Berlin-Frankfort Express derailed, 109 injured, at Juterbog, Germany, by Sylvester Matuska, fiend who wrecked trains in 3 countries.

August 9

1869—Deliberate head-on collision near Harpersville, N. Y., and free-for-all battle between rival gangs in Gould-Fiske raid in struggle for control of Albany & Susquehanna R. R. (Now part of D. & H. See article by Earle Davis, March, '33, issue.)

1876—First S. P. train enters Mojave, Calif.

1877—Carelessness in closing drawbridge over Shrewsbury River on Long Branch line of Central R. R. of N. J. causes train to plunge into water; 5 killed, 65 wounded.

1905—"Death Valley Scotty" begins his famous $5,500 fast run, Los Angeles to Chicago, on the Santa Fe. (He covered 2,265 miles in 44 hrs., 55 mins. Nearly half the trip was over mountain divisions. (Details in July, '31, issue.)

August 10

1867—Opening of Java's first railroad.

1877—Construction of Nova Scotia Central Ry. (now part of C. N. R. System) begins at Lunenburg, N. S.

1881—Chatsworth wreck. (See article by N. A. Critchett, July, '35, issue.)

August 11

1868—Opening of first railroad in Tahiti.

1871—North & South Georgia R. R., narrow gage, organized to run between Columbus and Rome, Ga., 130 miles. (Now Central of Ga. Ry.)

1884—C. P. R. opened, Montreal to Toronto.

1899—Algoma Central Ry. inc. in Canada. (Now A. C. & Hudson Bay Ry., 324 miles.)

August 12

1848—Death of Geo. Stephenson, pioneer English railroad and locomotive builder.

1870—Narrow-gage Rio Grande Ry. inc. in Texas to run between Brownsville and Port Isabel, 26¼ miles. (Now Port Isabel & Rio Grande Valley Ry., *not* Port Jefferson & R. G. V., as stated in May almanac. This is southernmost complete line in U. S., although part of Florida East Coast Ry. extends further south.)

1873—Narrow-gage Toledo & Maumee R. R. in Ohio opened.

1882—Great Western Ry. merged with Grand Trunk.

1883—Santa Fe R. R. surveyors attacked by Apache Indians; 13 of the party killed, Aug. 16, 1883, last Indian massacre of railroad men.

1885—Cloudburst washes away N. Y. C. railroad bridge over Walton Creek 7 miles west of Schenectady, N. Y., leaving tracks suspended in air across gully. (Double-page picture in Jan., '35, RAILROAD STORIES. Details in *Knickerbocker Press*, Albany, N. Y., Dec. 16, 23 and 30, 1934, and Jan. 6, 1935. Reprinting of RAILROAD STORIES picture brought recollections from 4 old-time railroaders, now living, who witnessed it.)

1922—Death of Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of telephone. (There are more than 140 million miles of telephone wire and about 36 million telephone instruments in use on the globe today.)

August 13

1873—Boston & N. Y. Air Line R. R. opened, New Haven to Willimantic, Conn., 50 miles. Chartered in 1846 as N. Y. & Boston R. R. (Now part of N. Y., N. H. & H.)

August 14

1892—Railway built in Colombia, South America, between Flandes and Ibague. (Now 47 miles, operated by Colombian Govt.)

1895—Northern Ohio Ry. inc. as successor to Pittsburgh, Akron & W. R. R.; Delphos to Copley, 152 miles. (Now part of N. Y. C. & St. L.)

1912—Double-decked trolley car tried out on Broadway, N. Y. City. (Ran for about 10 years, then discarded. Photo in Oct., '34, issue.)

1933—Last train runs on East & West Coast R. R. (Seaboard Air Line) between Bradenton and Arcadia, Fla.

August 15

1832—Lexington & Ohio Railroad opened, using horses as motive power. First railroad in service west of the Allegheny Mts. Chartered Jan. 27, 1830 (See article by Earle Davis, Oct., '33, issue.)

1835—Phila., Germantown & Norristown R. R. opens in Penna. (Baldwin's first locomotive ran on this 34-mile road, which was leased Dec. 1, 1870, to the Phila. & Reading for 99 years.)

1862—First railroad in Algeria, Africa, opened.

1878—Wreck of Bradford & Foster Brook Ry. train ("The Pegleg Road") near Bradford, Pa. Section of its monorail collapsed, hurling 2 coaches 10 ft. to ground. (Road abandoned shortly afterward. See article in Nov., '34, issue.)

1910—Railway collision near Saujon, France; 53 killed, 65 injured.

August 16

1851—Champlain & St. Lawrence R. R. is extended from St. Johns, Quebec, to Rouses Point, N. Y., connecting with Vermont & Canada R. R. This is first railway between U. S. and Canada. Passengers can now travel between Montreal and N. Y. or Boston without changing cars. (Route between N. Y. and Montreal was nearly the same as that of the "Washingtonian" today.)

1865—New engine making trial run on Housatonic R. R. (now part of the New Haven) in Conn. rounds curve and crashes into passenger train towing a disabled freight. Locomotive boiler bursts; 11 killed, 17 injured.

1869—Lake Shore & Mich. Southern Ry. organized. (Now part of N. Y. C.)

1871—First train runs on the first completed 3 miles of America's first narrow-gage line, Denver & Rio Grande.

1902—Ohio River & Western Ry. ("Old, Rusty & Wobbly") inc. in Ohio. (Had 42½ miles; abandoned in 1932.)

August 17

1887—B. & O. Express Co. sold to U. S. Express Co. (Now Ry. Express Agency.)

1909—Plans for 5½ ft. gage San Antonio Ry. in Patagonia, South America, approved by Argentine Govt. (which is now operating the line.)

1912—Denver Union Terminal Ry. Co. inc. (Owns Denver Union Station with 5.9 miles of track.)

August 18

1888—Opening of central station, Frankfort-on-Main, Germany; world's largest railroad depot. (Now one of the largest.)

August 19

1867—Last run of the first steam engine in Maine. She made her initial trip over Maine's first railroad, the Bangor, Oldtown & Milford in 1836. Built in England in 1835. (B. O. & M. is now part of Maine Cent.)

August 20

1850—European & North American Ry. chartered in Maine and New Brunswick, Canada. (On Oct. 18, 1871, it was opened to St. John, N. B.; a year later it operated over 279 miles, 5½ ft. gage.)

1864—Imperial Mexican Ry. Co., Ltd., organized in London to take over concession which president of Mexico granted May 21, 1842, for construction of railway in State of Vera Cruz. (This was first railway built in Mexico. By 1854 it ran from Vera Cruz to Rio de San Juan, about 20 miles. In 1867 company changed its name to "Mexican Railway, Ltd." It has since taken over other concessions, and is now one of largest railway systems in Mexico, about 1,500 miles.)

1866—Chi., R. I. & Pacific R. R., which was chartered Feb. 27, 1847, as the R. I. & LaSalle, adopts its present name.

1871—Grafton Centre R. R., 3 ft. gage, 3½ miles, opened in Maine. (Now standard gage, part of B. & A.)

1879—Ralph Budd, president of Burlington Route (12,000 miles in 14 states), born at Waterloo, Ia.

1910—Forest fire destroys town of Grand Forks, Idaho, and C. M. & St. P. depot at Falcon, close by. Hundreds of residents rescued by Engineer John Mackedon with helper engine and freight car. (Somewhat like fiction story, "The Glory Trail," by S. B. Faires, May, '35 issue.)

August 21

1861—Stanstead, Shefford & Chambly Ry. completed from St. Johns to Waterloo, Quebec. It is said that when this road was under construction, an agreement was made with the Town of Waterloo that if a locomotive whistle was heard there on Christmas Day, 1860, town would give railway a cash bonus. On Dec. 24 the railway was still about 6 miles away and funds were low, so a small locomotive was loaded onto a sleigh and pulled into town. Next morning she was hauled along main street with whistle blowing. Joke was on the town, which paid up cheerfully. Road purchased by the Central Vt. years later but is now worked by Canadian National. This is a peculiar example of railway ownership; it is leased by C. N. R. from C. Vt., while C. Vt. in turn is owned by C. N. R.)

1868—"Irish Mail," famous British train on London & N. W. Ry., is hit by runaway oil cars near Abergele, Wales; 7 of 13 pass. coaches destroyed. All of their 33 passengers are killed except for one man, who is injured.

August 22

1859—Brockville & Ottawa Ry. completed from Brockville to Almonte. (It was originally planned to form part of through line from Brockville to Montreal by way of Ottawa, but this never materialized. Actually it was built from Brockville to Ottawa and from Carleton Place to Callander (now famous as home of Dionne quintuplets. Road bought by C. P. in 1882.)

1870—Sleeping cars first used in Canada on Grand Trunk Ry.

1883—Northern Pacific completed near Garrison, Mont., in presence of General Grant and 2,000 Indians, including Sitting Bull, the Sioux chief responsible for Custer massacre.

1895—Sensational fast run in Great Britain. (See article by John Thomas, this issue.)

1919—Prince of Wales opens Quebec Bridge, Canada.

August 23

1858—L. F. Loree, president of Delaware & Hudson R. R., born in Illinois.

August 24

1874—Martha's Vineyard R. R. opened; 3 ft. gage, 30 lb. rails, Oak Bluffs to Katama, Mass.

1910—Collision between Paris, Lyons & Mediterranean freight and passenger trains near Telagh, France; 24 killed, 40 injured.

1916—First electric suburban service in Argentine Republic inaugurated by Argentine Central Ry. between Buenos Aires and Tigre, 18 miles.

August 25

1830—Race between Peter Cooper's locomotive "Tom Thumb" and horse-drawn car from Relay, Md., to Baltimore. Horse wins, through an accident. (But ultimate victory was Cooper's, as this race decided the practicability of steam power on B. & O.)

1861—Rear-end collision of excursion trains on London & Brighton Ry. in Croydon Tunnel, England; 23 killed, 176 injured.

1924—Penna., Ohio & Detroit R. R. inc. in Mich. (and in Ohio, Sept. 13, 1924) as consolidation of 5 roads. Total of all tracks, 1,515½ miles. (Now part of P. R. R. on 999-yr. lease.)

August 26

1869—Peruvian Govt. grants concession to Don Jose Garcia to build railway between Malabrigo and Ascope in Peru, South America. (This is now the 3 ft. gage Trujillo Ry., 47 miles.)

1871—Express train crashes into rear of local passenger train on Eastern R. R. (now part of B. & M.) at Revere station, 6 miles from Boston. Engineer fails to see tail lights; rails slippery, only old-fashioned hand brakes; 29 killed, 57 injured. (This accident led directly to installation of more safety devices on railroads of Mass., so that only 2 persons were killed in next 7 years while riding trains in that state.)

1880—First freight train crosses pile bridge at Winnipeg, Canada.

August 27

1838—Eastern R. R. opened, Boston to Salem, Mass. (Opened to Newburyport, Aug. 28, 1840.)

1891—Spreading rail sends Southern Ry. train off Boston's Bridge, 90 ft. high, near Statesville, N. C.; 20 killed.

1932—80,000 spectators view collision staged by "Head-On Joe" Connolly between old locomotives 2231 and 2223, formerly of Milwaukee Road, at Iowa State Fair, Des Moines.

August 28

1864—First railway post office, a remodeled baggage car, run on Galena line (C. & N. W.) from Chicago to Clinton, Ia.

1868—Michigan Air Line Ry. organized. Entire road opened Sept. 1, 1884; Lenox to Jackson, 105½ miles. (Became part of Grand Trunk.)

1866—Completion of Keokuk & Des Moines R. R. (First train entered Des Moines next day, an excursion drawn by the "Keokuk," engine No. 1, in charge of Conductor Patch and Engineer Tibbits. First freight train entered city Aug 30, 1866, in charge of Conductor J. W. Givin, the road's first general frt. and ticket agent. K. & D. M. now part of the Rock Island.)

August 29

1849—Toronto, Simcoe & Lake Huron Union Ry. chartered. (This road, later the Ontario, Simcoe & Huron, did not know where it was going, as no northern terminus was specified in charter. It developed into large, important railway; finally absorbed by Grand Trunk.)

1902—Argentine Central Ry. and the Buenos Aires & Rosario Ry. in South America are consolidated. (Complete consolidation not recognized until 1907. Railway thus formed became the Ferrocarril Central Argentino, 3,305 miles.)

1916—U. S. Congress authorizes President to assume control of the country's transportation system as war emergency measure.

1926—B. & O. inaugurates trainside motor-coach passenger service, taking N. Y. City passengers to and from railroad trains at Jersey City, N. J., terminal. This move is intended to offset Pennsy's big advantage in having direct entrance into N. Y. City at Penn Station.

August 30

1857—First train in Argentina, South America, is operated over 6 miles of track near Buenos Aires. Original concession for this road was granted by Province of Buenos Aires on Jan. 9, 1854. It was (and still is) known as the Buenos Aires Western Ry. (Ferrocarril Oeste.) Its first locomotive, "La Portena," was built in 1854 by Manning Wardle, of Leeds, England; intended for use in Crimean War, but shipped to Argentina instead. Since she was built to 5½ ft. gage, this gage was adopted in Argentina (which now has about 14,000 miles of track of that width.)

1870—Gen. Robert E. Lee is made president of Valley R. R. in Virginia, his native state. (He died before it was built. Now part of B. & O.)

1871—Ground broken at St. Louis for narrow-gage Cairo & St. Louis R. R. (now part of the Mobile & Ohio.)

August 31

1868—Chesapeake & Ohio, chartered Feb. 18, 1836, as the Va. Central, is consolidated with Covington & O. R. R. (Opened throughout, Jan., 1873, 428 miles. Total mileage today, 3,121.)

1874—Chester & Lenoir R. R., narrow gage in S. C., runs its first train between Chester and Yorkville. (Now Carolina & N. W. Ry.)

1876—Byron S. Harvey, president of Harvey Hotel & Restaurant Co., affiliated with Santa Fe Ry., born at Leavenworth, Kan.

1905—Houston Belt Terminal Ry. inc. in Texas.

1909—Mysterious lone bandit robs Pennsy train at Lewiston Narrows, Pa., taking $65 in new Lincoln pennies but overlooking $500,000 in cash.

1935—100th anniversary of Great Western Ry., England. Was inc. to build between London and Bristol; is now third largest British rail system. Originally 7 ft gage, now standard gage.

Photo from J. F. Byrne, East McKeesport, Pa.

No. 123 on the Caledonian Ry. (Now L.M.S.), Which Did Her Bit in the British Speed War

The Great Railway Race

By JOHN THOMAS

Author of "The Loch Ness Monster," "One Up for Uncle Sam," etc.

UNLIKE most of the outstanding incidents in world railway history, the unique episode which almost everyone in Britain knows as "the great railway race" was a blend of the dramatic, the odd and the humorous. The race took place half a century ago on the same tracks over which the world-famous "Flying Scotsman" and "Royal Scot" now travel daily.

Then, as today, there were two main rail routes between England and Scotland, or more exactly, between London and Edinburgh. The west coast route was operated by a combine of two companies now united as the L. M. S., and the east coast line was operated by three companies which are now the L. N. E. R. The groups were bitter rivals. Each in turn strove by hook and by crook to steal traffic from its neighbor.

The advantages, however, were fairly evenly divided. The fares charged by each route were the same, and each train took ten hours for the journey. The first shot in the battle was fired when the east coast firms announced their train would do the trip in nine hours.

It was easy enough for the east coast companies to accelerate their service. Their line was practically level throughout its 392-mile course. The west coast route, on the other hand, twice rose to heights approximating 1,000 feet and was eight miles longer than the rival line. So the odds were heavily in favor of the east coast group. But the western line had no intention of letting its rival maintain supremacy, and the remarkable railway races began in the summer of 1888, when it also cut its time to nine hours.

On the first night of the accelerated service intense excitement prevailed at Carlisle, the border town where the English company handed the train over to the Caledonian Ry., the Scottish partner in the west coast group. The distance from Carlisle to Edinburgh was almost 101 miles, and the track passed over some very mountainous country. The train was booked to do the trip in 112 minutes. Special arrangements to insure success had been made by the Caledonian. A new locomotive, which had been on show at Edinburgh, was purchased for the race. This engine, which was destined to make railway history, had a soli-

tary pair of seven-foot driving wheels. Her number was 123.

The express entered the station well on time. Hundreds of spectators saw the engine which had hauled the train through England being hastily uncoupled, and No. 123—painted the characteristic brilliant blue of the Caledonian company—gliding in to take her place. The signal flopped down. The last lap in the race was in progress.

Soon the machine was whipping through the border regions at 65 miles an hour. The dreaded Beattock Bank approached. At that point the railway climbed for six miles on a grade of one in 75. No. 123 pounded up the slope, and in 12 minutes she was only a mile from the summit. Then, all of a sudden, a red light gleamed ahead. The engine rushed toward it, her whistle protesting frantically. Her brakes screeched on and the train slowed down. She was almost stopped, but at the last moment the danger signal blinked to green, and the locomotive struggled up to the top of the ridge. She had completed the ten-mile climb in 14 minutes. Once over the top no object stood in her way, and after a great run she drew into Edinburgh terminal, 104 minutes after leaving Carlisle.

The eastern partners were taken by surprise, but they immediately prepared a counter-offensive. A day or two after the west coast victory the east coast train was advertised to perform the journey in eight and a half hours. The summer exodus from London was by this time almost at its top, and the acceleration attracted many who were traveling on their vacations. Then, however, the west coast alliance cut its timing by another half hour.

Scene of the Celebrated Railway Race in Great Britain, Showing Rival Routes. The East Coast Is Now L.N.E.R. and West Coast Is L.M.S.

THE battle had now started in earnest. The east coast companies retaliated; showing a total disregard for the timetables already issued, they announced their train would undertake the journey from London to Edinburgh in an even eight hours. This was more than the western allies bargained for. It was practically impossible for them to run the heavy express over their mountainous route and at the same time maintain the enemy's latest schedule. They adopted the only plan possible. Half the usual number of coaches were deducted from the express, and the eight-hour schedule was established.

However, no sooner had the companies found an even running basis than the east coast firms set out to regain supremacy. Several intermediate halts were discontinued, and the schedule was reduced to 7¾ hours. The western companies dropped more cars and replied with a 7-hour, 38-minute run. And so the contest went on. Every day the two principal railway tracks in Britain became the race courses for the competing trains. The whole nation looked on breathlessly.

However, traffic was hopelessly disorganized, and public convenience was sadly interfered with. The trains left London at specified times, but there was no guarantee as to when they would call at intermediate stations on the route. Other train schedules were arbitrarily changed. Sometimes passengers turned up at stations well before the trains were advertised to leave,

only to find that their particular train had gone half an hour ago. So many protests followed that the companies agreed to revert to their pre-race schedule.

But the most interesting episode in the drama was still to come. Seven years after the historic race to Edinburgh, another bad attack of race fever descended on the steelways of the United Kingdom. The race courses this time were from London to Aberdeen. The distances were 540 miles for the west coast, 523 for east coast.

At the start of this new battle, both trains were leaving their respective London termini at the same hour, but the western train was arriving at Aberdeen 15 minutes after its enemy. The west coast companies played the first card by reducing their time ten minutes. The eastern group replied with a 15-minute acceleration. Next, the other nipped 40 minutes off their schedule. But the eastern team soon recovered, and a few days later their representative steamed into Aberdeen 15 minutes ahead of the rival express.

August 22, 1895, was the big day in the history of the race. On that occasion the west coast train completed the trip in 512 minutes, maintaining an average speed of more than 63 miles an hour over 540 miles of track. The day before that, in covering its 523 miles in 518 minutes, the east coast train ran the section between London and Edinburgh (392 miles) *in 6 hours 19 minutes, with three intermediate stops.** Today the " Flying Scotsman " takes 7½ hours to run non-stop between the capitals over practically the same route.

Once again public opinion brought an end to the contest. Travelers actually began to consider the race trains unsafe. Only a few sensationalists patronized the fliers, and there was general stampede for seats in trains booked to amble along at a more reasonable pace. The resulting loss forced the companies to revert again to normal schedule, and an interesting page of railway history was closed.

No. 123, the engine which played so prominent a part in the ranks of the west coast group, is still running on the L.M.S. lines in Scotland. When her services are no longer required she will be repainted Caledonian blue and mounted on a pedestal in the Edinburgh station. There she will remain a vivid reminder of the speed war.

** Editor's note: It is interesting to compare this record with the present-day schedules of America's Chicago & North Western, Burlington, and Milwaukee Road, each of which operates a regular 6½-hour (390-minute) train between Chicago and the Twin Cities. The C. & N. W. mileage is 409; the Milwaukee, 410; and the Burlington, 431. At the time we went to press these trains were the world's fastest for similar distances.*

One Way of Protecting Trains in Wartime

AN old document, just come to light, indicates one of the problems of railroading in the South during the Civil War and how it was solved. This proclamation was issued by a commanding officer of the Union forces:

" Headquarters District, West Tennessee, Memphis, July 6, 1864.

" WHEREAS, Railroad trains from Memphis to Saulsbury have been fired into frequently by Confederate soldiers and guerrillas within the last few days; and

" WHEREAS, There are many persons along the line of the railroad and at Memphis who approve and encourage such murderous proceedings;

" IT IS HEREBY ORDERED, That forty of the most prominent and better class of Secessionists in and between Memphis and La Grange be arrested, and that twenty of them each day be placed upon cars, in most conspicuous positions, one being placed each side of the engines; and no train will be allowed to leave Memphis without a 'secesh guard' until this murderous practice is desisted from.

" IT IS KNOWN, That several citizens of Memphis have publicly applauded this firing upon trains. They will be given prominent positions on cars, and quarters will be fitted up for them at White Station, where they will be tenderly cared for while not on duty on trains. Brigadier-General Hatch, commanding the cavalry division, is entrusted with the execution of this order. By order: MAJ. GEN. C. C. WASHBURNE."

The Boomer Trail

ANY old-timer recall a fight between gamblers and railroad men at Raton, N. M., in 1882? I had been firing on the A. & P. west of Albuquerque and was booming my way East over the Santa Fe the day before the fight. The gamblers lived across an arroyo a mile or so from Raton. They invaded Raton to clean up the railroad men; but they made a mistake—not one lived to get back to their hangout! Sheriff Hugh Edelston, a former engineer, was killed in his hotel.—J. W. KEELER, Orange Park, Fla.

* * *

YEARS ago I worked for the Leadville branch of the Colo. & Southern, better known as the South Park. I was with Con Larry Colligan and Brakeman F. Sawdey. The company sent us over to Breckenridge; we had a Shay geared engine which had come from a small road between Boulder and Ward, and another helper. We would pick up a train at Breckenridge, go to Boreas and sometimes take the train on into Como.

On one of these trips I had a little old hoghead who had never before worked on the road, nor on any mountain road. We pulled out, but I didn't tell my pardners about him until we reached Boreas, where we stopped for air inspection and orders. We decided to run no chances with the new engineer, so we turned up all retainers and had 6 good brakes clubbed down. I went back to the middle of the train and visited with Brakeman Sawdey. It wasn't long before we were rolling too fast, so we both cinched up some more brakes. Up till now, our hero in the cab had made only one application of air. Finally when we got to Mayo we struck another let-up and he had to work steam again.

A few miles out of Breckenridge there's a long curve, called the Race Course, on a gentle grade. There we decided to have fun with our hogger. Figuring he could easily make the Breckenridge stop, we kicked off all our binders. Boy, how those box cars did go! It seemed as if they would jump from under us. Our hero was calling for brakes—which were impossible to apply, as those old narrow-gage cars were plenty hard to stay on, let alone get over.

Well, we were getting close to Breckenridge, but we could not tell if there was anything on the main line. I was trying to pick a good place to light. At length we began to slow up a little. I got a few binders clinched, and we finally stopped the train. Luckily our helper was into clear and 81 was late, or we sure would have hit them. Later we found out the air had been frozen between the engine tank and the first car, and we had had no air down that whole hill! If Mr. Hoghead had made a reduction, the whistle of the retainers or the release of the brakes would have warned us. But the only application he made was when we came from the sheds. As I was on the first car, I heard the engine tank release and it fooled me. It was about 30 below zero that night and clear as a bell. The snow was almost all melted and there would have been very few spots for a fellow to light. After that I never played any more smart tricks.—E. C. HUFFSMITH, 243 Atlantic Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

* * *

LAST great collection of boomers I worked with was at Hog Island shipyard in Philadelphia during the War. Got a job firing No. 34, an old Atlantic & Birmingham locomotive. Regular engineer was off D. & H. Extras I fired for were off N., O. & W., Pennsy, C. P. R., Grand Trunk, B. & O. and Panama R. R. while the Canal was being built. Road foreman of engines was "Bucky McGraw," off the C. P. R.

Three men took examinations for engineers on the Central of Georgia. Think they are still working out of Waycross, Ga. Eyesight prevents me from riding with them any more. I am only a 4-road man, but I like to hear from the boys who have been places.—JOHN JAHN, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

MY granduncle tells me of an unusual sectional collision on the old Danbury & Norwalk Railroad 50 years ago. At that time he was a section hand and night track-walker on the D. & N., a 26-mile single-track line between Wilson Point and Danbury, Conn., with a 4-mile Branchville-Ridgefield branch. The Shepaug road to Litchfield from Bethel served as a connection to the Housatonic and N. Y. & New England at Hawleyville. These lines later merged into the New Haven Road. The old D. & N. is now electrified and forms part of the N. Y. Div.

Back in the '80's the D. & N. had a booming passenger and freight business, as it passed through a dozen manufacturing towns and was the link between N. Y. City and the Berkshires. Wilson Point was a prosperous ferry terminal on Long Island Sound. Passenger service was so heavy from 6 A.M. to 8.30 P.M. that freight service was handled by the local which made a round trip each day to pick up and drop and to do way-station switching. Even the Ridgefield branch had been assigned a crew to protect its passenger and freight business, and Branchville became an engine terminal.

Almost all of the jobs were on the timecard as 1st, 2nd, and 3rd class trains. Southbound trains were superior to northbound. Squeezed in among these jobs was a pier freight train known as the "night freight" from Danbury to Norwalk dock and Wilson Point and return. It was a through train that did its own switching at Danbury, the dock and Wilson Point. It was on the timecard as 1st class and left Danbury at

10.10 P.M. with a full crew (in more ways than one).

A new Mogul type engine was assigned for this run. Usually 15 loads was full tonnage northbound and 20 loads southbound. The difference was due to the 14-mile grade from Norwalk tunnel to Couchers cut at Sanford station (now Topstone). The wreck itself occurred at the Shepaug limekiln pond halfway between the top of the hill and Danbury yard, a wild stretch of country. In those days freight trains were often as fast as expresses. The night freight equaled the speed of the Pittsfield express over the same road, sometimes handling as many as 150 cars a night.

The regular crew—all old-time local talent except for Engineer Barney Neary and Conductor Fuller—were an irresponsible lot who repeatedly violated Rule G. Old Barney was quite a joker. He had bored a row of holes in the cab window sash frame, in which he kept a dozen clay pipes filled and ready for action at a moment's notice. He also liked to send students to measure water in the tank by sticking a slashbar down the smokestack or to have them pump water with the Johnson bar. Fuller's motto was: "The crew may be full but the conductor is Fuller," which was usually true.

The night of the wreck was raw and rainy. Big Jim Daugherty, a 300 lb. engineer, was in charge of the second engine, a 4-4-0 type. The load was exceptionally heavy, but they carried the green for a second section—a double-header of Moguls with an even longer and heavier train. After reaching the dock the usual procedure was to combine both crews, Fuller taking charge of and handling the switch list. This time there were only enough cars on the return trip for one section. One crew went back light, taking the 4-4-0 and leaving Big Jim a Mogul equipped with straight air—something new for him. He had to get a pusher to help push the 35 loads and 2 empty baggage cars over the hill. They stalled several times, due to slick rails and sand clogging the pipes, and were plenty late. The dispatcher ordered the helper engine, coupled on ahead, to go through to Danbury. This helper was a standard non-air type, with only a hand brake on the tender.

After passing the hill all 3 hoggers were soon sailing along at 40 or 50 per, and as usual the shacks were in the buggy for coffee. In a short time they were roaring into Redding sag and around the reverse curves north of Redding station. There a pin must have pinched out or a link sheared off in the middle of the train. On the east of the track was Shepaug pond and below it the limekiln spur. Near the station the head hogger discovered his train had split, and he blew his whistle. What happened next nobody seems to know. The air on the 2 Moguls and baggage cars went on with a bang, and the non-air freight cars just behind were immediately derailed on the trailing point switch of the limekiln spur. This sudden stop tore out the drawbar and safety chains between the 4-4-0 engine and tender. The tank turned over, derailing Big Jim's Mogul.

Meanwhile, the detached section was hitting the ball down the hill. The crew had now unloaded. When they fetched up, nothing was left of the train but the hack and 2 hind cars, all derailed. Old Barney's engine, still on the track, was completely surrounded by a baggage car. Nobody was hurt but the company! Telegraph lines, fences, roadbed, rails, ties, lading and equipment were scattered in every direction.

The hand-operated wrecking crane operated so slowly that the company had to borrow a steam hook from another railroad and order a new one for permanent use. All D. & N. traffic was diverted to the Housatonic Railroad for 24 hours. Old Barney, Big Jim and the head engineer, a boomer, were canned unconditionally. Fuller took it on the lam as soon as he unloaded. The rest of the train crew quit or were fired, though some were re-hired later. Big Jim hired out as hostler at Danbury. When the New Haven took over the line Old Barney worked in the freight house until his death at the age of 80 about 12 years ago. I have some carriage and stove bolts from the spill which were picked up in 1925, over 40 years afterward!—F. J. BROOKS, Great Pasture Rd., Danbury, Conn.

* * *

HERE are 2 famous rules which old-time boomers will recall. "Rule 86: Great care must be exercised by all persons coupling cars, inasmuch as the coupling apparatus of cars or engines cannot be uniform in style, size or strength, and are liable to be broken and from various causes to render it dangerous to expose the hands, arms, or persons of those engaged in coupling between them. All employees are enjoined before coupling cars to examine, so as to know the kind and condition of the draw-head, draw-bar, link and coupling apparatus, and are prohibited from placing in the train any car with defective coupling, until they have first reported its defective condition to the yardmaster or conductor. Sufficient time is allowed and may be taken by employees in all cases to make the examination required. As coupling by hand is always attended with more or less danger, it is recommended and strongly urged that a stick be used at all times in making couplings.

"65: One short blast of the whistle when running is a danger signal, and a notice to apply the brakes."—JOHNNY LINCOLNPINN, Grand Rapids, Mich.

* * *

CAN some boomer give me address of family of T. J. Ryan, Santa Fe section boss at Trinidad, Colo., 1883-4. Last heard from on Pacific Coast. His daughters were Katy, Lizzie and Madge.

Recently I talked with railroad "news butchers" who have followed the business 40 years or more. Hunt up some of them and get their stories before they die of old age. They've had lots of exciting experiences.—E. L. ("Doc") CAREY, Route 4, Box 553, Houston, Texas.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dellinger's "Silver Cross," Feb. issue, was based on adventures of a "news butcher." We encourage authors to deal with the widest possible variety of railroad subjects.*)

Famous Conductors

by Stookie Allen

"The D & H"

CHARLES G. THAYER

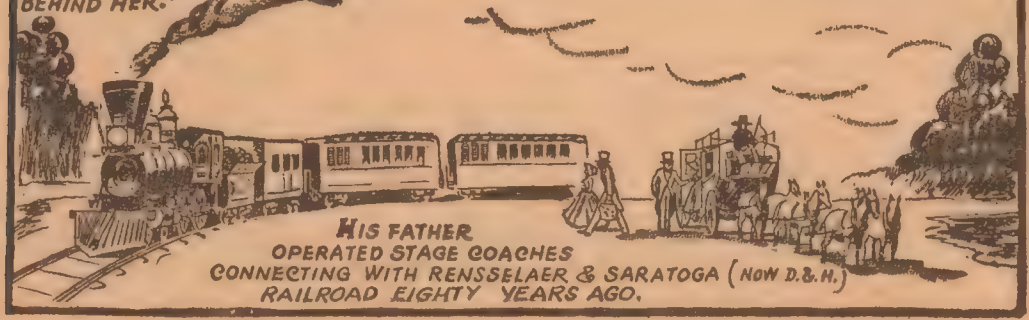
He Claims World Record in Length of Train Service

Born Dec. 12, 1865, at Glens Falls, N.Y. Charles began railroad career in 1869 as messenger boy for R. & S. master mechanic at Troy, N.Y. In 1870 he was made depot ticket inspector. On June 16, 1870, he entered train service as passenger brakeman and regularly helped to make up trains with "flying switches."

In 1875 Thayer was made baggage man, also extra conductor handling directors' car and pay car. First job as regular conductor was in 1879 on Albany-Troy local at $90 a month.

For many years he ran into Montreal on "The Montreal Limited"; one of whose engines, No. 606, is his pride and joy. He tells how the 606, pulling 21 pullmans, had stopped on a steep grade but started again without help and "walked up that grade as if she had nothing but a wooden coach or two behind her."

Thayer retired Jan. 1, 1935. He lives at 1014 25th St., Watervliet, N.Y. His hobbies are railroad scrapbooks and wood-and metal-working machinery.



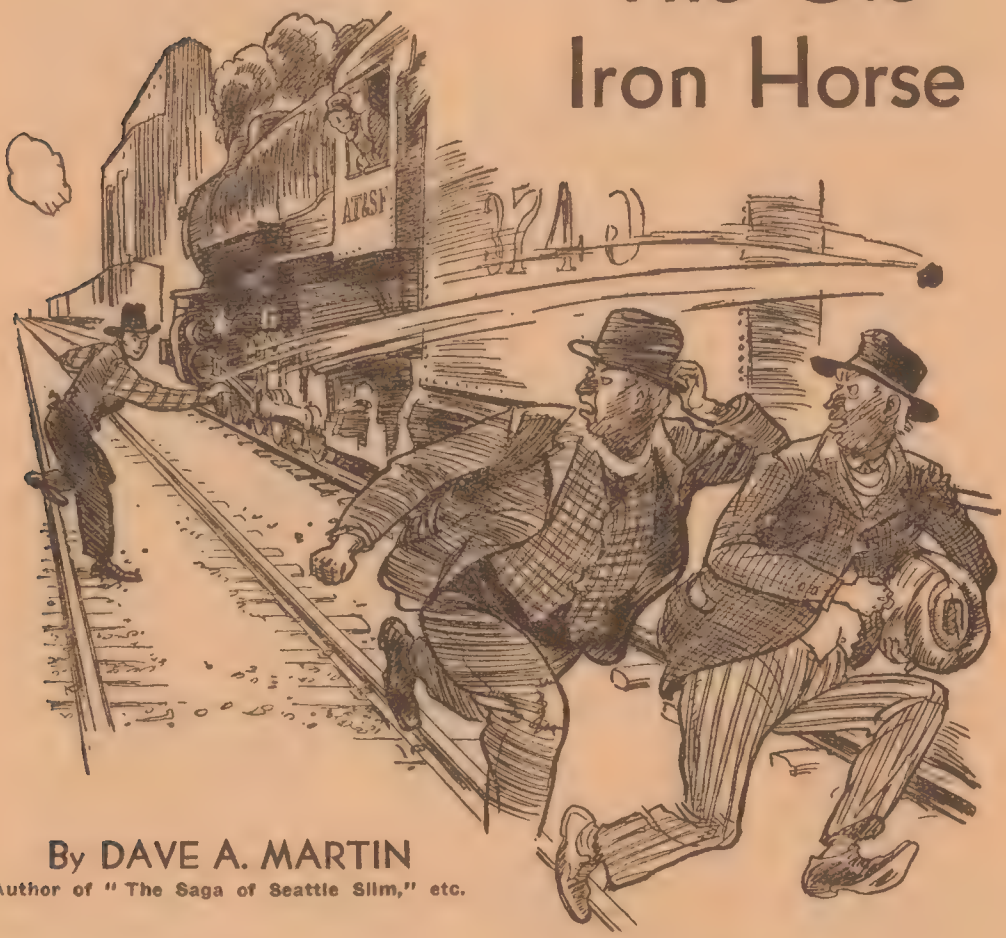
His father operated stage coaches connecting with Rensselaer & Saratoga (now D. & H.) railroad eighty years ago.

(Based on article in "D. & H. Bulletin")

Next Month—"Who's Who in the Crew": Charles F. Carter, Ex-Brakeman, Fremont, Elkhorn & M. Valley, and Famous Railroad Author

That Pest With a Tin Star Didn't Want Us to Ride

The Old Iron Horse



By DAVE A. MARTIN

Author of "The Saga of Seattle Slim," etc.

WELL, here we are, me and the old blanket stiff, the Kokomo Kid — Kid by courtesy and stretch of imagination, 'cause if he's a day he's on the down hill side of sixty and white as cotton. But what's a few milestones more or less to a pair of old bums? The trouble right now is we're bogged down and stagnated, so to speak, right up to hubs at a little crossroads signal stop out of the Sunflower State.

We ain't laying over here either no four days 'cause we're stuck on the place or to get an eye full of prairie scenery. No, sir, the blocks under our wheels, the impediment to our modus operandy, or, in plain words, what's tied us up in this one-hoss burg is an undersized, aggravating squirt of human suet sporting a tin star and calling itself town marshal. For four days this ornery pest is gumming up our itinerary. Every time we start to glom a rattler he pops up outa nowhere and shies stones and cuss words at us and chases us away from the freight trains.

'Course, this high-handed cutting up on his part is uncalled for, 'cause we ain't done nothing to him. This two-legged weasel don't own a bit more of this railroad than me and the Kid does, and that's a heap less than two or three divisions. We ain't doing nothing but standing on our constitutional rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of hand-outs, which this runt's trying to knock us off of with rocks and rough talk.

'Tain't our fault it's the harvest season, but this tin star sleuth and a gang of scissor-bill yokels tries to use this as an excuse for herding us into the wheatfields to help with the crops. We don't up and say straight out we won't go. We got too much sense for that. The Kid eases our regrets over to 'em like it's pie or pudding he's passing out. He loves to work, he says. He's a regular staver for it. He wades into it like the devil beating tanbark until he gets sweaty and het up, then he has a fit and flops around on the ground like a dominecker rooster 'at's lost his head.

Anybody with sense would know right away a man with that kind of affliction ain't fit to turn loose on work in a wheatfield. The first sunbeams that hit him—good night. He'd knock down and ruin more grain 'fore you could hog-tie him and sit on his head than twenty-nine men could harvest. So that let's the Kid out.

Then the farmers want to know how about me givin' 'em a hand. They asks if I got fits, too? I tells 'em the straight up and down truth. I ain't never been 'pointed legal guardian by the court, but the old man's an orphan and I'm sorta volunteer dry nurse for him. When he throws one of his fits I gotta be right there to climb his frame, sit straddle on his wishbone and ride 'im like a bucking bronco 'til the final flop's out of his system. That let's me out, as well. So me and the Kid thinks.

Then this smart-aleck marshal's got to show off and keep us dodging sticks and stones. Some people is just natchally cross-grained and chuck full of cussedness. How to handle him has got us guessing. He's too little to beat up and too big to spank. That's that.

Begins to look like the only way we're going to get shet of this town is to hit the grit—hoof it out. That's the very last thing we want to do, as walking sure means work to us. While we old stiffs are chewing the fat about whether we walk or wait, 'way off to the west and scooting toward us lickety-split across the prairie, we see a long black plume. It's the iron horse penning her sable autograph on the blue sky. The bark of her exhaust sounds like the roll of sticks on a battery of snare drums.

A single feather of snowy steam floats back over the engine and across the clear air comes a deep voice warning the town to clear the track. Everybody minds but one old shanghai rooster leading his harem across the rails. Me and the Kokomo Kid's both looking for fatalities and figuring strong on chicken stew. But doggone it, they made it all right.

The Kokomo Kid shuts one eye and kinda hands me a disgusted squint with the other.

"'Bo, there went our train," he says. "If she'd been goin' about seventy miles slower we might of got her."

FOR a long minute we're both mum as clams. Only sound is the strum of the wind in the wires, but I see the Kid's got something slaunchways of his system, and, sure enough, pretty soon he pops off.

"Talkin' about roadin' 'em," says the Kid, "reminds me of a little sashay

I takes over this system 'way back in 1905—L.A. to Chi in less'n two days. If that record's been beat on rails I've never heard of it.

"It's July and I'm summerin' in Los Angeles and lookin' after my interests, which is principally rustlin' enough grub to keep me goin'. I ain't doin' so bad 'til one day a street cleaner gets the idea I'm somethin' that belongs in one of his trash cans, and we mix. When four cops finally pry me loose from this gutterswipe's remains he's changed his mind about me bein' garbage, but I'm in the hoosegow with my habilaments lookin' like they'd been run through a food chopper.

"The old judge that tries me for assault listens to the white wings and the cops. Then he takes one look at me and gives me the bum's rush—twenty-four hours to travel. I gets these orders on Saturday, and Sunday, with my time about up, I'm lyin' over in the dry bed of the Los Angeles River fightin' flies and fleas and waitin' for an outgoin' freight. A 'bo ambles up and says a special with Death Valley Scotty on board is about to pull out on the Santa Fe.

"I'm climbin' the river bank as I catches the tail end of this information and racin' for the depot. A big crowd's standin' around and wavin' at a three-car train pullin' out. I makes a wild grab and swings up back of the engine. Where we was goin' I didn't know and I didn't care—anywhere so it was outside Los Angeles.

"A few miles out I see wisps of blue smoke swirlin' wildly past my legs, and the rushin' wind is rank with a smell of burned grease. Under the lurchin' tender a truck journal is belchin' fire and smoke like a miniature volcano. We've got a hot box. Do we stop for that? We do not. That tallowpot simply slides off the left-hand seat box, leans out the gangway, puts out the blaze with the tank hose and goes back to burnin' up the track. I makes up my mind right there that them two guys runnin' that engine is cuckoo and I'm goin' to ditch the whole layout, Scotty and all, at the very first stop. But it didn't look like we was ever goin' to make a stop.

"It wasn't a stop we made at San Bernardino. It was just the first of a string of pauses between Los Angeles and Chicago. We slid up against and was coupled onto a pantin' helper engine waitin' for us on the main track at San Berdoo. They don't even take time out for me light. While I'm hangin' midair and reachin' for terry firmy the train slips away and we're off again, gone again, Finnegan.

"Before dark we've dropped over a high mountain, shot through the wasteland of California desert and whipped across the Colorado River into Arizona like a bat outa hell.

"Right about here it begins to percolate through my thick noodle that somethin's up. This ain't no commuter train I'm ridin'. This baby's goin' somewhere and it ain't to let the cowcatcher have a calf, neither. Changin' engines on the fly and hoppin' across the face of the map like we're doin' ain't toy train stuff. I makes up my mind to hang on as long as she sticks to the rails to find what it's about.

"No foolin', that was the railroad ride of the century. All night long and 'til the middle of the next afternoon it was one wild, hair-raisin' race through mile-high mountains and across desert mesas. I never felt so sorry for engines in my life—throttles wide open and them black monsters shriekin' and pantin' and gaspin' for breath.

"Across the prairie it was string out and sail—that's the only way I can say it. The only thing that overtakes us is night and into this black blanket we're pokin' a single eye spot lightin' the right-o'-way for a mile ahead. Town lights flit backward like flocks of shootin' stars and comets.

"It's around midnight when we roar through here. The town's asleep. One flash in the station and we're gone. And I'm almost gone, too, from hunger. Not a bite to eat since we left L. A. about noon yesterday. Every time we stop and I hit the grit for a hand-out some smart aleck hollers 'all aboard' and I gotta scram right back on my perch. Every time I think of it even yet I get so mad I could sue that railroad."

"Why don't you do it, Kid?" I chips in. "Any court'd give you damages."

"Oh, it's outlawed by now, but the Santa Fe ought to be ashamed of that kind of service. I got even with 'em though. I went back to California over the Union Pacific.

"At some stop we makes in the night to change engines I unloads and am prowlin' the grub boxes under the diner. One door is just hooked, but the box is empty. The other doors are padlocked. Right then I hear 'bo—ard.' Too late to make it back to my perch on the front end. As the train moves out I slide into the empty grub box and shut the door.

"When I open that grub box again the train is standin' still inside the Dearborn Station in Chicago. I wiggle out back end first right into the arms of a reception committee of one in a brass-buttoned uniform.

"We're both surprised. He looks me over and asks: 'Where do you think you're going?'

"'I gotta pretty good idea,' says I. "'Well, if your idea's the same as mine,' says he, 'then I know you're right.' And fifteen minutes later I'm in the hoosegow again.

"TWO world's records were smashed to smithereens on that famous trip. The Santa Fe made the fastest run for the distance in the history of railroading—2,265 miles in less than forty-five hours."

The remark had me puzzled.

"Yes, but that's only one record, Kid," says I.

"The other one belongs to me," the Kid goes on. "I'm the only hobo that ever railroaded clear through from the West Coast to Chi on an empty stomach."

"Great old days for railroading, them was," I tells the Kid.

"The palmy days," says the Kid, "was the old link-and-pin period when the average brakeman's badge of service was about three fingers shy on one of his flippers—the days when the hoggers whistled for brakes and the shacks skipped over the hurricane decks of a string of reelin', racin' rattlers and slowed 'em down by hand. The 'bos had to savvy how to beat them babies or get their blocks knocked off.

"But this soft snap ain't goin' to last. Them new streamline trains look like the bum's finish. You can see at a glance the bird that built these contraptions was hard-boiled. Any guy with a heart would have stuck two or three little convenient cubby-holes on 'em somewhere and said, 'Now them's for the 'bos.' But no sir, no trucks, no rods, no bumpers, not even an outside window sill for a handhold. Can you beat it?

"I'm against 'em. They don't look right to me. The locomotive was human. It was alive with vitality. It

breathed and throbbed and pulsated with power. It talked a language with its smokestack and whistle we loved and understood."

The Kid's wound up all right. He's nuts anyhow on railroading. Ain't no use trying to flag or sidetrack him, so I just gives him the clear light and his own time to run down.

"Yessir, that old engine poked its sooty snoot into the trackless West and peppered the plains with our pioneers. It hauled the East out West and brought the West back East. It carried the bride in the Pullman; the baby on its first trip and the pine box in the baggage car on its last trip."

THE Kid's had his sayso and subsides. I make a remark about the moon having a ring around it, and the Kid says that's a sure sign of bad weather. He drags his frayed brogans back from the fire and says he don't want to pop his corns 'til he's got some baked apples. Right here we hear voices and footsteps coming down the track.

It's that pesky microbe of a marshal, backed up by a pitchfork posse of half the hicks in town. He's swelled up like a pigeon as he tells us the city council has just passed a vagrancy ordinance 'specially for me and the Kid. So we head the procession down to the calaboose. Next morning the judge hands us ten days and two shovels to doll up the streets. To make sure we won't float off, each one of us has got a big ball and chain padlocked to a leg for ballast.

Are we downhearted and do we make the dirt fly? Not as anybody notices, and we got plenty audience too. Me and the Kid just sits on our ballast all day in the middle of the road and swaps yarns while the wagons and autos drive around us. The sidewalk's lined with the town yokels giving us the gander. About the middle of the afternoon we gets the Kid's bad weather—a two-hour downpour. We sets there and takes it all 'cause toting them balls is work. It's more water 'n me and the Kid has on us since the Galveston flood.

That night the shock of the bath makes me and the Kid both sick. I've got a fever and the Kid's barking like a sea lion. Our cell sounds like Sunday at the zoo—and it smelt a little zooey too. When the marshal shows in the morning the Kid is pacing the cell in his bare skin pajamas, wheezing like a pump 'at's blown her packing and threatening to sue the burg for twenty-nine different diseases he's caught since yesterday. The Kid names 'em, and he's got everything but hardening of the arteries.

The marshal shoots out and rushes back with a sawbones. The doc thumps us, takes a peek inside, clucks a time or two, asks where our home is and if we carry any insurance. Then he tells the marshal he'd better turn us loose and buy us a ticket outa town.

Right away the Kid let's out a yell that he's going to shuffle off and he don't want to croak anywhere but Chicago. 'Course, I got to stick along as nurse. By coughing like I was only two steps from the graveyard and the Kid threatening to throw one of his famous fits, darned if we didn't finally wangle twenty bucks and two tickets to Chi outa them town daddies.

The sun had gone to bed and the moon was getting up over the rim of the flat Kansas prairie. Me and the Kid sits still for a spell visiting with our thoughts and listening to our can of mulligan bubbling over the camp

fire. I ain't got a worry in the world, but the Kid starts to crab again like he owns two or three railroads and is about to lose 'em all.

"It does look like we old-timers have gotta go. 'Course, I ain't worth nothin' and don't count, but down at the end of the line for the iron horse is the junk pile. The old faithful servant, the trail-blazer and empire builder rusts on a side track, while a string of shiny, soulless, new fangled benzine buggies that won't even plop a cinder in your eye, goes skitterin' over the face of the map in their place. Maybe it's all right for them as likes it, but as long as there's one of the old smoke-belchers left I'll ride it."

Casey Jones

(This is perhaps the most popular of all railroad songs. John Luther "Casey" Jones died in the wreck of the I. C. "Cannonball Express" near Vaughan, Miss., on April 29, 1900. The original song was written by Wallace Saunders, a Negro engine wiper. It was historically accurate. A better-known version—reprinted here in answer to many requests—was written by Ed Newton, a professional song writer. In fairness to Casey's widow and children, now living at Jackson, Tenn., we wish to make clear that this version is not based on facts.)

COME all you rounders if you want to hear,
The story of a brave engineer.
Casey Jones was the rounder's name,
On a six-eight wheeler, boys, he won his fame.
The caller called to Casey at a half past four,
He kissed his wife at the station door,
Mounted to the cabin with his orders in his hand,
To take a farewell trip to the Promised Land.

Chorus

Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,
Casey Jones with his orders in his hand,
Casey Jones mounted to the cabin,
To take a farewell trip to the Promised Land.

Put in more water, shovel in the coal,
Stick your head out the window and watch the drivers roll.
I'm running her till she leaves the rail,
For we're eight hours late with the Western mail.
He looked at his watch and his watch was slow,
He looked at the water and the water was low,
He turned to his fireman and then he said:
"We're going to reach 'Frisco but we'll all be dead."

Chorus

Casey Jones going to reach 'Frisco,
Casey Jones, but we'll all be dead.
Casey Jones going to reach 'Frisco,
Going to reach 'Frisco but we'll all be dead.

Casey pulled up at Reno Hill,
Whistled for the crossing with an awful shrill,
The switchman knew by the engine's moans
That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.
Casey pulled up within two miles of the place,
Old Number 4 stared him right in the face.
He turned to his fireman and said: "Boy, you better jump,
There's two locomotives and they're going to bump!"

Chorus

Casey Jones, two locomotives,
Casey Jones, that are going to bump!
Casey Jones, two locomotives,
Two locomotives and they're going to bump.

Casey said just before he died:
"There's two more roads I'd like to ride."
The switchman said: "What can they be?"
"The Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe."
Mrs. Casey sat on her bed a-sighing,
She just received word that Casey was dying.
She said: "Go to bed, children, and hush your cryin',
For you've got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

Chorus

Mrs. Casey Jones got another papa,
Mrs. Casey Jones, on the Salt Lake Line.
Mrs. Casey Jones got another papa,
Got another papa on the Salt Lake Line.

By the Light of the Lantern

Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Always enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary. We will print only your initials.

(3) Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.

IN the case of three cylinder locomotives, why can't the cylinders receive steam on one side of the piston only, thus eliminating back pressure from exhaust steam on the other side?—D. M. G., Rosedale, N. Y.

Just how your plan would get rid of back pressure we cannot figure out. The steam would still have to be exhausted from the side of the cylinder into which it came, and the back pressure there would be greater than ever due to the fact that there was no steam on the other side of the piston. Your plan would simply subtract half the piston area, would not decrease the back pressure the slightest, and would add to the wear and tear on the machinery.

HOW is tonnage rating figured?—D. S., Girard, Pa.

We have printed the formula for determining tonnage rating or hauling capacity at least twice within the last few years, but since this subject, like that of tractive force and horsepower seems to be interesting a great number of new readers, we are glad to print it again. However, we suggest that out of fairness to others you look over these columns every month and file in your scrap books any items which interest you.

Hauling capacity (in tons) can be computed according to this formula: $\frac{TF}{R}$ minus ET. TF stands for tractive force in lbs.; ET for weight in tons of 2,000 lbs. of engine and tender, and R for resistance in lbs. per ton caused by rolling friction. The last-named factor depends on condition of the track and rolling stock, and varies from 5 to 40. On a modern, first-class road it is about 6; with old equipment, or with empty cars, or on poor track, or in cold weather it may exceed 20; with all three it may go as high as 40. For roller-bearing equipment it may be only 5.

For example, in good weather the Chicago & Northwestern 3000 series, 4-8-4 type, could just barely haul on good, level, straight track $\frac{84,200}{6}$ minus 490, or 14,323 tons, since the engine weighs 490 tons with tender and exerts 84,200 lbs. t.f. with booster. However, the booster obviously will not be used all the time, and thus the tonnage would have to be reduced somewhat on this account, and also to enable the engine alone to haul the load at a high speed. More important, tonnage must be reduced to compensate for gradient and curvature. To make the above formula work on grades, simply multiply 20 by the rate of grade (%) and add this to R. Thus, up a 1% grade the 3000 series could haul $\frac{84,200}{6+20}$ minus 490, or 3,236 tons; up a 2% grade only $\frac{84,200}{6+40}$ minus 490, or 1,917 tons. Grades are reduced on curves so that the resistance of the two will be no more than the resistance of the grade rating, and thus usually it is not necessary to worry about curves in figuring tonnage, but to reduce the tonnage sufficiently to take care of curvature on level track.

In actual practice, under average conditions, the above-mentioned engines have a tonnage rating of about 5,000 tons on the line between Chicago and Omaha. It is evident from this how curves, grades, type of equipment, etc., reduce their purely theoretical maximum tonnage rating.

WHICH railroad has the most powerful 4-4-0 type?—E. P. L.

According to our files, the most powerful 4-4-0 in existence is the Reading Class D11s, Nos. 410-419, which have 21 x 24 cylinders, 68½-in. drivers, 210 lbs. pressure, weigh 173,490 lbs. without tender, exert 27,580 lbs. t.f. Slightly heavier

(173,600 lbs.) is Jersey Central Class D-9s, for whose data see its roster in our June, '35, issue.

RECENTLY English newspapers have proclaimed a new world's railroad speed record, made when a LNER train averaged more than 100 m.p.h. for more than 12 miles, averaged 105.5 m.p.h. for 30 seconds, and averaged 108 m.p.h. for 10 seconds. Haven't American trains exceeded this record?—C. H. B., Berkeley, Calif.

Although Britons claim our high speeds have been dubious because of inadequate or unofficial timing, we honestly believe American trains have surpassed this English record run many times. For example, just last May 15 the Milwaukee's "Hiawatha" (see frontispiece of last month's issue), in a test run with a train of six cars, maintained a speed of 111.5 m.p.h. for three miles, or for more than 90 seconds. Thus at one blow it demolished the last two records of the LNER, and probably averaged more than 100 m.p.h. for considerably more than 12 miles, too. This speed was officially verified, for the dynamometer car was attached to the train, as one of the purposes of the run was to make accurate speed and braking tests. (Quite beside the point, but nevertheless interesting is the fact that in the braking tests the train was brought to a stop from a speed of 100 m.p.h. in 6,600 feet.)

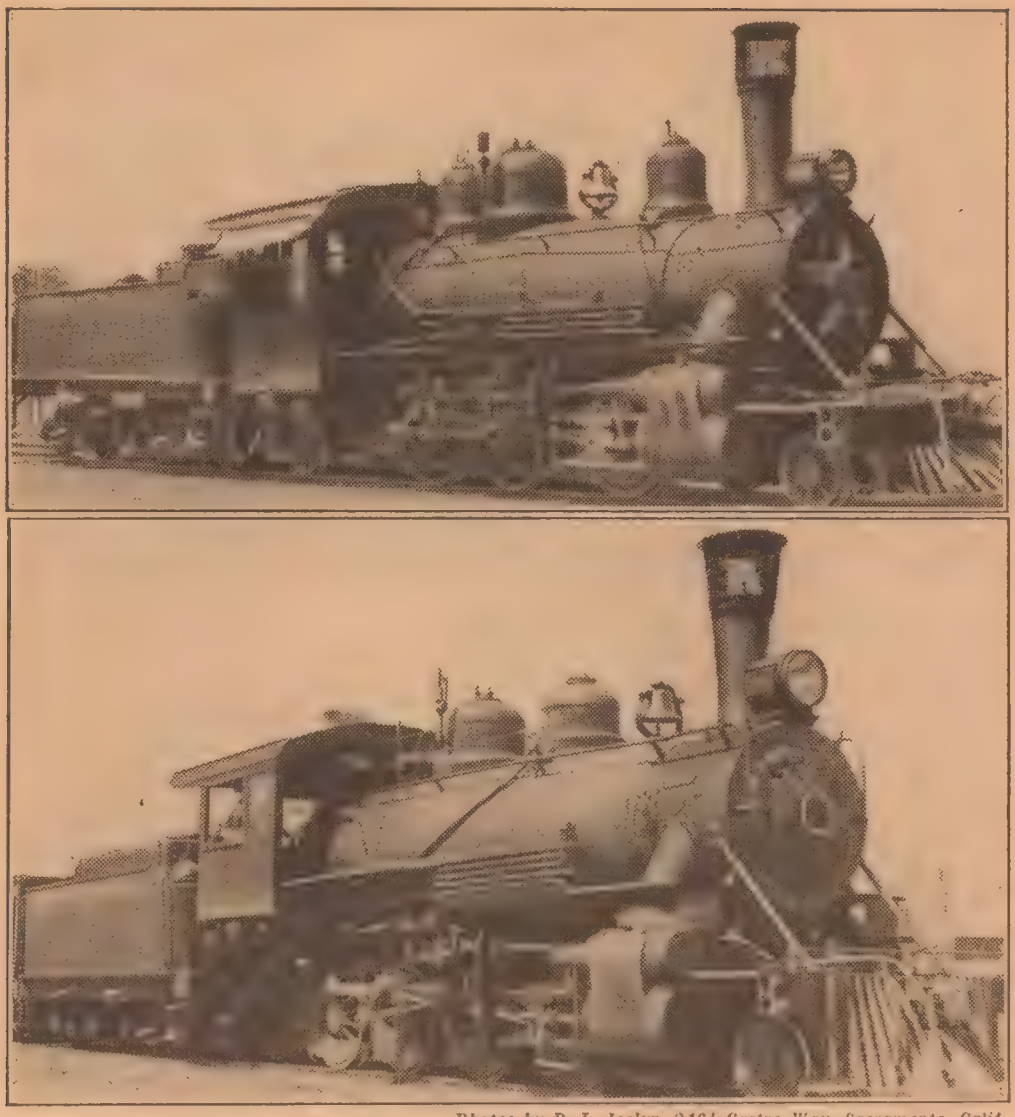
Our oil-electric streamlined trains have also surpassed the English record many times. One of the most notable instances of this occurred on the Burlington "Zephyr's" famous run between Denver and Chicago, when it averaged 109 m.p.h. for 6.4 miles and 112.5 m.p.h. for a considerable part of that distance. As for the older steam records, readers will recall that the "Pennsylvania Special" is said to have maintained 127.3 m.p.h. for three whole miles on June 12, 1905 (see "The Speed War of the Century" in our Dec., '34, issue). Although Britons might reasonably maintain that this speed was never satisfactorily verified, there are several other instances of speeds of more than 110 m.p.h. made by American steam trains which were clocked by competent men. In past issues we have printed the stories of some of these runs. In most cases, it is true, there has been little chance for access to the train sheets of the railroads, since most of them were adverse to publicity of that sort and preferred to have the record remain unofficial.

W. E.—The markers (or rear signal lamps) of the end passenger car or caboose by night show red to the rear when moving forward on main track except (1) when the train is running against the current of traffic on two or more tracks, in which case the light next the main track on which traffic is moving in the same direction is green or yellow to the rear, and red to the rear on the opposite side; and (2) when the train is running with the current of traffic where there are three or more tracks, in which case the markers also show green or yellow to the rear on the side next the track on which traffic is moving in the same direction, and red to the rear on the opposite side. This is why the brakeman of the freight train you mention changed one of the markers from red to green.

(2) If the load is not too heavy, it is not necessary to place the reverse lever of an engine in full forward position when starting the train. Generally, however, the engine will accelerate faster if this is done until it is under way.

B. S.—The largest freight yard of the Reading is located at Port Richmond, Pa., and its capacity is 5,797 cars. Next is the Rutherford, Pa., yard, of 4,580-car capacity.

This New High Speed 4-6-4 Type Was Built by the Baltimore & Ohio to Haul "The Abraham Lincoln" Between Chicago & St. Louis (284 Miles) In Five Hours. It Is No. 2, the "Lord Baltimore" (See Page 45 of Our March, '35, Issue for Photo of Its Running Mate, the "Lady Baltimore"), and It Has 19x28 Cylinders, 350 Lbs. Pressure, 84-Inch Drivers, Weighs 294,000 Lbs. Without Tender, Exerts 34,000 Lbs., T. F.—41,000 Lbs. With Booster



Photos by D. L. Joslyn, 2164 Castro Way, Sacramento, Calif.

Two of the Sierra Ry.'s 10 Engines: (Upper) No. 30, 2-6-2 Type, Built by Baldwin in 1922, Which Has 15x24 Cylinders, 42-In. Drivers, Weighs 98,000 Lbs. (Lower) No. 28, 2-8-0 Type, Built by Baldwin in 1922, Which Has 19x26 Cylinders, 48-In. Drivers, Weighs 142,000 Lbs.

The largest freight yard of the CRRofNJ is at Jersey City. It holds 6,723 cars. Next are the yards at Brills, N. J. (1,947 cars), and Allentown, Pa. (1,923 cars).

B. B.—The Sierra Ry. (Calif.) was inc. in 1897, opened in 1902 to Angels, Calif. At present it runs from Oakdale to Tuolumne (57 miles) as well as operating over the Hetch-Hetchy from Hetch-Hetchy to Mather. Recently it petitioned to abandon a branch line from Jamestown to Angels, 19 miles. It has 10 engines and 140 cars; road and equipment are valued at $6,311,000; total assets are $6,501,771. Operating income dropped from $602,980 in 1928 to $140,196 in 1933, as a result of which it has been losing money every year recently. Photos above.

(2) The Ventura County Ry. was incorporated in 1911 and now runs from Oxnard to Round Mountain, Calif., 22 miles, has 1 locomotive and 82 cars. Road and equipment are valued at $291,161; total assets are $298,771. The road lost money in 1933, but showed $5,304 net income in 1932.

M. C., Canton, O.—Practically all the so-called "Pershing" locomotives (2-8-0 type) which were made over here and shipped

abroad during the World War were turned over to various railways in France and Belgium, and a great many of them are still operating. None of them seems to have been returned to America.

R. M. H.—The Minneapolis, Red Lake & Manitoba was inc. in 1904, opened in 1905, and runs from Bemidji to Redby, Minn., 33 miles. It has 2 locomotives, 56 freight and 2 passenger cars. Road and equipment are valued at $614,214; total assets are $645,545. With $22,544 only in operating revenues in 1933, it ran up a deficit, after expenses, of $40,240.

(2) For information about interurban and street railways, write to the *Transit Journal*, 330 W. 42nd St., N. Y. City.

F. N. C., Montreal.—The Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa & Occidental Ry. was originally two roads: the North Shore and the Northern Colonization Ry. Co., both of which failed sometime in the 1870's, and whose rails were then taken up by the Quebec Government. In 1877 it was opened from Hochelaga to Aylmer, 178 miles (with branches), and in 1879 it was opened from Quebec City to Hochelaga, 162 miles. At that time it had 33 locomotives and 484 cars. It is now part of the C. P. R.

C. M., Islip, N. Y.—The Norwood & St. Lawrence was inc. in 1901 and consolidated with the Raymondville & Waddington in 1908. It runs from Norwood to Waddington, N. Y., 18 miles, and has 3 locomotives and 89 cars, and is controlled by the St. Regis Paper Co. Road and equipment are valued at $709,735; total assets are $848,940. It has been doing well: in 1933 net income was $30,472 (out of $112,767 revenues).

(2) The Houston & Texas Central was chartered in 1848, opened 1871-1873. By 1880 it had 553 miles of track and its main line ran between Houston and Denison, Tex., 341 miles. It is now part of the SP (T&NO).

M. J. S., Livermore Falls, Me.—Information about the Eustis R. R., which became part of the SR&RL, will be printed in a future issue, in an article by Linwood Moody on the narrow-gage roads of Maine.

(2) We can find no information about the Billerica Branch R. R., mentioned in our "April in Railroad History," other than that it was chartered. Whether it ever ran or not we cannot say.

WHAT was the first steam train in the U. S.?—S. M., Yonkers, N. Y.

The first steam railroad in the United States seems to have been Col. John Stevens' tiny narrow-gage line on his own property at Hoboken, N. J., which was built in 1820, and used passenger cars and a tiny steam engine. Whether this miniature road deserves the title of railroad, however, is somewhat doubtful. It was really a private line corresponding to a modern amusement park or private estate line, and can hardly be thought of as a real common carrier. Outside of it, the first steam train in America was probably operated on the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co.'s railroad, which was built in 1828, and over which the famous English-built "Stourbridge Lion" made her first trip on August 8, 1829.

R. R., Hoboken, N. J.—The "metal clips" attached to the under side of rails are anti-creepers, which resist the tendency of the rails to slide or creep. Usually rails creep the most where brakes are applied on the engine, and in the direction of heaviest traffic, though sometimes the reverse is true. The anti-creepers arrest rail movement when they come up against the ties.

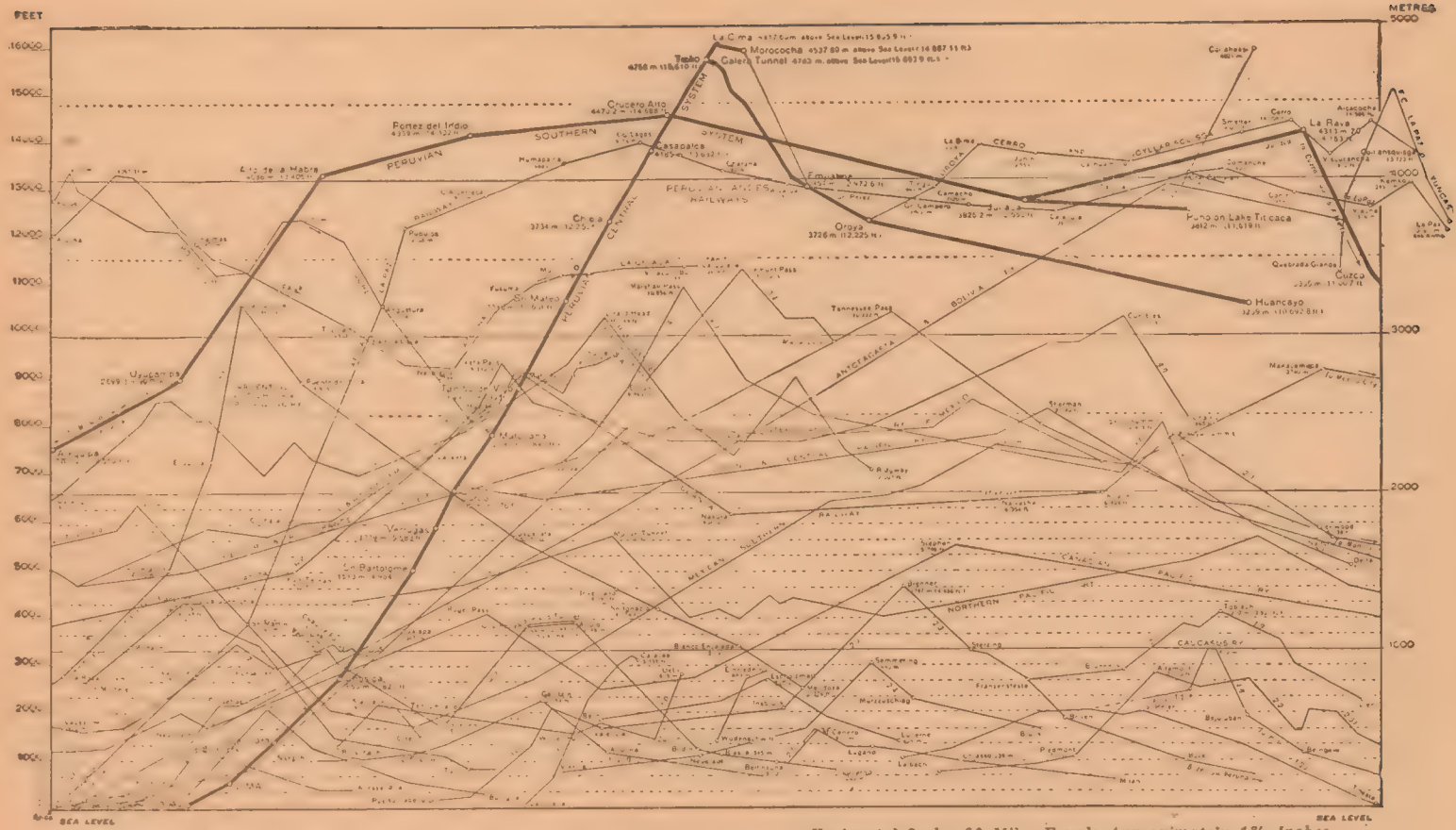
(2) The Lackawanna will issue tickets from any of its stations to Hoboken, N. J., its eastern railhead, although a ticket reading to New York City (via ferry from Hoboken) costs the same, and is therefore the one generally bought. Lackawanna straight fares are figured on a straight mile basis from Hoboken, and the ferry ride is "thrown in."

THE Grand Trunk Western's 6300-6311 series (4-8-4 type) carry 13,500 gals. of water and 20 tons of coal. How long can they run without taking coal or water when hauling heavy freight trains? What are their specifications?

(2) *Do you think the railroads will recover their former prosperity? Will steam go out of date?*—F. S., Marcellus, Mich.

(1) These engines have 26¼ x 30 cylinders, 73-in. drivers, 250 lbs. pressure, weigh 399,000 lbs. without tender, exert 60,200 lbs. t.f., were built by Alco in 1927. Exactly how far they could run on a tank of water and tender full of coal depends upon the tonnage of the train, the condition of the track, the weather, etc. Assuming a capacity freight train (by this we mean one which does not tax the engine's absolute hauling capacity, but the heaviest practicable load it can haul at speed), the train would have to stop about every 50 miles for water and about every 120 miles for coal.

(2) If the country will, they will. Indeed, in the field of passenger business they are recovering much faster than the country at large. Moreover, they have just begun to fight, and while they would have been a lot better off had they begun sooner, they have already made great progress, and they will make more. As for motive power, steam will probably continue to reign as long as coal can be mined cheaply, and even as long as oil can be produced cheaply. While electrics and



Horizontal Scale: 50 Miles Equals Approximately 1⅝ Inches

This Diagram, Taken from a Peruvian Central Booklet, Shows the Altitudes and Grades of Some of the Principal Mountain Railroads of the World, of Which the Peruvian Central Has the Highest Standard-Gage and the Collahuasi Branch of the Antofagasta & Bolivia the Highest Narrow-Gage Track. The Loftiest Standard-Gage Line in North America Passes Through the Denver & Rio Grande's Tennessee Pass (10,240 Feet), but Higher Than It Are These Narrow-Gage Routes: Fremont Pass (11,330 Feet—Latest Timetables Say 11,320) Near Climax, Colo., on the Leadville Branch of the Colorado & Southern ("The Old South Park"); Marshall Pass (10,856 Feet), on the D. & R. G. W.; and Lizard Head Pass (10,248 Feet), at Lizard Head, Colo., on the Rio Grande Southern

Upper Photo from L. M. S. Magazine; Lower by E. D. McGlynn, 20 Seventh Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

On the Roofs of Two Countries. Upper Photo Shows an L.M.S. Train at Drumochter Summit, Scotland (1,484 Feet), Highest Point on a Standard-Gage Railway in Great Britain; Lower Shows D. & R.G.W. Train No. 2 Near Tennessee Pass, Colo.

particularly gas and Diesel-electrics will undoubtedly find wider favor, their great handicap is high initial cost. At the present time buying them is like paying a thousand dollars extra for a "more economical" automobile that will save only $500 in fuel during its lifetime.

C. T. C., Monticello, Minn.—The Canadian Pacific uses no Mallet types. It did have some 25 years ago, but it rebuilt them into 2-10-0 types a few years later. In past issues we printed data about them. Why the CPR does not use Mallets today we cannot say for sure, but the reason seems fairly obvious: it can get the results it wants without using them. The best of the articulated engines have been more or less necessary evils, since maintenance on them is always higher per unit of output than it is on non-articulated locomotives, and whenever a road finds it can develop the power it wants where it wants it without resorting to two sets of cylinders and drivers, it will stick to the non-articulateds.

(2) Although several reference books state that in Jan., 1889, a Burlington train ran from Siding to Arion, Ill. (2.4 miles), in 1.2 minutes, and in doing so made 130 m.p.h., we have never been able to dig up official verification of the record.

H. E. C., Akron, O.—Only four railroads operate on their own tracks all the way from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Coast. They are the Southern Pacific (from New Orleans), the Santa Fe (from Chicago), the Northern Pacific and Great Northern (from St. Paul). All the rest maintain through service over foreign lines part of the distance. The highest points on any main line in America happens to be on one of the joint through routes to the West Coast via Colorado—the Denver & Rio Grande Western, which climbs to an altitude of 10,240 feet at Tennessee Pass, Colo.

(2) The world's highest standard gage railroad is the Peruvian Central, which climbs the Andes Mountains in Peru and attains a height of 15,806

feet on its Morococha Branch. About ten feet higher is a branch line of the meter-gage Antofagasta & Bolivia, also in the Andes.

H. T., Dryden, N. Y.—On all roads with which we are familiar an operator who handles orders must know telegraphy, even if the orders are given by phone. Obviously if the phone wire went dead and a non-telegrapher were on the job, he couldn't use the telegraph wire and the office would be closed for all practical purposes. On the other hand, if an experienced telegrapher were on the job, the chances are ten to one that he would be able to use a telegraph circuit and thus avoid the jam that would ensue if only the phone were available.

(2) Many roads, we believe, have no phone dispatching system, but still use the telegraph.

F. T. J., San Francisco.—The Camas Prairie R. R. owns no equipment, but apparently uses that of its owners, the NP and UP (O-WR&N).

A. L. M., Lind, Wash.—No narrow-gage common carriers operate in the State of Washington, but some privately-owned logging lines which use a small gage are probably running there. Concerning these, however, we have no data.

(2) The Milwaukee's first through scheduled passenger train over its new transcontinental line was run on July 1, 1909.

RECENTLY I have read that many roads have rebuilt Mallet compounds into simple articulated engines without changing the boiler. Wouldn't a 4-cylinder simple engine use about twice as much steam as a 4-cylinder compound? —D. B.

It would, *if the cylinders were allowed to remain the same size.* But when compound articulated engines are rebuilt, the cylinders are made much smaller, so that the total tractive force exerted by them is not much greater than the old engine used to exert when running simple. The reason that many articulated compounds seem to exert more t.f. after they are rebuilt into simple engines is that the old t.f. rating was usually the rating given when running compound, which was considerably less than the t.f. rating when running simple. Moreover, in the rebuilding process, the weight of most of these engines was increased by 25,000 or 50,000 lbs. (strengthened boiler, various appurtenances, gadgets, etc., would easily account for this). Such an increase permitted the rebuilders to add 6,000 to 12,000 lbs. t.f. to the former simple t.f. rating.

WHAT is the difference between the ante-bellum and post-bellum types?

(2) *Please print a little information about the Shaw 4-4-0 type without counterbalances.*

(3) *What type is C&O 3000?*

(4) *Is Lima a subsidiary of Alco?*—W. D. S., Rusk, Texas.

(1) Types of what? The term *ante-bellum* means "pre-war," and *post-bellum,* "post-war." Judging by your letter, the *bellum* probably refers to the Civil War. If the terms apply to its engines, both types, unless you consider everything made up to 1935 as *post-bellum,* were probably of the 4-4-0 wheel arrangement. Of course, engines built immediately after the Civil War were naturally improved over those built before the war, and in the North new wheel arrangements were being tried out. The first Mogul (2-6-0) was built at Paterson, N. J., in 1863, while the war was in progress, and an 0-12-0 was also built in Philadelphia the same year. The first Consolidation (2-8-0) saw the light of day in 1866, and the first Decapod (2-10-0) a year later. Even so, the preponderating type was the

Photo by Railroad Photographs, 5 Appian Way, Allston, Mass.

One of a Fast-Vanishing Breed—4-8-0 Type No. 607 of the Great Northern Ry. See Page 88 for Complete Roster of G.N. Locomotives

Eight-wheeler, and consequently the terms *post-bellum* and *ante-bellum* have very little significance when applied to engine types.

(2) We printed a photo of and fairly complete information about the "Henry F. Shaw," the famous counterbalanceless engine built to Mr. Shaw's design by Hinkley in 1881, on p. 39 of our April, '34, issue. The machine used two sets of cylinders in the same plane, and their connecting rods were attached so that the motion of each one was balanced by the other. The result was, in Shaw's words, "drivers without counterbalance; a single movement of the valve with duplex action; ergo, no hammer blows, and no nosing around. Steam is the motor of balance as applied to the reciprocating parts." Shaw's engine was tried out, but she seems to have been unnecessarily complicated, and apparently never lived very long. She had 63-in. drivers, four cylinders equal in piston area to two 16 x 24 cylinders, and weighed 74,000 lbs.

(3) and (4) We hate to be rude, and we like to answer questions, but we respectfully call your attention to the rules printed on page 80. Rules is rules—especially around a railroad.

G. P., Norfolk, Va.—The Chesapeake & Ohio controls the Pere Marquette through majority stock ownership. We can find nothing to indicate that it has an equity in either the Great Eastern Stages Bus Corp. or the Southgate Terminals Corp. However, it does own more than $60,000,000 worth of stock in the Virginia Transportation Corp.

(2) A caboose would have two green signals (one on each side) and a red signal on the rear coupler when it is attached to the rear of a train running against the current of traffic where there are three or more tracks. Although these signals are really lamp or marker signals, we presume that for some reason or other they had to be used in the daytime, and green and red flags were substituted.

V. D., New Albany, Ind.—The Kentucky & Indiana Terminal was inc. in 1900 as the Kentucky & Indiana Bridge & R. R. Co. It now has 125 miles of track, 35 locomotives, and employs about 850 people. Its operating revenues were $1,684,873 in 1934; its road and equipment are valued at $8,344,697; total assets are $9,570,926. No profits are declared; all surplus income is put into a reserve fund for additions and improvements.

(2) Locomotive class designations are arbitrary; on one road Class K may be a Pacific or 4-6-2 type, and on another it may be Mikado or 2-8-2 type. The rule on most roads is simply to assign a certain letter to a certain wheel arrangement. The divisions such as 1, 2, and 3 usually indicate differences in specifications; and subdivisions such as "s" tell that the engines have superheaters, etc.

W. M. D., Millbrook, N. Y.—Pennsylvania Class M-1a (4-8-2 type) was introduced in 1930, when 100 were built: 25 at the Altoona Works, 25 by Lima, and 50 by Baldwin. They are numbered 6700-6799, have 27 x 30 cylinders, 72-in. drivers, 250 lbs. pressure, weigh 390,000 lbs. alone, exert 64,550 lbs. t.f., and are equipped with 22,090-gal. tenders which also hold 31.5 tons.

(2) On p. 83 of last month's issue we listed briefly the streamlined trains now in use. All of them are now running on very much quickened schedules. For information on their runs we suggest you refer to the latest timetables of each road mentioned, for they will give up-to-date data which, if we printed it here, would necessarily be untrustworthy by the time the magazine appeared on the stands.

C. B. B.—Only a few engines in this country are or have been equipped with poppet valves, and most of them (as in the case of numerous installations of the Caprotti valve gear) have been experimental. However, the Delaware & Hudson has a couple locomotives fitted with different type poppet valves which seem to be very successful, and which may revolutionize American valve practice to a considerable extent. Their big advantages are independent control of release and cutoff; quick, snappy admission and cutoff; and complete absence of wire-drawing. Such valves have been used with great success in Europe, and experts believe that if only they can be adapted, they will find wide favor here.

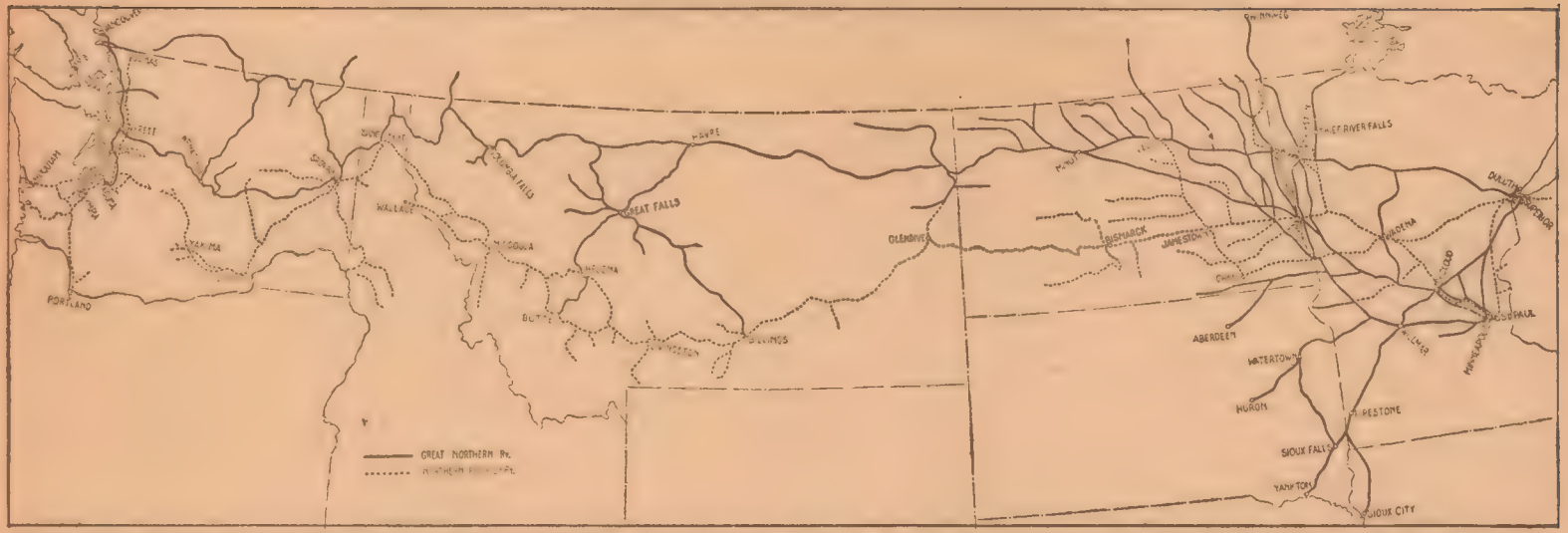
(2) The advantage of disk-type driving wheels over the regulation spoked rails, if any, lie chiefly in their superior counterbalancing. Thus they can be used at high speeds with less destructive effect on the track than might be caused by ordinary wheels. Otherwise they are no "faster."

Additions and Corrections

In the June issue C. B. of Toronto wanted to get information on the motive power of the Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District Ry., and we replied we had none on file. However, Hazen A. Stanley, 595 21st St., Oakland, Calif., came to our rescue, and we offer the following data on its engines with many thanks to him.

The original motive power of the road consisted of a half dozen 2-8-0 types (Nos. 1-6) and two 2-6-2 type switchers (Nos. 101 and 102), built by Schenectady in 1900. The first assignment of the 2-6-2's was to help with rail laying. The 2-8-0's were delivered in 1900 and assembled at the Colorado Midland roundhouse at Colorado City, and for a short time they operated over the Colorado Midland because the CS&CCD people wanted to try them out, and also because the CM was short of power. They were practically identical with the 300 series of Colorado Midland engines.

Locomotives of the Great Northern Railway



Back in 1927 Stockholders Were Considering Uniting These Two Mighty Roads as the "Great Northern Pacific," but the Plan Fell Through and They Are Still the G.N. and N.P. Not Included in the Map Are the Spokane, Portland & Seattle, Which They Own Jointly, and the New G.N. Extension into California, Which Connects with the Western Pacific (See Map on Page 90 of our Jan. '35 Issue). The Heavy Lines Represent the Great Northern Ry.; the Dotted Lines, the Northern Pacific

No. 2577, One of the High-Wheeled 2575 Series, the World's Only 4-8-4 Type Equipped with 80-Inch Drivers

(Upper Photo) No. 2500, First G.N. Mountain Type. (Lower) the Ancient "Wm. Crooks," Still Maintained In Her Original Condition for Display Purposes

Class	Type	Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (Inches)	Driver Diameters (Inches)	Boiler Pressure (Pounds)	Weight Without Tender (Pounds)	Tractive Force (Pounds)	Builder and Date
Wm. Crooks	4-4-0		12 x 22	63	120	55,400	4,700	Smith & Jackson, 1861 (N. J. Loco. & Machine Co.)
A-9	0-6-0	4 to 93,	19 x 26	49	200	147,000	26,850	BLW, 1907, 12; Rogers,
		380 to 399	19 x 26	52	200	147,000	24,550	1903, 5; GN Ry., 1906, 1909
A-11	0-6-0	30 & 31	20 x 24	49	200	130,000	29,980	Lima, 1917
A-7	0-6-0	60 to 69	19 x 26	49	180	114,700	26,050	Brooks, 1893, 95, 98
A-8	0-6-0	71 & 72	19 x 26	52	200	114,700	24,550	Rogers, 1900
A-10	0-6-0	95 to 99	19 x 28	49	200	145,000	28,060	Brooks, 1898, 1900
B-9	4-4-0	187 to 194	17 x 24	63	140	74,800	13,100	Pittsburgh, 1881
B-13	4-4-0	103	17 x 24	63	140	76,650	13,100	BLW, 1882
B-15	4-4-0	130 to 132	17 x 24	63	140	75,130	13,100	Schenectady, 1882
B-19	4-4-0	156 to 186	17 x 24	63	140	83,200	13,100	Brooks, 1882, 83
B-20	4-4-0	199 to 204	18 x 24	63	140	90,900	14,690	Rhode Island, 1883
B-21	4-4-0	207 to 225	18 x 24	63	140	94,100	14,690	Rogers, 1887
B-22	4-4-0	228	18 x 24	63	150	94,100	14,690	Rogers, 1889
C-1	0-8-0	810 to 849	26 x 28	55	210	232,600	58,500	BLW, 1918
C-2	0-8-0	850 to 869	23½x 32	55	210	204,000	50,520	Brooks, 1901
C-3	0-8-0	875 to 898	23½x 32	55	210	210,000	57,350	Brooks, 1903
C-4	0-8-0	780 to 786	20 x 32	55	210	209,300	45,063	BLW, 1907; Rogers, 1902, 03
C-5	0-8-0	870 to 873	20 x 32	55	210	200,900	41,540	Rogers, 1901
D-5	2-6-0	450 to 457	19 x 26	55	180	130,000	24,660	Brooks, 1896
E-2	4-6-0	910 & 911	18 x 24	63	200	135,500	21,670	Alco, 1915
E-3	4-6-0	900 to 909	18 x 26	73	210	146,000	18,150	Rogers, 1899
E-6	4-6-0	925 to 939	19 x 26	63	210	152,000	25,330	Rogers, 1902
E-8	4-6-0	1053 to 1072	19 x 28	73	210	164,000	23,540	Rogers, 1901, 03
E-10	4-6-0	1003	20 x 30	63	200	166,580	32,380	Brooks, 1898
E-12	4-6-0	970	19 x 24	55	180	122,300	22,760	BLW, 1897
E-13	4-6-0	948 & 949	19 x 24	55	160	110,000	20,090	BLW, 1893, 1896
E-15	4-6-0	1078 to 1090	22 x 28	73	210	177,000	31,560	BLW, 1910
F-1	2-8-0	500 to 565	22 x 26	55	180	136,000	23,210	Brooks, 1892
F-3	2-8-0	701	19 x 32	55	200	176,000	33,030	Brooks, 1898
F-5	2-8-0	1095 to 1109	23½x 32	55	210	194,000	47,794	Rogers, 1901
F-7	2-8-0	1134 to 1139	23½x 32	55	210	194,000	45,063	Cooke, 1901
F-8	2-8-0	1140 to 1253	23½x 32	55	210	195,000	45,063	Rogers, 1901 05; BLW, 1907
F-12	2-8-0	1326 to 1327	21 x 28	52	200	186,000	41,160	Alco, 1907
G-1	4-8-0	600 to 615	20 x 26	55	180	156,000	25,720	Brooks, 1891
G-2	4-8-0	702 to 719	19 x 32	55	200	176,000	32,140	Brooks, 1898
G-3	4-8-0	720 to 769	19 x 32	55	210	182,000	32,140	Rogers, 1899, 1900
G-4	4-8-0	770 to 779	19 x 32	55	210	182,000	32,140	Brooks, 1900
G-5	4-8-0	800 to 807	21 x 34	55	210	212,750	41,710	Brooks, 1898
H-2	4-6-2	1407 to 1440	23½x 30	69	210	227,000	37,760	BLW, 1906, 07
H-3	4-6-2	1407 to 1439	23½x 30	69	210	227,000	42,860	BLW, 1906, 07

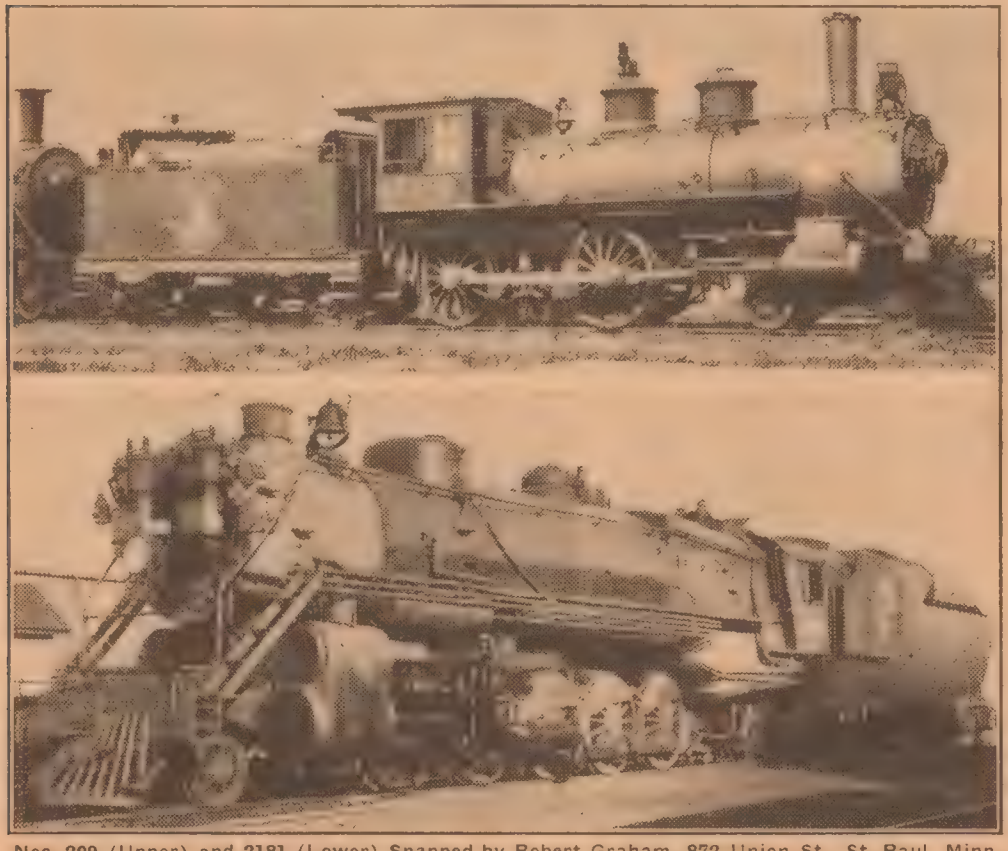
H-4	4-6-2	1441 to 1460	23½ x 30	73	210	235,750	35,690	BLW, 1909
H-4	4-6-2	1461 to 1485	23½ x 30	73	210	251,200	35,690	Lima, 1914
H-5	4-6-2	1350 to 1374	23½ x 30	73	210	260,800	38,582	GN Ry., 1921–24, 26, 27
H-6	4-6-2	1710 to 1724	23½ x 30	69	210	249,500	40,820	BLW, 1906, 7
H-7	4-6-2	1375 to 1384	23½ x 30	73	210	289,400	49,580	GN Ry., 1926, 27
J-1	2-6-2	1505 to 1547	22 x 30	69	210	209,000	33,090	BLW, 1906
J-2	2-6-2	1558 to 1624	22 x 30	69	210	209,000	37,760	BLW, 1907
K-1	4-4-2	1700 to 1709	21 x 26	73	210	221,300	26,700	BLW, 1906
K-1	4-4-2	1701 to 1708	21 x 26	73	210	227,300	36,804 (with booster)	BLW, 1906
M-2	2-6-8-0	1963 to 1984	22 & 23½ x 32	55	210	403,000	95,500	BLW, 1910; GN rebuilt, 1926-27
N-2	2-8-8-0	2000 to 2024	25 x 32	63	210	450,000	100,000	BLW, 1912; GN rebuilt, 1925-27
O-1	2-8-2	3000 to 3144	28 x 32	63	210	317,100	75,380 (with booster)	BLW, 1911, 13, 16–18
O-2	2-8-2	3149	20 x 28	52	180	178,000	32,950	Alco, 1915
O-3	2-8-2	3200 to 3208	27 x 32	63	200	320,000	59,800	Alco, 1919,20
O-4	2-8-2	3210 to 3254	28 x 32	63	210	319,700	64,313	BLW, 1920
O-5	2-8-2	3300 to 3344	25 x 30	63	200	283,420	50,600	GN Ry., 1922–25
O-6	2-8-2	3350 to 3371	28 x 32	63	200	320,100	67,700	GN Ry., 1925, 26
O-7	2-8-2	3375 to 3396	31 x 32	69	210	348,000	76,200	GN Ry., 1929–31
O-8	2-8-2	3397 to 3399	29 x 32	69	250	367,000	78,000	GN Ry., 1932
P-2	4-8-2	2500 to 2527	29 x 28	73	210	365,600	54,823	BLW, 1923
Q-1	2-10-2	2100 to 2129	31 x 32	63	210	422,340 428,340	87,129 99,329 (with booster)	BLW, 1923
Q-2	2-10-2	2175 to 2189	29 x 32	63	210	364,000	76,250	Lima: Rebuilt GN Ry., 1928
R-1	2-8-8-2	2030 to 2043	28 x 32	63	225	594,940	143,500	BLW & GN Ry., 1925, 27, 28
R-2	2-8-8-2	2044 to 2059	28 x 32	63	240	630,750	153,000	GN Ry., 1929, 30
S-1	4-8-4	2550 to 2555	28 x 30	73	250	472,000	68,500	BLW, 1929
S-2	4-8-4	2575 to 2588	29 x 29	80	225	420,900	58,300	BLW, 1930

Electric Locomotives

Class	Type	Numbers	Total Weight	Starting Tractive Force	Builder	Year Built
Y-1	2-6-6-2	5010 to 5017	527,200	126,180	Alco-GE.	1927, 28-30
Z-1	2-8-2	5000 to 5008	371,100	85,440	BLW-Westinghouse	1926, 28, 29

Oil-electric

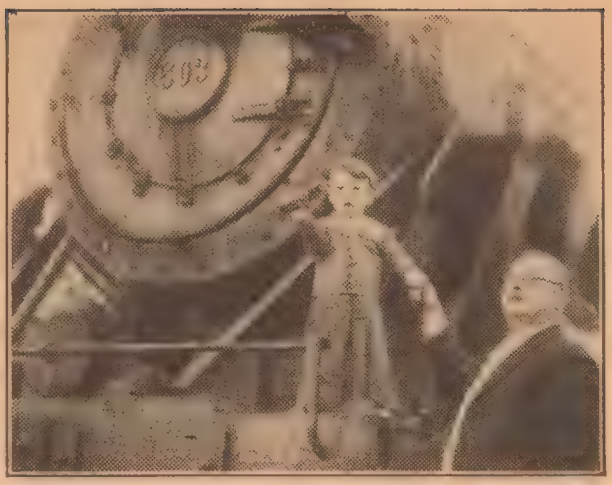
4-4	5100	209,500	60,000	G.E.; Alco; I.-R. Co.	1926



Nos. 209 (Upper) and 2181 (Lower) Snapped by Robert Graham, 872 Union St., St. Paul, Minn.

NEXT MONTH: ROCK ISLAND SYSTEM. In future issues: Pere Marquette, Erie

International Engine Picture Club



H. J. Heany, of Houston, Texas, and His Son Jimmy. Mr. Heany Was Responsible for the Publication of a Full Page of Engine Photos from I.E.P.C. Members in the Houston "Chronicle"

AT last some of the railroads are realizing how much good the engine picture hobby can do for them. True, not all of them are yet able to see the light, but slowly and surely they are coming into line. The Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis, we have been informed, is very cordial to the engine picture fans, and Mr. Charles Barham, vice-president and traffic manager, is quoted by one of our members as saying he would be "glad to give permission to any responsible person wishing to take photos of N. C. & St. L. motive power."

Some railroads are actually thinking of organizing trips and excursions for the benefit of engine picture collectors. In fact, the New York Central has already done so. This is what Walter A. Lucas, one of our members, says about the trip:

"About 135 railroad fans and enthusiasts of the metropolitan area of New York visited Harmon, N. Y., on April 27, 1935, as guests of the New York Central Railroad. This was one of the trips instigated by the New York chapter of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society as part of its yearly program.

"The railroad company issued personal invitations through the mail. Two special coaches were allotted to the railroad fans at Grand Central Terminal. They were coupled to the head end of Train No. 141, leaving at 2:15 P.M.

"A special form of ticket was purchased at $1.00 a round trip. The group arrived at Harmon at 3.08 P.M. and got out and watched the change from electric to steam motive power. Many of the fans had cameras which ranged from the box variety to the larger sizes.

"Soon after arrival the party was conducted in small groups by railroad officials to the Harmon Shops, where various details in repair work on electric locomotives were explained. The urge to take pictures of the various engines out in the lots proved too strong for many of the fans, and they scattered, snapping every steam and electric engine in sight. Among them were a number of the famous Mohawk types, a few of the older Pacifics, a couple Mountain types, and one lone eight-wheeler, No. 1003, which was set out minus a pair of her drivers. The electric locomotives were numerous and the picture hounds did justice to the various types.

"The weather was slightly hazy but many good pictures were obtained and about 5 P.M. the fans began to congregate again at the Harmon platform for the return trip to New York on Train No. 58, 'The Niagara,' which arrived at Grand Central Terminal at 6 P.M. The thanks of the fans to the railroad company for the privilege of the trip were acknowledged, and more of them are anticipated."

Readers, write us about plans for trips in your section of the country.

Down in Texas one of our members, H. J. Heany, has hit upon another way of getting our hobby before people. Mr. Heany is a civil engineer in Houston, and he happens to know one of the star reporters of the *Houston Chronicle*. He called the reporter's attention to the engine picture collecting hobby and suggested that the newspaper use some engine pictures in its Sunday art gravure section. The reporter thought it a fine idea, and the result was that the issue of Sunday, April 14, carried a full page of engine photos which Mr. Heany had got from various members of the International Engine Picture Club. Members were given credit lines under the photos, and the club was mentioned by name. Best of all, the feature made quite a hit. Even the newspapermen on the *Chronicle* were interested in it!

Such publicity means a lot to the club and to the hobby of engine picture collecting. We only hope there is a lot more like it, and we certainly feel that Mr. Heany deserves a vote of thanks for his efforts. Suppose you drop him a note or card and tell him so; he'll appreciate it, we're sure. Write to 411 Scanlan Bldg., Houston, Tex.

READERS who collect, buy, sell, exchange, or make pictures of locomotives, trains, cars, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

A membership button is given FREE to those who send in a "Readers' Choice" coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you live in Canada or any foreign land, enclose a loose 3c stamp from your own country instead of the envelope.) Address Engine Picture Editor, "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell him what you want or what you offer.

T. O. ACREE, 114½ W. 7 St., Cincinnati, O., has 4x5 prints of the following at 10c. ea.: NYC "Commodore Vanderbilt"; CNW "400" crack train at speed, and Pacific type used on "400"; Milwaukee 4-6-4 Hudson which ran 85 miles in 67 mins.

W. G. ADDISON, 2123 McDowell St., Augusta, Ga., will pay good price for official roster of SP.

L. G. AREND, 530, S. Front St., Franklin, O., has two 8x10 photos at 50c. each—old wood-burner "Sam Hill" of A&GRR with 3 coaches, and GN "Wm. Crooks," with 2 old coaches. Will make prints from your negs.: 116 size 3c. ea.; postcard 5c.; no order less than 24 prints.

L. W. ATKINS, 5369 Maple Ave., St. Louis, Mo., wants M-K-T, MOP, Frisco snaps; has few Wabash.

H. O. BAILEY, 811 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa., has 8x10 photos of B&O new 4-4-4 and 4-6-4 types.

D. BALDWIN, 44 James St., Long Branch, Ont., Canada, starting collection of engine snaps and insignia.

C. BARON, Box 432, Holliday's Cove, W. Va., has 4 photos 10x8 UP engines, and 2 of Santa Fe 7½x4. Best offer "Railroad Stories" takes the set postpaid; write first.

J. BIEWENER, 3768 Mississippi St., San Diego, Calif., has 22 mech. mags. of '34 to trade for "Railroad Stories" or engine snaps; write first.

J. E. BIRD, 2305 Lincoln Street, Columbia, S.C., has 116 size of Southern, SAL, ACL, and CN&L at 15c. ea.; also few old tickets, transfers, receipts, etc., to trade for old U.S. stamps.

B. E. BISHOP, 856 Main St., Santa Clara, Calif, trades or sells employees' timetables and train orders; wants emp. timetables of WP, LA&SL, PE, GN Klamath Falls Div., and all small roads.

L. BLAIR, 209 S. Meyers Rd., Lombard, Ill., will pay 25c. each for Aug., Sept. '31 "Railroad Man's" in good shape.

V. BLOSSER, 46 Oxford Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., wants photos of color and position light railroad signals.

E. BOLSETZIAN, 331 Hopkinson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., buys, sells or trades postcard size engine snaps; has Erie, CRRofNJ, NYC, NYO&W, Lackawanna, LI, Pennsy, LV, B&O, Reading at 10c. ea.; send 5c. for list.

M. E. BOOSE, 825 5th St., Rensselaer, N. Y., has copies of "Rail-Way Mag." (English) to trade for other railroad material.

G. O. BOOTHBY, 19 Melbourne St., Portland, Me., will pay 25c. ea. for one copy of Dec. '29; Jan., Mar., June '30; May, Sept. '31; Feb. '32 "Railroad Stories." Has postcard size of all classes of B&M, B&A, MeC and New Haven.

H. J. BOWMAN, 2896 Iney Dr., Victoria, B.C., Canada, wants photos or information on E&N (CPR) or CNR.

W. D. BOWMAN, 165 S. 7th St., Zanesville, O., has 6x8 album with 24 various postcard size prints entitled: "N.A. Loco. Types of Yesterday and Today," $2.

J. T. Boyd, 826 Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Kan., has MoP, RI, CGW, etc. to trade for C&O, D&RGW, SP and UP negs.

O. R. BROTHERS, 1433 Wabash Ct., N.E., Canton, O., has 2CNW and one '07 PRR rule book to trade for electric or steam locos.

R. H. BUCHANAN, Box 44, Nebo, Ky., has Lima builder's catalogs on gas, geared switching locos and Heisler fireless steam locos to trade for photos of IC 24 and L&N 400.

B. BUSHNELL, 3319 W. 25 St., Cleveland, O., will trade 22 official rosters to trade for rosters other roads with complete data; write.

R. H. BUETTNER, 270 Shady Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa., wants negs. and photos of Hudson, Mallets, disc-wheelers; will trade or buy.

H. H. CALDWELL, Jr., 35 E. 37 St., N. Y. City, trades or sells engine snaps.

S. F. CALKINS, 17 State St., Merchantville, N. J., wants loco photos and data.

E. L. CAREY, R. 4, Box 553, Houston, Tex., has many newspapers 50 yrs. old or more and several hundred "Railroad Stories" (many duplicates) and 800 geographical mags. since '19 to trade for engine models or sell, no order less than $1; also will sacrifice 12 Eastman Kodaks in good shape.

C. T. CARLSON, R. 2, Box 103, Monticello, Minn., has the following pass. timetables to sell or trade for a M&StL timetable 1915-'18 or old timetables of N.W. roads: GW Mar. '07, RI Feb. '09, Burlington Nov. '15, CPR June '23 and Mar. '27, also "Railroad Man's" Apr., May '31.

J. A. CHEKOURAS, 541 W. 48th St., Ashtabula, O., starting; will pay as much as 25c. for photos of odd engines.

J. H. CONANT, Cedar Rapids, Neb., has 116 size prints of UP, MoP, Frisco, Big Four, PRR at 10c. ea.; also will trade duplicate negs. or MoP and Frisco for same size UP 1200 and 9000 classes and other UP types not in use on its Neb. Div. Send 5c. for list and sample.

E. C. COOK, 50 Tonnele Ave., Jersey City, N. J., starting.

B. G. CORBIN, New Market, Ia., has 10 postcard size photos of 10 Burlington loco. classes for $1.

H. T. CRITTENDEN, 909 E. 26 St., Norfolk, Va., wants anything on Mount Gretna Narrowgage Ry.; will buy or trade for Va. or N.C. 3-ft. gage engines.

S. DILL, 601 Bell St., Murfreesboro, Tenn., has 120 NC&StL train orders to trade for others; also buys.

K. DOUGLAS, 1305 W. 15 Ave., Vancouver, B. C., Canada, is disposing of entire collection of 570 photos modern engines, chiefly 2½x4¼ and postcard sizes; 5c. ea., 6 for 25c.; 25 for $1, 130 for $5. Also 56 copies "Railroad Stories" Apr. '30 to date at $5 plus postage or 25c. ea.; write.

C. F. DRAKE, 2412 E. 2nd St., Wichita, Kan., wants old MoP public timetables; write stating date and what you want, cash or trade.

G. L. DUNSCOMB, 5722 Keith Ave., Oakland, Calif., has 116 size prints SP, WP and few small Calif. roads at 6c. ea. or trade for following: SP, WP, UP, NP, MoP, GN, D&RGW, Santa Fe and small western steam roads. Wants to trade 116 size negs. of engine for certain WP, Santa Fe, SP and any D&RGW or Texas and Mexican negs. Also trades timetables; write first, 10c. for list and sample print.

J. EARLE, 172 Edgehill Rd., Westmount, Que., Canada, has C&G, Rutland, CV, CPR, CNR, GN and others for sale.

J. EICHHORN, 42 Leslie St., Newark, N. J., collects wreck scenes and loco oddities.

L. A. ESCALLE, 608 East H St., Colton, Calif., and K. P. BAYNE, 751 S. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif., have mimeographed copies of SP Lines, incl. narrow gage, San Diego, Ariz. East. at 50c. ea. or trade for 8 size 116 steam power photos.

A. FEININGER, 245 Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y., has 116 size NYC elec. div. and trolley photos to trade or sell at 10c. ea. or 3 for 25c.; collects timetables.

F. P. FLORENTINE, Jr., 3427 York Rd., Philadelphia, Pa., has Reading, PRR; B&O Tuckerton power in postcard and 116 size, 10c. and 6c. resp. Wants postcard of B&O Lady Baltimore and 1310 and Rdg. A-3, PRR C-1 and E-5s.

F. J. FORMAN, 51 Ten Eyck St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has 130 size negs. of ships to trade for 116 or 130 size negs. of engine or trolleys. Will make prints from negs. any size 3c. ea., no order under 10 prints.

J. W. FRASER, Box 37W, RFD 2, Redwood City, Calif., wants July '14 "Railroad Man's"; starting collection employees' time cards; donations appreciated.

K. P. GIFFORD, Olathe, Kan., has sketches of 8 frt. locos of the Santa Fe 1000 and 1100 classes.

A. GIROUD, 19 Rue Lamande, Paris 17, France, will pay $3 for ea. of these NYC calendars: "Pride of NYC Men," "Greatest Train in the World," and "When Winter Comes;" also wants colored train postcards, esp. N.A.

R. B. GLASSCO, 522 Jackson St., Sterling, Colo., has 116 size views of UP, Burlington, DRG&W, Santa Fe, D&SL, etc. at 5c. ea. or trade.

H. R. GRIFFITHS, Jr., 1316 River St., Boise, Ida., will trade U. S. photos with foreign fans; also wants UP, esp. LA&SL and StJ&GI.

A. B. HALLEY, 1721 Hildacrest, Huntington, W. Va., wants clear side views of B&O pass. loco. 5310.

T. C. HARRELL, Box 23, Ellenboro, N. C., has 116 size side views of SAL, Sou., C&NW, Clinchfield, Cliffside engines at $1 asstd. dozen; one SAL 2500 class engines free with ea. order.

S. R. HAVENS, Box 1361, 25 South St., N. Y. City, will take photos at cost of any transportation means in N. Y. C. on order; also trades transfers.

C. E. HESSELBAUM, 332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., wants photos and historical data on Lee County Central, E&B, DeK-S&IT, CH&GL, J&ET, W&SE, R&I, BP&J; write first.

M. HOROWITZ, 176 Clarkson Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., wants disaster photos.

M. T. HOVDET, R. 4, Butterfield, Minn., will pay 25c. for a CStPM&O Neb. Div. employees' timetable; write first.

E. C. HUGHES, 908 Jewell St., Danville, Ill., has Stoker Co. catalogs showing stoker equipped locos; starting engine collection; wants to hear from nearby fans.

A. INGBER, 2944 Tuxedo, Detroit, Mich., wants photo and data of NYC streamline.

L. E. JAMES, 421 15th St., Columbus, Ga., has May '31 to date "Railroad Stories"; will draw engine pictures suitable for framing for offer of engine prints, postcard size.

W. JANES, RFD 1, Franklin Furnace, O., has N&W, C&O employees mags., N&W passes to trade for any railroad material.

Photo by W. A. Lucas

Visitors on the Railroad Inspection Trip to Harmon, N. Y., April 27, 1935, Looking over N. Y. C. No. 5209. An Engineman Is Explaining the Valve Pilot Mechanism

Photo by D. B. Swift, 738 Arch St., New Britain, Conn.

Heading for the Last Round-Up—This Old Baldwin-Built Saddle Tanker Spent Her Twenty-fifth Birthday on an Abandoned Spur near Plainville, Conn. For Many Years She Hauled Crushed Stone and Gravel from a Quarry There to the New Haven Railroad

S. JEFFREY, 94 Monell Ave., Islip, L. I., N. Y., wants LI engine snaps; wants to hear from other beginners.

JOHN JOHNS, 233 E. 176 St., N. Y. City, wants Mar. '32 "Railroad Stories" containing his story "Wolves of the Rails" to complete his files.

C. R. JOHNSON, 393 Hamilton St., Worcester, Mass., trades trolley transfers; buys trolley photos.

J. B. JOHNSON, 71 Hillcrest Ave., Trenton, N. J., has over 270 photos, 50 roads, for sale 25 for $1 or trade for old N. J. photos; also has 435 trolley photos from 101 roads at same price.

J. E. JONES, 2104 11th St., Wyandotte, Mich., will trade typewritten history of any railroad for 2 loco snaps; wants offers from all over the world.

A. KAFARSKI, 3576 Belden Ave., Chicago, Ill., will trade World's Fair loco and others, esp. with foreign fans; also wants "Loco. Cyclopedia."

W. V. KENNEY, 90 Walworth St., Boston, (Roslindale), Mass., has 120 size of Nantasket Beach and Boston "El" cars to sell at 10c. ea. or swap for cars of various street railways.

G. E. LAMBERT, Box 134, Maybrook, N. Y., makes pen or ink drawings of locos or cars from photos, 25c. ea.

O. F. LEE, 1610 Canfield Rd., Youngstown, O., has 8x10 views of Lake Shore, Nor. O. and other electrics to trade for West. O., IC&E, and C-SW electrics.

A. LEWIS, 598 William Ave., Winnipeg, Canada, has pencil sketches of CPR and CNR trains, will make others from photos, in trade for any engine snaps.

B. E. LEWIS, 411 Kinsey St., Raleigh, N. C., will trade SAL, Sou., N&S train orders for others or photos; has 120 size snaps of SAL, Sou., N&S to trade or sell.

E. P. LIENHARD, 148 Kenilworth Ave., Villa Park, Ill., has 116 size of C&NW, CGW, Soo, GTW, MoP and many other snaps to trade for GN, NP, D&RGW, T&P, C&O, B&AR, UP, old Soo Line and certain types C&NW; also trades negs., send list.

H. J. LLOYD, 277 Matheson Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada, wants CNR engine photos.

A. L. MARSH, Box 545, St. Augustine, Fla., has 116 size snaps of FEC and SAL; also 5x7 of old engines that operated in Fla. and Ga. from 1885-1905.

J. W. MARSH, R.F.D. 2, Royalton Rd., Brecksville, O., buys railroad information, plans and photos or trades for aviation data and clippings.

F. MC BRIDE, 612 E. 4th St., Muscatine, Ia., will trade 10 U. S. pass. timetables for those of other countries; send for list.

W. McCALEB, 1382 Lakewood Ave., Lakewood, O., has 4x5 of Cleveland Ry. funeral car and B&O 2-8-8-0 Mallet, and 116 size of new NKP 2-8-4, 0-8-0; wants CP&E, C&E, C&CF, CSW and other old Ohio interurbans.

W. W. McCLEARY, Jr., Box 296, Lancaster, Pa., buys 116 size negs. of new streamlined trains and engines, esp. SP power and famous trains in action; send 3c. stamp for list of engine photos.

J. F. McGUIRE, St. Bede College, Peru, Ill., wants photos of Burlington's new 2-6-6-4 type, RI 2-10-0 and any PRR.

E. C. McKEE, 1622 Jackson Ave., Wichita, Kan., trades public timetables; wants to buy both steam and electric negs.

E. W. McLAUGHLIN, 5008 Lincoln Ave., Chicago (new address) buys, trades and sells trolley photos.

F. P. McLEOD, 1068 5th St., Oakmont, Pa., will make 100 ft. of 16 m.m film in Pittsburgh area, $6-$9; will rent 200 ft. of film of Horseshoe Curve for 90c.; write first.

F. MEANEY, 68 Charles St., Metuchen, N. J., will trade timetables for Pennsy classes K-2 or G-5.

G. H. METZELTIN, Savoy Hotel, Paseo del Prado 26, Madrid Spain, (son of former mgr. of Hanomag Loco. Works, Hanover, Germany) collects and trades loco. photos, stamps, books, postcards, etc.

W. G. MILLER, wants B&O engines 876-884 and 675-693.

W. MOORE and R. LAKE, 1722 12th St., Cuyahoga Falls, O., have 116 size of Erie, PRR, B&O, New Haven "Comet" for sale or trade; list and sample 10c. plus postage.

J. MORLEY, 2635 Etna St., Berkeley, Calif., wants Aug. '32 "Railroad Stories."

M. A. NELSON, 6602 S. Richmond St., Chi-

Upper Photo by L. G. Beach, 380 Eddy St., San Francisco, Calif.; Lower by H. J. Harding, Ceres, Calif.

Two More Old Gals Who Have Seen Better Days: (Upper) No. 32, An Old Narrow-Gage Eight-Wheeler Used Years Ago on the Monte Rio Branch of Northwestern Pacific (Now Abandoned); (Lower) Sierra Ry. No. 6 (See Page 82 for Other Photos and History of This Road), Built by Danforth in 1867, Now Abandoned Near Oakdale, Calif. Rumor Says, However, That No. 6 Will Be Fixed Up and Run Again

cago, will trade 59 different copies of "Railroad Stories" for best offer engine photos.

R. C. NEWMAN, 26 East Parkway, Scarsdale, N. Y., will sell 130 engine snaps to highest bidder.

E. J. OLENJACK, 1807 Santa Clara Ave., Alameda, Calif., has photos of double-header WP hotshot and SP "Sunset" to trade for information on freight runs on roads west of Denver.

E. J. OTT, 2708 Auchentoroly Terr., Baltimore, Md., has PRR steam roster to trade for best offer in 116 size engine snaps.

R. OWEN, 4657 15th Ave. W., Vancouver, B. C., Canada, has CPR, CNR, UP, M&C, B&O, PRR, Yosemite, etc. timetables for modern type engine photos.

A. M. PENDER, 201 Red Lion Rd., Surbiton, Surrey, England, trades any size engine photos.

H. L. PETERSON, Ponca, Neb., has postcard size RCBH&W geared loco, Burlington inspection engine 388, etc. to trade or sell 10c. ea. or 13 for $1.

W. N. PIGEON, Worcester St., N. Grafton, Mass., has B&A photos, 116 size 5c. ea., postcard 10c. ea.

K. G. PHIN, Box 96, Whitby, Ont., Canada, wants front and side views of CNR 5700 class, suitable for model making.

A. PISCIOTTA, 333 E. 113 St., New York City,

Running Orders

DUE to space limitations, International Engine Picture Club members must not ask us to print any name more than once in 4 months — except for an unusually good reason.

Do not expect us to print your name at all unless you give brief details on what you want or what you offer.

Any member who has lost his pin can get another by sending us a stamped envelope and "Reader's Choice" coupon, completely filled out — or make your own coupon if you don't want to clip the magazine.

starting collection; would appreciate any spare photos.

W. PRIWER, 1601 Lagonda Ave., Springfield, O., trades photos, timetables, etc. with foreign fans.

F. QUIN, 190 Rocklyn Ave., Lynbrook, N. Y., has 2½x4¼ size and larger of steam power eastern lines to trade or sell; send dime for list and sample. Also has Official Ry. Guides.

T. A. RADER, 1172 Church St., Decatur, Ill., will buy 116 size negs. Wab. and IC side views; send price and list. Also wants Jan., Apr., May, Sept. '32 "Railroad Stories."

S. A. RICHARDS, R 1, Jewett, O., wants early W&LE engines, pref. postcard size.

L. RINGGOLD, 420 W. 6th St., Hominy, Okla., has M-K-T 2-8-0, 4-6-2, 2-8-2 prints and train orders to trade; also will trade 3 photos for back copies "Railroad Stories." Write first.

H. M. ROBERTSON, 2703 N. 55 St., Omaha, Neb., starting collection train orders; appreciate any help.

T. W. ROCKHILL, 1838 Clinton Ave., S. E., Roanoke, Va., specializes in Moguls, freaks and foreign engines.

C. RONDINELLI, 2841 Stanton Ave., Cincinnati, O., will pay 5c. ea. for '34 issues "Railroad Stories."

A. M. RUMP, formerly of 8 Milton Place, has moved to 10 Buckingham St., Brighton, England.

H. R. SADLER, 5625 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa., wants all size negs., esp. 116; has few to trade. Also has 10 standard size 35 m.m. film to sell or trade for camera or what have you; write.

R. B. SARVIS, Box 206, Esbon, Kan., has RI train orders to trade for others, esp. New Haven, CofGa, Alton, GN, Monon, M-K-T, Erie, MP and SLSF; send your list and reply card.

R. M. SAWYER, 173 Ashvelot St., Dalton, Mass., has few '30, '31, '32 and all of '33 and '34 "Railroad Stories" reasonable prices; also Loco. Eng. Journals, RR Trainman, and others; many public timetables; Berkshire St. Ry., SR&RL and MeC photos. Wants Official Guide before '20, Central States Guide before '27, and railroad insignia.

W. SCHALLEK, 7 W. 81 St., N. Y. City, pays good price for timetables of LV&T, Ocilla Sthn., and Bradford, Eldred & Cuba.

H. SCHUPELTZ, Mariner Hall, Girard College, Philadelphia, Pa., trades timetables and train order for PRR, Reading and B&O rule books.

B. SCOTT, Box 61, Glasgow, N. S., Canada, has many 116 size CNR and few CPR snaps to trade for other CNR.

F. O. SEYMOUR, 1011 Moores River Dr., Lansing, Mich., has postcard of NYC, MeC, Wab.AA, PM, PRR, GTW, TStL&W and many others, 10c. ea. plus postage, or trade 2 photos for postcard size negs.; send 3c. for list.

G. E. SHELLMAN, 25 Bartlett St., Springfield, Mass., wants NYC employees' timetables for main line divisions between, Elkhart, Ind., and E. Syracuse, N. Y.; has many B&A, B&M, New Haven, D&H, Pennsy photos trade.

W. SIEGEL, 11211 Edbrooke Ave., Chicago, Ill., has Packard's "The Night Operator" to trade for engine prints, esp. 4-4-0 types or freight.

J. A. SNOOK, 116 N. Vine St., Elkhart, Ind., has hundreds of magazines and books to sell or trade for old "Railroad Man's" or what have you.

J. STEVENSON, 2106 W. 80 St., Los Angeles, Calif., interested in SP.

W. D. STOWMAN, 7444 Forrest Ave., E. Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa., will buy or trade for 5x7 photo of Cen. Pac. 4-10-0 type, and some photos of old-time 4-8-0 types. Has photos, "Baldwin Locos" and Pennsy calendar to trade or sell; send stamped envelope and 5c. for list.

E. H. STROUSE, 550 Willow St., Pottstown, Pa., wants Jan. '34 "Railroad Stories."

J. E. THOMPSON, 4420 Berkeley Ave., Chicago, has IC locos at reasonable prices; wants modern locos.

H. TIMMERMAN, Dryden, N. Y., wants secondhand telegraph key and sounder in good condition, or learner's set.

S. E. TOMLINSON, 3 Allen St., Lebanon, N. H., has 3¼x4¼ engine snaps to trade; wants "Loco Cyclopedia."

TWOHY LUMBER CO., 549 Petroleum Securities Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif., has 35 vols. of Cassier's Mag. from 1893-1911, containing about 1,000 U. S. and foreign loco photos and articles. Will sell entire lot for best offer over $100; write for further details.

A. VALACHOVIC, 575 Southern Blvd., Bronx, N. Y. City, starting.

E. VAN HORN, Oakley, Mich., has foreign covers, post cards, old U. S. stamps, "Argosy" to trade for what have you.

F. WARREN, State San., N. Wilmington, Mass., has many foreign and U. S. timetables, and Baldwin, Lima and American Loco. mags. to swap for photos of modern steam engines of UP, GN, M-K-T, StL-SF, PRR, Soo, others.

H. J. WEIDMAN, 306 Main St., Davenport, Ia., wants engine photos and old "Railroad Man's" mags.

F. E. WHEDBEE, Seabrook, Md., has following for sale: 200 employees' mags., 15 Employees' timetables, 7 railroad calendars, NYC, PRR, B&O, C&O photos, Feb. '32 and Dec. '32 "Official Guides," "Baldwin Loco." July-Oct. '33 and some back copies of "Railroad Stories."

G. B. WHITFIELD, c/o First Nat'l Bank, Eatontown, N. J., wants old photos of Black Diamond Express '11 or earlier and other LV old or recent trains and engines.

R. WILCOX, 1430 Midland Ave., Bronxville, N. Y., has 14x20 picture of UP streamline to trade for 116 or postcard size engine photos, NYC or DL&W.

H. WILK, Maybury San., Northville, Mich., wants to hear from trainmen on WM Elkins Div.; wants pictures of Blain, W. Va., and Dobbin, W. Va., wrecks of '24 and '22 and dope on them.

R. S. WILSON, 706 S. 9th Ave., Yakima, Wash., has electric car prints of western states to trade for others.

S. WONG, Cole, S. D., starting; send lists and samples.

C. A. WOOD, Jr., "Arden," Andover, Mass., has May '32 and Apr. '33 "Railroad Stories" for sale; also negs. of B&M, MeC, DM&N at 5c. ea.; send stamped envelope for list; free print with each neg.

J. G. WOODBURY, 374 Yarmouth Rd., Rochester, N. Y., will trade employees' mags. for 116 size negs. of locos and electric equipment.

A. ZUBER, 8528 89 St., Woodhaven, N. Y., has Grasse River, S&NY, Tionesta Vy., L&H, Belfast & Moosehead Lake, M&U timetabes and D&N employees' timetables to trade for small western timetables.

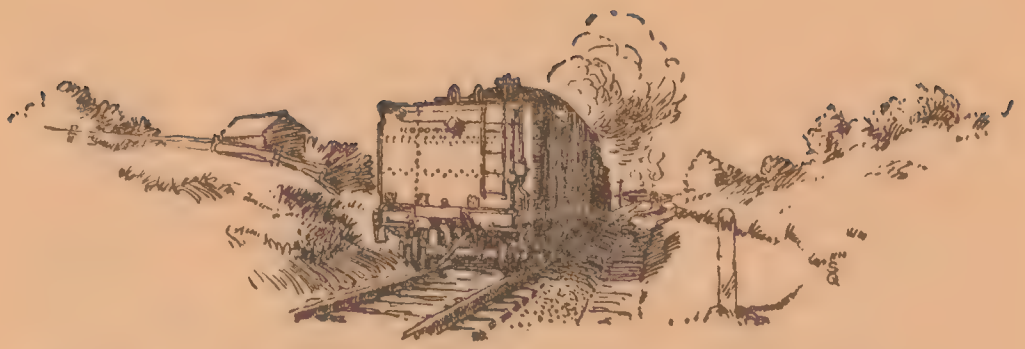
* * *

Proposed Abandonments

Monon, McCoysburg to Dinwiddie, Ind., 36 miles; and Bedford and Bloomfield, 40 miles.

Old Print from Paul A. Gleason, 376 8th St., Troy, N. Y.

Colorado's Royal Gorge as it Looked in 1880, with an Old Denver & Rio Grande Train Approaching the Famous Hanging Bridge



The Epic of a Lazy Man

Based on Actual Fact

By EDWARD J. FREY

Ex-Signal Maintainer, D., L. & W. R. R.

ALTHOUGH everyone acquainted with Ralph Slater seldom saw him in other than a resting position, his work was always done. No floor was cleaner, no window was brighter than in the station at Milltown where Slater was operator. He did not do the work himself. He would hire a boy for the smallest sum the kid would agree to accept, and nag the youth until the place was spotless. Then he would climax this by offering to match coins with the boy to see whether he should pay double or nothing! Which illustrates, more or less, Ralph's outlook on life, and also indicates why he wasn't the road's most popular man.

Twenty-seven years ago Milltown was a hamlet consisting of a post office, grocery store, feed mill, foundry, a few houses and the railroad station. The foundry help lived down by the river in company buildings. A long curving spur led from the freight siding in front of the station to the foundry, while the freight track ran parallel to the main line siding, past the freight house and dead-ended in front of the feed mill.

The branch line on which Milltown was located consisted of 24 miles of single track with passing sidings at each of the thirteen stations, four of which lacked either agent or operator. Milltown was one station east of the middle.

This story would have been different if Train No. 319 west had been on time that day. As is was, 319 was twenty minutes late, which changed its passing time with 364 east. Normally they met at Milltown, but this day when 364 arrived there the order board was against her. New orders had been issued to pass 319 at Barkalow, three stations to the east.

This story likewise would have been different if Slater were other than a very lazy man, for instead of taking the mail to the post office he waited for the mail from 319.

At the end of the branch was the town of Glendon, a typical railroad town. One of its inhabitants was Tony Esposito, hostler at the roundhouse nearly half a mile east of the station. Engineer John Edmonds waved to Tony as he started east with train 364. The hostler was cleaning the fire on No. 868, a big freight hog.

What happened next, how it happened no one ever found out exactly. Tony's helper was in the roundhouse wiping an engine that had just come in and knew nothing about it when the news came. Any-

way, the big freight engine was gone, and so was Tony. Several hours later a little girl who had been picking flowers along the track when 868 went by told how she had seen the big engine going down the track with Tony about 50 feet to the rear, running after it!

On being questioned, the helper told how he and Tony had frequently been pestered by boys who threw stones. He said that a mischievous boy might have started the engine, but could not explain why Tony had been afoot.

AND so the 868 trailed through three switches, twisting and bending the head rods before she hit the main line—an occurrence impossible today, when these switches are protected by derails. With a boiler full of water and a nice clean fire heavily coaled over, she strolled along. She traveled the first mile at maybe fifteen miles an hour, and Pete Sheer, the agent at Penton, was mildly curious as he heard her clanking past. His curiosity, however, was concerned only with her number, for his report book, so Pete's chance to prevent the telling of this story was gone.

The old freight engine had the road to herself, and she began making railroad history. Two miles farther east was Fir Hall. Henry Naughton, the operator, estimated she was rambling at twenty-five miles per hour. He was the first man to notice the 868 was not carrying flags.

Naughton started the fireworks. He called Glendon, but Glendon knew nothing of it, for the roundhouse was a quarter mile east of the station and Tony had been there alone. The man at Fir Hall let the gate down for 868 and waved his hand at her ghostly engineer without noticing anything wrong. Millbrook was the next station, but it had no agent. Then came Burnville, whose operator was in the freight house blissfully unaware of the chief dispatcher's frantic call. By this time operators all along the line, fascinated and horrified at the impending disaster, had forgotten all other business and were listening for news of 868's epic run.

Unable to raise Burnville, the chief dispatcher tried the next station, Baker's Ridge, with no results. Lew Corson had not yet returned from the post office where he had taken the mail bags unloaded from 364. He had been gone plenty long; but he was a young man and there was a pretty girl at the post office. The next station was Lynn, which had no operator. After it came Milltown; then Starline.

The old girl snorted through Burnville and over the hill to the east. The Burnville baggageman noticed she was without flags and guessed she was running wild. He was too far away when he saw the locomotive to board her. He ran down to the freight house and told the operator, who rushed to the telegraph office to listen as the wire called frantically for help.

Eight miles of down grade lay ahead of the freight engine. She did herself proud. This, her funeral trip, was made in record time, especially so between Burnville and Milltown. No one could have boarded her as she went through Baker's Ridge.

About a mile and a half east of the Ridge Section Foreman Bill Richards was coming up the hill with a hand truck loaded with about thirty ties. Richards himself was protecting the east with his flag, and old Bill Simpson was walking ahead up the hill with another flag. Simpson was on the alert and saw 868 when she was a mile away.

Standing in the middle of the track, he began to flag her down. It did not take the runaway long to get to old Bill. To his surprise, he did not receive the usual signal to inform him his flag was seen. He stood at his post until the engine was almost on him; then he jumped aside and grabbed a handful of cinders and threw it at the cab window. She roared by. The truckload of ties was hastily abandoned by the section gang and started to roll down the hill, picking up momentum as it went. Bill Richards said the 868 seemed to pause as she hit the truck, and it looked as though she would derail herself.

Ties flew in all directions. On went 868, unscathed, with several ties and the remains of the truck in her teeth. Past Lynn she

sailed, with her pops roaring. Then under the wagon bridge and out of sight around the curve. A gang of wire men on a hand car were a half-mile ahead. Clarence Hanse, the foreman, saw her and noticed the absence of flags. They just had the hand car clear when the wild engine went by so fast her connecting rods were a blur.

No. 319 was past due and was facing certain destruction unless a miracle happened. The wire men listened fearfully. They heard a roar as 868 crossed the river trestle west of Milltown, then silence. A few seconds later came the faint, long drawn out, metallic sound of a collision. They put their hand car back on the track and hurried east.

MEANWHILE, what was the rest of the world—particularly Ralph Slater—doing? Slater had not taken the mail bags thrown off 364 to the post office. He always killed two birds with one stone. He waited for the westbound mail from 319 and took them both. He was sitting back in his office chair with his feet on the desk, dreamily thinking of his troubles. Suddenly his sounder took on a new note.

He heard the wire describing the story of a wild engine. Now the chief dispatcher was trying to get Corson at Baker's Ridge. Finally Corson answered.

"Runaway engine headed east. Ditch her in sand pit if possible." He heard Corson's "O. K." Slater leaned back and listened while the chief tried to get Starline. It was none of his business.

Old Sam Bohme, at Starline, was not in. He had a long walk to the post office and was not back, or at least he did not answer. However, it was all right. Corson would ditch the runaway in the sand pit and then, if it was necessary to give 319 further orders, the chief would call Milltown. Slater glanced up at his clock. No. 319 must be pulling into Starline now. Yes, she was fifteen minutes late and should be there.

Suddenly his feet came off the desk. His sounder was pounding out Corson's despairing message. No. 868 had beaten him to the switch and was approaching fast. The chief was still calling Starline, but got no answer. Presently Starline answered, and all hope was gone. No. 319 was headed west beyond recall.

By this time the sounder was calling Milltown, but Slater needed no instructions. He raced to the switch west of the station. This he locked open. Then, nearly in front of the station, he came to the foundry switch. Here was a problem. If he opened this switch, the engine's momentum might throw her from the rails, for the foundry switch led to a long curving track. But it would be worse if she stayed on the rails and followed the curve to the foundry.

If he let her in on the freight track, she would be derailed at the end of the spur, but she would demolish the feed mill and the unsuspecting men who were working in it. He had to be sure.

No. 319 was tailing up the hill, and usually took three minutes to make the grade from Starline to Milltown. The runaway was twice as far, but was coming downhill with no guiding hand on her throttle, and would enter Milltown with blinding speed. Which would get there first? If he was sure 319 could beat the runaway, he could let her in on the siding, and let 868 go on to Starline, where old Sam Bohme could let her jump in the swamp at the end of the coal trestle. He decided he dared not take the chance. It was up to him to ditch the runaway. He made his decision.

He unlocked the foundry switch and threw it over. The lever of this switch lay on the ground, for it belonged to a ball switch—just a lever about two feet long with a heavy iron ball on its end. Slater experimented with it, but found it would not stay open as he wanted it. There was nothing to keep it open and no time to look for anything, so he decided to *hold* it open.

If 868 took the first switch and kept on the track, he would be all right. He guessed she would, because the switch was on the high side of the curve, and was a little straighter than the main track. But if she left the rails—well, Milltown would be without an operator.

Everywhere, helpless men listened to the frantic calling of the sounder. All other

business was forgotten. Tight-lipped men cursed impotently. "The sleepy bum!" "He'll pay this time!" and so on.

SLATER stood at the switch and listened. A roar from the west told him that 868 was on the river trestle, and the briefness of the roar suggested her terrific speed. He heard No. 319 whistle for the crossing half a mile east.

The 868 shot around the curve. Slater watched her wonderingly. She hit the switch and rocked. Ralph wanted to drop that ball and run, but he stayed. She held the rails, and with a roar was upon him. The ball was torn out of his hands, and he dropped back while No. 868 hit the dirt. She rolled end for end, well off the right-of-way, landed in the station coal box, demolished it, and stopped in a pile of ruins. For a moment the steam roared out of her burst pipes, and then she died.

Slater went back to his station and set the order board against 319, which had just come around the bend from the east. His sounder was still calling for him, and when Joe Thomas, No. 319's conductor, came in, he saw Slater with a grin on his face, using a whisk broom on his coat. With a wink at Thomas he opened his key and answered. They both listened to the instrument while a choice assortment of names that only a chief train dispatcher can use burned up the wire. Then his sounder was quiet. Ralph opened his key to reply.

The rest of the railroad was listening expectantly. This is what they heard:

Train number 319, westbound, arrived Milltown, twenty minutes late for orders.

A Tiny Railroad That Beat the Big Ones!

A SEVEN-MILE railroad without an inch of straight track, with curves of 250 ft. radius on grades of 155 ft. per mile, with a 35 lb. iron rail and a 3-ft. gage, is hardly one's idea of the biggest passenger carrying road in America. Yet from May 13, 1876, for 156 days, the Centennial Narrow-Gage Ry., operating inside the grounds of the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, carried more passengers than any trunk line!

They made 32 trips daily, drawing as many as seven 8-wheeled passenger cars, often carrying over 100 people in each car. Average weight of each loaded car was 12 tons gross. During the season both engines had to make 25,000 stops with a Westinghouse air-brake. The "Schuylkill" and the "Delaware" were 8-wheelers with 12x16 in. cylinders, but the former (class 8-18c) had 4 wheels coupled 3½ ft. diameter, and weighed 42,650 lbs., while the latter (class 8-18d) had 6 wheels coupled 3 ft. diameter and weighed 39,000 lbs. Neither engine was ever out of service for an accident in which she was responsible.

That same year the first steam street car was constructed. It ran on the Atlantic Ave. Ry. in Brooklyn until June, when it was transferred to the Market St. Ry. of Philadelphia. One engineer ran the car and kept it in working order. Although it frequently hauled an additional car at speeds up to 18 m.p.h., it used only 7 lbs. of coal per mile. In the original car, the machinery was attached directly to the wooden car body. Cylinders were under the car, the connecting rods taking hold of a crank-axle attached to front wheels. Rear wheels were independent.

In 1876 also, Baldwin constructed the first separate steam-motor car for street railways. It weighed 16,000 lbs. and was sent to the Citizens' Ry. of Baltimore, where it successfully negotiated a 370 ft. grade, drawing one loaded car when the tracks were covered by 10 in. of snow and drift. At the same time a second motor was built for the Ferrocarril Urbano de Habana (Cuba), and during the next 4 years Baldwin built 119 of these "noiseless, smokeless and steamless" street cars.

The year 1876 further marked the construction of the first steel fireboxes with vertical corrugations in the side sheets, which Baldwin built in locomotives for the Lackawanna and the New Jersey Central. And this busy locomotive works constructed 230 other engines during the year which marked the 100th anniversary of American independence.—W. B. Schallek, 7 W. 81st St., N. Y. City.

Horseshoes

Baker Might Not Have Been Lucky, but He'd Show Them He Wasn't Old!

By EDMUND E. PUGSLEY

Author of "The Hog's Back," etc.

MR. BAKER, veteran trainmaster of the Spiral Division, walked briskly from his office to the station platform at Redrock, glanced at his watch, and paced the boards with long, easy stride. As he passed a baggage truck near the east end a bulky figure stirred and spoke.

"Pleasant evening, Mr. Baker."

The trainmaster edged closer and peered at the lounging shadow in the dim light of an August moon. It proved to be Bill Mason. Bill was a huge trainman commonly called "Moose."

"Settin' up kinda late, ain't you, Moose?" Baker inquired with friendly concern. "Seems to me a fellow on a four o'clock call would get a bit of sleep."

Moose chuckled. "Sleep on a night like this is just waste of time," he said. "Anyway, I got to meet Number Two."

Mr. Baker wheeled abruptly for another turn on the platform. When he came abreast of the truck again he stepped over with purposeful tread. The voice was not quite so friendly now.

"See here, Mason. You and me may

as well have an understandin' about Silver—"

"Suits me," interrupted Moose. "Been thinking about it for some time. So's Silver."

The older man glared at him. "What I was goin' to say was, my daughter is altogether too young to be runnin' around with any trainmen. And I want you—"

"She's twenty-one," Moose cut in defiantly.

"Well, I can't have her gettin' fool notions about marryin'," persisted the trainmaster. "Not yet awhile. She's been to college, you know, and she's got education. She needs time to look around before she thinks about settlin' down."

"You mean," said Moose pointedly, "I'm not good enough for her."

"Not exactly that, Moose," Mr. Baker hastened to qualify. "You're all right, if you weren't so lackadaisical and if you had a better job. You're just a spare conductor—you might get set back any day. Chances are we'll have to cut the extra board next winter, and maybe you wouldn't have a job at all. See what I mean?"

"Yeah, I see what you mean all right," the spare conductor croaked. "You want Silver to marry a guy with plenty of money—like Tug Roper," he added, referring to the engineer of No. 2.

A long whistle wailed to westward. The white arc from No. 2's headlight began to dance eerily along the rock precipice across the river. The trainmaster spoke again.

"Don't get me wrong, Moose. Maybe Silver thinks you're O.K. and maybe you will be, some day. I ain't sayin' you won't. But my daughter should marry someone with a future. It's a long way from spare conductor to trainmaster or superintendent—'specially for a feller who doesn't show more ambition than you do."

Moose grinned amiably, like a man sure of himself. He anticipated a dramatic scene when Silver arrived on the train, two minutes later, but nothing of the kind happened. If Old Man Baker had been waiting for his daughter with the idea of forcing a showdown he must have changed his mind very suddenly.

The girl flung herself into her father's arms, greeted Moose briefly, and then strolled home through the patches of moonlight and shadow with dad on one arm and Moose on the other. She said little as they walked down the winding path, except to exclaim over the fragrance of the honeysuckle which hung in profusion over the front gate of her home and partly covered the front roof.

Reaching the house, Silver and her father pushed open the door and then entered, with a couple of curt good nights to Moose Mason. The latter was completely puzzled at Silver's apparent coolness.

"Maybe the old man's been putting a bug in her ear," he muttered glumly. "Oh, well. . . ."

As he cut around the corner he met Mr. Baker, who evidently had slipped out the back door and was waiting for him. Silver's father spoke bluntly:

"Mason, I want you to stay away from my daughter until you are promoted to a real job. That's all. Good night!"

The old man slipped back into the shadows. Moose, gasping with surprise, attempted to reply, but changed his mind and strode through the darkness of a late summer night to snatch two hours of cat-nap before the arrival of the call boy.

THAT fall, on the Spiral Division, things happened which made the rails growl and curse. "Prairie Dog" Coyne, the new superintendent, wrought a lot of changes. He insisted upon discipline with a big D. Coming from the prairie division, Coyne didn't seem to realize that conditions weren't quite the same on two and three per cent grades. In such short time he couldn't know, of course, that the Spirals had about the most efficient body of train crews it was possible to assemble under one supervision.

It was only natural that men working for eight months of the year under constant strain of a possible washout, slide or firetrap just around any one of the hundreds of bends, should resent Prairie Dog coming in to bark and snarl at them.

The real trouble started when Tug Roper brought No. 5 in from the east, through a blinding snowstorm, seventeen minutes late. Prairie Dog ordered Trainmaster Baker to assess Roper's record with as many demerit marks as he was minutes late, and to continue that practice with every engineer on the same basis until the division's reputation was restored.

This order got results. There was plenty of grumbling, but the Spiral crews knew how to obey. If the super was fool enough to want speed at any cost, then speed was what they'd give him.

For some weeks luck seemed to favor the effort. But good fortune doesn't last forever. You can't expect a man to exceed the bounds of safety over treacherous track without developing a case of "nerves." Yet the winter wore on and had almost passed before the Spiral Division "blew up." Perhaps because the super chose to ride Tug Roper's train, one blustery March afternoon, Tug decided he was being hounded. As soon as he learned that Mr. Coyne's "business car" was tagging along behind No. 2 the engineer set his lips tight together, his air valve at full release to stay, and his throttle wide open, except at the steepest of grades.

"If that busybody is looking for speed he'd better hang on!" Tug shouted to his fireman, Red Cairnes, across the boiler. "He gave me seventeen brownies for losing seventeen minutes. Well, I'm making up those seventeen minutes today, and maybe he'll scratch off those brownies." Tug laughed unpleasantly. "Maybe!"

Now, if Tug had been traveling at his normal caution on the crooked Ruby Creek grade he'd have been well under control when he popped out of Fish Point tunnel and dodged back around the sharp curve.

But Tug was not normal that day. When he saw a sudden gust of snow drifting dead ahead, shutting out the view beyond, he had only the single tick of his watch to decide whether or not this was a moving slide, and to act accordingly.

If he'd been coming at moderate speed he'd have had three or more ticks to study the scene. But he wasn't. So he acted first, shoved the brass handle hard over, and yelled to Red to jump.

SEVERAL minutes later, after taking inventory, Superintendent Coyne found that a draw-bar had been pulled out of the baggage car and the fireman had broken a leg in landing on a bare rock, but there was no landslide and apparently nothing to justify Tug Roper's sudden panic. Prairie Dog grimly jotted down these facts in his notebook while the crew was laboriously chaining the break.

As a result, No. 2 was forty-seven minutes late. Adding 47 to 17, Tug concluded he had just four more brownies than the 60 that was needed to fire a man.

But Mr. Baker stood loyally behind Tug Roper and told Mr. Coyne in plain, forceful language his opinion of a rawhiding super. Prairie Dog backed down a bit and reduced the total number of Tug's demerits to fifty-seven, leaving the engineer a slim margin of three between a good job and no job at all.

In the face of such occurrences, the whole division seemed to lose its morale. That is, all except Moose Mason. Contrary to expectations, Moose not only remained on the board that winter, but even held down a steady run as conductor. He was needed to help move the wheat which was being shipped west under a new rate agreement for routing through the Panama Canal.

Moose had now become a rawhider himself. He sensed that the trainmaster was behind Silver's moments of aloofness toward him, and was determined to "make good," get together enough money to permit him to marry without the old man's consent. That was exactly what Baker himself would have done.

Moose was relentless and exacting. Driven by ambition, he was demanding the last ounce of energy from his crew. The men cursed him, but grudgingly gave service. Brakemen rode the tops of cars rather than chance trouble from sticking brakes or hot boxes.

"Horseshoes!" the men scoffed when Mason's trains came through the ever-softening spring weather without trouble. "Just pure dumb luck!"

Trainmaster Baker, worn ragged by continuous trouble and expense, was inclined to agree with them. But Prairie Dog Coyne had a different view.

"Luck be darned!" he snorted. "That's the same old alibi. The bum in the gutter uses it. You'll have to get a better one, Mr. Baker."

"Mason always runs at night," the trainmaster suggested, "when there's little slide trouble."

Prairie Dog studied that one. "Why don't we run more trains at night?"

"We run trains when we can get them."

"Who said so? I'm boss of this division! If what you say is true we'll run most of our freight at night till the treacherous spring weather is over. In the meantime I want you to ride with Mason and observe how he handles his trains. He may have luck, but he's also got plenty of something else that we need on this division. Find out what it is."

The trainmaster gasped. Things had come to a queer state when he, the trainmaster, holding top seniority on the conductors' list, should be obliged to ride with one of the youngest conductors on the road to learn about railroading.

But of all persons—Moose Mason! That was the last straw! Baker sprang up to tell Prairie Dog he couldn't do it. But the superintendent was already going out of the door and wheeled for a last word.

"Start tonight, Mr. Baker. Ride Number Two and meet Mason coming down."

Prairie Dog stamped out, leaving the trainmaster alone with his latest grouch.

WHEN No. 2, with the trainmaster aboard, and pulled by the 5708, reached Opal Creek that night it was flagged by the section foreman. There

were six inches of freshet water running over the steel bridge.

Baker fumed and walked ahead with the conductor to examine the bridge. He was still peering into the dark water and prodding about with a stick when a freight train stopped at the end of the double track on the opposite side of the creek.

Presently lanterns bobbed as two men picked their way across the ties toward him. The two men were Conductor Mason and his brakeman, Jiggs Brown. Mason must have noticed the trainmaster, but he ignored him and headed for the spot where Buck Waters, the engineer, was standing with his torch.

"What's all the delay, Buck?" asked Moose above the roar of water.

Buck waved his torch toward the muddy water. "Just waiting for the boat to ferry us across," he called sourly.

The trainmaster turned back toward Opal.

Meanwhile Moose was studying the bridge, his eyes carefully examining the abutments. Finally he joined a group of trainmen who stood on the bank shaking their heads.

"That bridge is safe enough, Buck," he said. "There's no particular damage done, nothing's washed away, and the water's falling already. Let's get going!"

Buck laughed. "Why don't you tell that to the trainmaster?"

The others joined his laugh. They could afford to ignore the bull moose this time, with the trainmaster in charge.

He wheeled around. "Where's Baker?"

"Guess he's gone to wire for help," a brakeman suggested.

"Help!" exploded Moose. "What help can he get? That bridge is as safe as a church!"

"Yeah, so *you* say!" Buck Waters drawled. "You don't have to ride the head end and take the first dive!"

Moose strode into the night toward the waiting No. 2. Behind him he heard Buck growl: "These young efficiency experts give me a pain! They have a nickel's worth of sense and a dollar's worth of luck and think they can run the railroad!"

The crew had a good laugh at this, and then grouped closer to hear Buck's latest yarn, not bothering to notice that Conductor Mason's lantern went swinging straight toward the head end of No. 2.

Suddenly they heard the exhaust of an engine close behind them. They whirled about and Buck heard the bell of his 5708. He just had time to step out of the way of the moving locomotive.

As he glanced up at the lighted cab windows he saw outlined there the determined head of Moose Mason. The 5708 moved out onto the bridge, while the crew stared in amazement.

Right across the bridge the engine moved, paused, and then came back, to stop beside the silent group of trainmen. No. 2's fat conductor, "Balloon" Talbot, was with them now. He had tried in vain to catch the runaway engine.

Moose swung down. "You got orders to wait here, Talbot?" he asked. "'Cause if you have, I'm coming over. Maybe your passengers aren't in a hurry, but I've got some red-card stuff that this railroad promised to move."

Talbot looked uncertainly at his engineer. "No-o," he said, in a troubled voice. "We've got no definite orders to wait here. The T. M. went back to Opal without leaving any special instructions

one way or other. What say, Buck, want to go?"

"Say?" the engineer growled. "I say NO! I was flagged here for a B. O. bridge, and here I stay till I get orders the bridge is O. K. And another thing, what business have you to take charge of my engine, Mason?"

Moose forced a grin. "*Your* engine! I don't see your name on the side of it."

He turned abruptly to Conductor Talbot. "Seeing as your hogger needs a bit more coaxing, Talbot, I'll leave a flag here and fetch my drag over. If you'll back up about a car length we'll run around you through the siding."

To Jiggs Brown he said, "Hold everything here until we get over."

With that he started back across Opal Creek bridge. Ten minutes later the freight moved slowly across the flooded stream and headed through the passing track for No. 2.

Moose reported to the operator, ignored the puzzled trainmaster, and headed west with his train.

TRAINMASTER BAKER did not ride with Conductor Mason as the Super had ordered. Instead, he remained at Opal to watch flood conditions. When these got no worse he rode No. 5 back to Redrock to get a much needed rest.

However, Prairie Dog was waiting at the station and led him to the office. There Mr. Coyne tossed over a telegram sent by an irate passenger who had been seriously delayed on No. 2 the night before at Opal.

The message stated that but for the darn fool nerve of a freight conductor, No. 2 might have been stuck at Opal all night waiting for trouble that didn't exist. The passenger wanted to know what was the big idea.

Superintendent Coyne glared at Baker as he read the strongly-worded message.

"Is that information correct, Mr. Baker?" he demanded.

The trainmaster nodded. "I—I reckon it's about the case," he admitted lamely. "But I didn't feel I ought to take a chance with a train like Number Two."

Prairie Dog met his eyes squarely. "You know how to railroad, Mr. Baker, but you're afraid to. The trouble with you is, you're too old for your job," he added brutally.

Then he pressed a buzzer. A clerk appeared with a notebook in his hand. "Take a bulletin," Prairie Dog ordered and dictated the following:

To all concerned:
Effective immediately. Conductor Wm. Mason has been promoted to the position of Trainmaster, succeeding M. T. Baker who is resuming his position as conductor.
(Signed) K. S. COYNE,
Supt. Spiral Div.

"That's all, Harry!" the super said crisply to his clerk. "Post it at once and advise all agents by wire." Then, ignoring the stunned former trainmaster, he went on: "If Mr. Mason is waiting, send him in."

Slowly, heavily, old Mr. Baker rose to his feet, ran a shaking hand through his thick gray hair and looked appealingly at his superior. But Prairie Dog's cold face was already bent over his desk.

Baker turned and walked blindly to the door. In the hall he passed Moose Mason, garbed in a natty gray business suit with matching silk tie. Perhaps it was the older man's imagination, but he was sure that when Moose nodded there was an arrogant smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

THE new trainmaster, relentless as ever, seemed to be everywhere—dropping from one train to swing on another, smelling out heating journals or peering into cupolas, checking up on untidy or ill-ventilated coaches, and passing prompt criticism in his usual sarcastic manner. Muttered curses followed him, but even if he had heard them Moose would have gone serenely on his way.

Although discipline was seldom handed out, the men gave no credit to their new official for the smooth manner in which the division was running.

"Horseshoes!" they sneered. "Just fool luck! And that so-and-so wants to hog all the credit! Well, he'll get something different one of these days. It's a damn straight road that has no turn!"

Moose and Silver had gradually drifted apart. Since his promotion, Moose studiously avoided meeting the girl he had once expected to marry. However, a week later, Fate brought the two face to face outside the station building. The girl was carrying a new tin lunch kit for her father, who was now in charge of a work train ballasting a corner of the yard.

Silver stepped aside to pass on. Automatically Moose reached out his hand to welcome her. Then he remembered.

"I've been looking for an invitation, Miss Baker," he said with a mocking grin.

"What do you mean?" the girl asked.

Moose thrust his hands deep into side pockets. "Why, your father said I was to stay away from you till I got promoted to a real job. So I've been expecting you to send me your O. K. ever since they gave me a raise."

Silver flushed. "That wasn't very nice. First you work Dad out of a job and then you crow about it. I never thought you'd stoop so low. I don't want to see you ever again." She ran around him and out across the gravelled tracks.

For a long time Moose stood there, staring remorsefully across the river. All the hardness was gone—only lonely memories of Silver remained.

"So that's what she thinks of me!" he pondered. "And now I guess it's all over. Well, she's a great girl at that. I can't say I blame her."

Finally he pulled himself together and went back to work. But those who met the trainmaster noticed a change in him. The keen black eyes seemed dull. The swift, alert step was missing. The voice was no longer biting sharp. But he was easier to get along with, and more human.

LIKE a signal for the reverse of horseshoes, the streak of smooth running which the Spirals had enjoyed was abruptly ceased. Almost overnight the division was swamped with trouble.

The weeks of dry weather ended with a night of heavy rain, which in itself was enough to give nightmares to mountain officials. But when the steady downpour continued for two more days, there was not a man on the entire Spiral Division who was not worried and weary from fighting washouts and mud slides.

Old Mr. Baker, holding the work train for the next change of timecard, was on duty eighteen hours a day, rushing gravel to fill in the damage made by rampant waters. Trainmaster Mason worked a twenty-hour schedule, prodding his weary muscles with huge mugs of scalding coffee.

Now he passed his men with a mere

nod or a quiet word in place of his usual "bawling out." By the end of the second day of ceaseless battle along the river front, the men had developed a secret admiration for this youthful official who had handled the situation like a veteran.

One man alone remained cold to Moose Mason. That was Mr. M. T. Baker, ex-trainmaster. Baker was a good conductor and he chose to remain just that, curtly rebuffing any attempts Moose made to consult him.

"You're the trainmaster, young feller!" he said. "I'm just a scrub rail that does as he is told. You say the word and I'll dump this here whole train of navva jack in the river. I don't own a nickel's worth of it!"

Moose shrugged wearily and set out to find the roadmaster. Section men were jamming slashed brush into soft places where breaks had been made in the grade. The job was nearly finished. Rain seemed to be slackening off.

"Perhaps at last the worst was over," Moose sighed. He hadn't been able to locate the roadmaster, and had turned toward the cook car.

Suddenly from up the river he heard wild shouts that sent a chill through his huge frame. They came from a section gang on a hand car. Each man was pumping like mad with one hand and waving the other. Moose started on a run to meet them.

"Slide!" he heard. "Slide! The whole river's full of Mule Mountain! Run before you get washed to hell! *Run everybody!*"

The hand car was sailing past Moose. He reached out a strong arm and yanked off one of the gandy dancers.

"Where's the slide?" he snapped.

The man was almost speechless with excitement. "It's up—up there! Fish Point," he gasped. "Thuh whole mountain's in thuh river! River's almost dry—when she breaks she'll come down here an' clean out everything. Let me go, Mr. Mason! I hafta get my wife an' kids outa thuh shack."

MOOSE released the distraught figure and looked out at the river, now only a small stream. With a swift leap he headed for the work train engine.

"Hey, Mr. Baker!" he called. "Tug! Cut off and grab the outfit and shovel!"

Old Baker was the height of composure. "What'll you do with the outfit and shovel, young feller?" he drawled.

"Why, what do we do any other place—dig us out, of course!" Moose flung back. "What else could we do?"

"You might take the gang over here and push them off the cliff, or shoot 'em one by one," the ex-trainmaster said acidly. "It'd be easier and quicker and more human like."

Moose gulped. He was fighting to control his temper. "What would *you* suggest?"

"There's only one sensible thing to do, Mason," replied Mr. Baker, moving toward the engine. "Get everybody off the river level to higher ground. Tell the dispatcher to clear the valley below. We can take a load of men with us. Let's go, Tug!"

"Wait!" The trainmaster's hands gripped an arm of the gray-haired conductor. "You mean we can do nothing to head off the flood?"

"Against a jam like that?" Baker scoffed. "You'd only be throwin' lives away!"

Two arms thrust aside the veteran conductor and Moose was on the engine step. "O. K., then! Get go-

ing. Tell the op at the crossing to warn the valley immediately!"

Baker reached out and seized a foot of the huge official. "What are you goin' to do?"

"Never mind," was the reply. "I'm trainmaster here. You do as you're told!"

He tried to shake off the older man's grip. "Don't be a fool, Mason!" Baker pleaded. "You'll surely be killed."

"Who cares? It's my life!" With that Moose kicked free from Baker's grasp. Then he leaped into the cab and grabbed the air handle, throwing it to full release. A minute later the big engine pulled out with ten cars of gravel on her tail.

Tug Roper grabbed Baker's arm. "Come on! Let's get to higher ground. No use staying here to drown like rats!"

But the former trainmaster jerked free and motioned him on. "Go tell the rest of the boys," he said. "I'll come along later."

He didn't know why he stayed. There was nothing he could do. If that young fool insisted on suicide, let him go! He could still hear the words: "Who cares? It's my life." They stirred something in the old man's troubled breast.

What a pity that a big, strapping youth like Mason should hold his life so cheaply! "Who cares?" With a pang of regret he thought of his daughter Silver.

The last of those ten gravel cars was passing with all the speed the big decapod could wheel it, when Baker swung for the step and pulled himself to the end ladder. With his head just clear of the car he followed the movements of the one-man crew on the locomotive.

What did that fool intend to do? Why did he drag ten heavy loads of ballast five miles when he might travel twice as fast with a light engine?

Then Baker felt the jerk of air brakes. He saw Moose leap down and run toward a little powder shack, and then race back with a wooden box under each arm.

Dynamite! The headstrong young devil! Going to blow out that jam—or try to. But how could he himself escape?

THE train lurched ahead again. Old Baker kept his eyes glued over the tops of the ballast cars on the locomotive. They gathered speed. Black smoke belched from the stack. Presently, as the engine took a bend, he saw the big form of Moose Mason crawl along the running board with something under his arms.

Now Moose stopped. He was jamming the dynamite beneath the headlight in front of the smoke box! If that case on the running board should jiggle off. . . . Instinctively Baker edged toward the bottom step.

But the case did not jiggle off. And presently, with sweat beads on his forehead, the older man watched Moose run back into the cab. They were on level ground now and gaining speed rapidly.

Faster! Faster! Soon they'd hit a stretch of down grade, where the track left the canyon wall and struck across the flat of Sheep Creek toward the narrow gorge between Mule Mountain and Fish Point. If the section men were right, that should be where the jam was. Would Moose realize this in time to avoid a collision?

Silver's father shuddered to think what would happen when that dynamite was driven back into the hot

boiler tubes. There'd be little evidence left! He coughed and let out a tortured laugh.

"There'll be damn little left anyway, one way or the other!" he muttered. "And less of Moose Mason and me. Might just as well let the whole outfit blow the jam out. That'd save a lot of water goin' down the valley in one heap! I ought to go up ahead and tell him to do it."

Now the train rounded a sharp curve and came into an open space. Sheep Creek flat. Baker's eyes swept the valley ahead—the canyon, Mule Mountain, and Fish Point on the other side, with a black hole a hundred feet up the bank.

If only they had stayed on that other side, he reasoned vaguely, the train could have dodged into that old tunnel and escaped the big jam. With the upper end blocked these many years by an old slide it would be a safe retreat. Moose and he then would climb the Point and toss sticks of dynamite into the jam to break it up. What an idea! Baker started to climb over ahead to put it up to Moose.

Meanwhile, the gravel train was picking up speed on the short down grade. It was running straight across Sheep Creek flat at forty—then fifty—miles an hour! Heading straight for the jam in the canyon!

If that fool didn't stop her soon it'd be too late. He must be mad to run so close. As Baker turned to drop down the end ladder he glimpsed a bulky figure poise in the engine gangway and then leap out!

"My God, he's left me!" Baker wailed. "He's lettin' her ride for the jam. Now he'll try to run for the tunnel before the water breaks through! Come on, you old crack-brain! You're going, too!"

MOOSE MASON leaped straight out into the soft ballast, or so he thought. Old Baker, with forty years practice and bones too well set for heavy jars, eased himself to the bottom step and picked a landing. After picking himself up he found he was a few yards beyond where Moose was still lying.

When Baker reached the fallen man he saw the reason—a doubled foot and a red blotch on Moose's forehead. The reckless hero had found a rock instead of soft sand for his heavy bulk.

Up the railway, but a quarter of a mile from the mass of mud, trees and rock that formed an effective natural dam between Mule Mountain and Fish Point rushed a train of heavy ballast at fifty miles per hour, with two cases of dynamite wedged on the front end of the boiler!

The former trainmaster knew all this, without looking, by the sound of the locomotive exhaust. Ten minutes ago he had been resigned to Destiny, prepared to go out with Moose if the jam could be broken in time. Now, with swift death but a few seconds away, he wanted to live. He wanted to save Moose Mason for Silver. And, by Heaven, he'd do it—or go out trying!

THEY still talk about it down in the Blackwater Valley. That is, everyone but old M. T. Baker. Mr. Baker tried to forget how he heaved the two-hundred-pound weight on his sturdy back and staggered across the shallow water of the dammed river.

It still makes him shudder to think of the terrible explosion which almost jarred the feet from under him. But if you ask, he'll say that Fate took them in hand and roused Moose to consciousness so that he was able to hobble

on one foot and get clear of the water that was breaking through the dam and rushing down against the bank.

Moose Mason tells it somewhat differently. He says that his father-in-law seemed to have the strength of ten men, and all the time he kept muttering: "Call me an old man, will they? I'll show 'em!"

Over and over he repeated those words, until at last the two railroaders tumbled in a heap at the mouth of the tunnel. They landed clear of the rushing water that swept on down the valley, spending its force as it went until, at Redrock, it kept within its natural bounds.

Thus the town was saved at the expense of a locomotive and ten cars. Saved by the efforts of two rails who could forget their personal quarrel in time of stress.

That June there was a big wedding at Redrock. Trainmaster Moose Mason was the groom, while Assistant Superintendent Baker gave the bride away. All extra train service was suspended for the celebration.

Grouped on the platform where No. 3 was ready to leave for Vancouver and Seattle were Superintendent Coyne, Brakeman Jiggs Brown, Tug Roper, Buck Waters and the rest. After the ceremony, Baker turned to Prairie Dog with a big grin and said:

"Didn't I tell you that Moose Mason wears horseshoes—a whole chain of them—the lucky palooka!"

Setouts and Pickups

By W. F. KNAPKE

Boomer Engineer, Brakeman, Yardmaster, etc.

AMONG the many things vastly improved by the railroads since they were first used are torpedoes — "guns" or "caps" to the boys on the road. The first one I ever saw was crudely made of paper and sealing wax, with no means of fastening it to the rail. You laid it on the rail, slapped a little mud on it to make it stick if there happened to be any handy, and if there wasn't, you trusted to luck.

Then the railroads invented a new kind of tar-dipped torpedo. Through a hole in it a wooden peg had to be pushed into the opening of a rail joint. But since only one space in ten would match up with the peg, the idea wasn't so hot.

After that came the round, tin-box kind, with lead straps to clamp to the rail. Next the "turtle backs," much the same, but larger and rounder. Some of them had steel springs instead of lead straps. When one of these "wheel busters" exploded, hunks of tin and gravel were scattered for yards. After a number of men visited the company sawbones to have the débris removed from their anatomies the present fiber case was developed, and the gravel omitted from its contents. The new ones are just as loud, and they're a lot safer.

During the time of the steel spring variety, some unsung genius invented what was known as a torpedo fork. The device was much like a four-pronged pitch fork, with the space between prongs Nos. 1 and 2 and 3 and 4 a little wider than the head of the rail. To use it, you put a torpedo between Nos. 1 and 2 and also between 3 and 4. Then you reached over the rear caboose railing and let down the prongs so they straddled the rail. When the torpedo

hit the rail head, the springs were loosened by the impact and caught on the rail.

ONE of the few things in common use by railroads which does not have a nation-wide slang name is the fusee. Once in a while it is referred to as a " torch " or " candle," but they are rare. Moreover, fusees have undergone few changes. There used to be certain types, such as the " fifteen-minute," which burned red five, green five, and white five minutes (back in the days when green was caution and white meant clear). But, of course, they are no more. There also used to be the five-minute red fusee, for use on freight trains only (don't ask me why). Somewhat different was the type with a cap in its head, and which you banged head down on the rail to light it. This was fine unless the rail was wet, when you lit it with a match if you could. But outside of these freaks, fusees are about the same today as they always were.

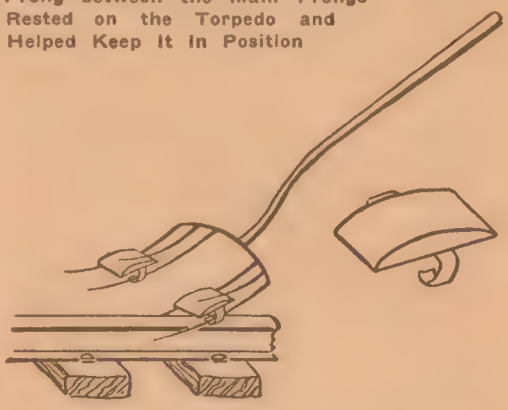
ONCE a crew overlooked their orders, two engines smacked each other on the nose, and the " big hook " came to pick up the pieces. Among the pieces was the tank of one engine, too damaged to proceed on its own trucks, with its flare board ripped along the seam joining it to water compartment. It was loaded on a flat car, but darkness had fallen by the time the wrecker was ready to return to the terminal, where, upon its arrival, the entire train was shoved on a track close to the back shop.

Later the same night a passenger train sped over the same track. The postal clerk was alert to catch the mail sack from its crane, and he swung out his catcher. Nothing on the crane.

" Doggone sleepy-headed postmaster," muttered the clerk, " wonder he wouldn't wake up and get on the job."

But when the second, third and succeeding cranes were passed and there were no mail sacks on any of them, the clerk got busy on the telegraph wire, and a little later operators were awakening track walkers and sending them out along the right-of-way, searching for the missing mail.

The Old Steel Spring, Turtle Back Torpedo, and the Fork for Placing It on the Rail. The Third Prong between the Main Prongs Rested on the Torpedo and Helped Keep It in Position



In spite of a diligent and continued search, the pouches were not found, and the mystery of the missing mail sacks bade fair to go down to posterity. But a couple of days later an employee passing between wall of back shop and wrecking train looked up, and there were the missing mail sacks, all nicely wedged between flare board and body of damaged engine tank. The flare board had evidently bent out from vibration, or was not noticed when it was loaded, and it stuck out enough to gather in the mail very neatly.

THE skeptical old-time hoghead had been inspecting one of the new streamlined trains, and was telling the fireman and brakeman about it. " Yes, siree," he said, "you never saw so many gadgets and thing-a-majigs in your life as that car has. But the thing that took my eye was a visular-auricular engineer's speedometer. From the time she starts, up to seventy-five miles an hour, a little light on the dashboard burns green. Then from seventy-five to ninety-five it shows yellow, and from ninety-five to one hundred and ten it goes to red. Over that a music box begins playing, ' Nearer, My God, to Thee! ' "

ONE of the old-time curses of the trainmen's lives is pretty much a thing of the past—the job of re-brassing hot boxes. With our present long-fibered wool waste

and more regular oiling of journals, there isn't one now when there were formerly twenty. And if it does become necessary to re-brass, seldom is there a call for an odd size. A few years back, to look in the caboose locker, where the brasses were kept, was like looking in a misplaced brass foundry.

At least fifteen to twenty sizes, sorts and shapes were carried to fit the many different journals in use. Some of them would look very queer nowadays. There was the "rocker" brass, which had a rounded back, but a grooved ridge or "saddle" crosswise in the center. And the wedge was a flat plate, with a rib projecting down. The rib rode in the groove on top of the brass, and thus centralized the weight, so one end of brass would not have undue pressure. The "emergency" brass was designed to fit any journal. It was a square block, one side of which was partially curved, and it was so soft it would quickly wear to a bearing regardless of the journal diameter. There were many, many more, and the job of putting any of 'em in was and is a pain where it hurts most.

THERE are a lot of hand and lantern signals printed in the Book of Rules, but there are a lot more which aren't. These are the unofficial signals or "signs" of railroad men, but I'll bet they're used as much, on the whole, as the official ones. Sometimes signals may mean one thing in a certain section of the country, and another in a distant part; but as a rule practically all railroad men understand the "signs" of his brothers in other quarters. Here are a *few* of those in general use:

Track "Signs"

One: One arm, with clenched fist, thrust straight up and held momentarily motionless.

Two: Both arms, held same as for one.

Three: Both arms up, half lowered; one continues down, while the other is again thrust up.

Four: One arm up, fingers spread but thumb clasped in fist of other hand.

Five: One arm up, fingers and thumb spread apart, and hand given a slight forward motion.

Six: One arm up, fingers spread, suddenly closed to a fist, but with thumb left extended and turned up.

Seven: Motion with hand, as though shaking dice. Some use the "sign" for five, followed by two pats on the palm of the extended hand with the other hand.

Eight: Both arms akimbo.

Nine: Movement parallel to, and with fingers pointing toward hat brim. Sometimes, combination of 4 and 5.

Ten: Two circles with hand, right angle to line of vision.

Above ten: Local usage usually varies.

Main track: Straight line drawn down the body, from chin to belt. Also, right arm bent, with elbow out, and elbow patted with left hand.

Siding or passing track: Both hands with fingers extended, one rubbing the other briskly from wrist to finger tips. Sometimes, the bent arm, as used in other localities for "main track."

House track: Both arms up, over head, finger tips touching, forming an inverted V.

Corral or stock track: Thumb of one hand placed to ear, fingers extended.

Scale: Both arms out, about chest high, hands raised and lowered alternately.

Rip: One clenched fist hammered on by other fist.

Caboose: Right ribs scratched with right hand (very suggestive).

"Signs" Designating Articles and Movements

Air hose: One foot raised, both hands lowered, movement made as though pulling on a stocking.

Car chain: A figure 8, made with hat or cap, close to and parallel with ground.

Head in: Forehead or top of head tapped by fingers.

Back in: Back of one hand tapped by other hand, or small of back patted with hand.

Shove: Both hands palms foremost, as though shoving something.

Pull: One or both hands out and motion made as if dragging something to you.

Some of the "Signs" of Railroad Men, Which, Though Unofficial, Have Saved Plenty of "Company" Time

Take water: One fist raised to lips, as if holding glass and drinking.

Eat: Both hands clenched (thumbs extended) and moved alternatingly toward lips.

Cut off (uncouple): Correct way, one fist closed, thumb up, and motion made with other hand as though plucking something from fist. Usually made by holding left hand out still and giving other hand a quick upward flick past it.

Wait, or "go on the spot": (Oh blessed sign, seldom given this day and age!) Same as "eat," only with thumbs down. (Which explains the name of this magazine's "On the Spot" Department.)

Load or unload freight: Pat shoulder with hand.

Hot box: Nose held with fingers.

Sliding wheel: One hand held, palm up; fingers of other hand (turned down) slid on it from wrist to fingers.

Clear: Both hands to front, fingers down, and hands moved from side to side.

Drop, or flying switch: Usually, both arms bent at elbow, and movement made with arms as if trying to fly.

Crossing: Both arms crossed, X fashion, in front of body.

Coupling: Clenched fist of one hand inserted in the other half-open hand.

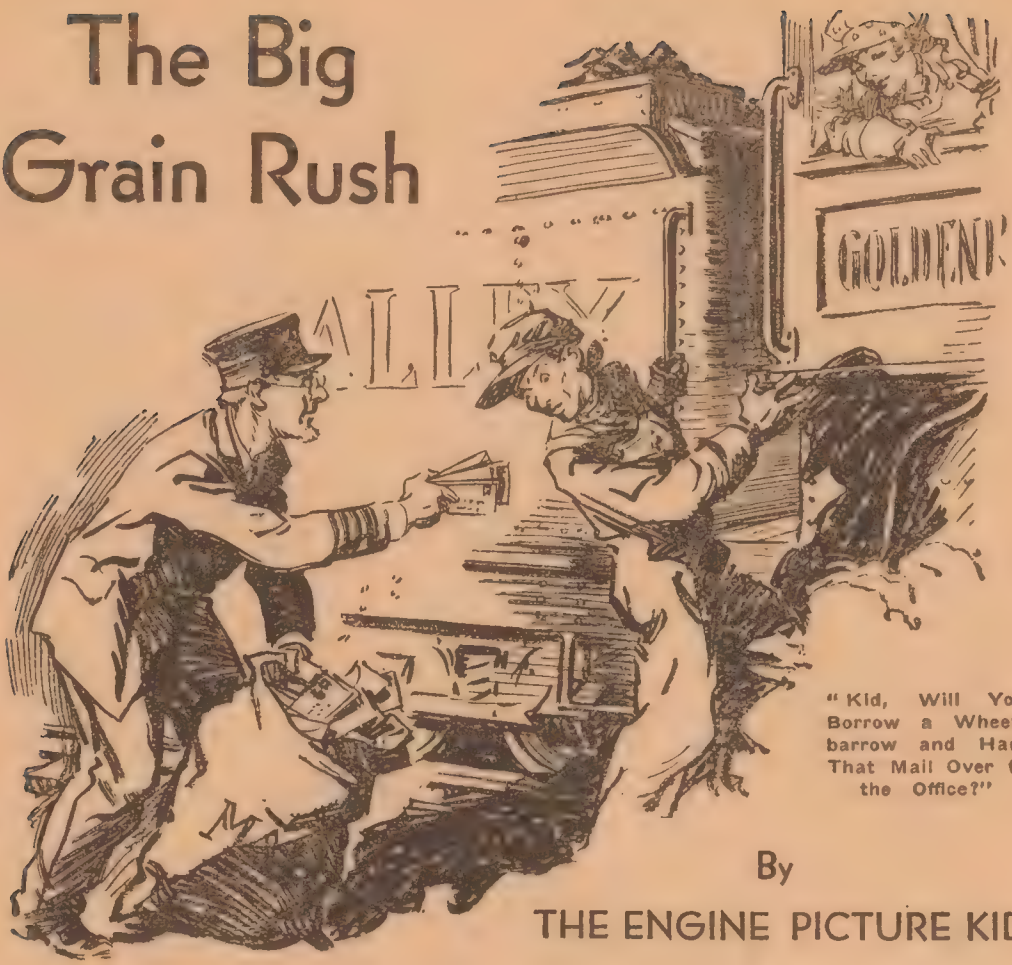
PROBABLY the most dangerous duty of the old-time switchman or trainmen was to make a link-and-pin coupling between a Miller Hook and a Janney knuckle. The Miller Hook was used only on passenger equipment. It was shaped much like an overgrown knitting needle, flattened top and bottom, with the hook turned to the right, and pivoted at the rear and held in the center line of the car by two coil springs. A long lever was fastened to the platform and sill, and notches were arranged on the hand rail. The bottom end of this lever was connected to the drawbar with a chain.

To uncouple, the lever was pulled toward the center of the car, which moved the coupler from the line of engagement. This freedom of movement made it particularly dangerous to put the link in the small slot provided in the end of the hook. The Janney knuckle, of course, had a slot for the link. Any sort of an impact in coupling would throw the hook either toward or away from the person doing the coupling, and he had an excellent chance of having his hand not so neatly amputated at the wrist. To help things along, he would have to stoop under the platform of the passenger car; otherwise there was a grand opportunity to be smashed into hamburger.

Photo by G. O. Boothby, 19 Melbourne Ave., Portland, Me.

No. 4100, First of Five New Boston & Maine Mountain Types Completed Recently by Baldwin. They Have 28x31 Cylinders, 240 Lbs. Pressure, 73-Inch Drivers, Weigh 416,100 Lbs. without Tender, Exert 67,000 Lbs. T. F.

The Big Grain Rush



"Kid, Will You Borrow a Wheelbarrow and Haul That Mail Over to the Office?"

By THE ENGINE PICTURE KID

GOLDENROD is seated at the throttle of the old Baldwin eight-wheeler and I'm just climbing into the cab to toss the black diamonds for another run from Plainview to Valley Park, when I hear a police whistle.

Goldenrod looks at me suspiciously. "What have you been doing now, Kid?" she says.

"Nothing," I says to my fiancée, who is the daughter of Mr. Hardshell Higgins.

"Why, that's the postman!"

Goldenrod tosses her head of all-burn curls with a light smile as the mail carrier waddles toward us with an overloaded mailbag.

"Wonder who's been writing a flock of letters?" she goes on, thinking out loud. "It's not Valentine's Day, and it's not anybody's birthday that I know of." She fixes her pretty blue eyes on me. "Maybe you've listed your name again in the International Engine Picture Club?"

"No, I ain't," I says, "but I guess you've been sending out some chain letters."

Goldenrod is about to reply when the postman finally reaches us.

"Are you The Engine Picture Kid?" he says, mopping his brow, because it is

a warm day, even in early morning in the Saskatchewan prairie country.

"Yes," I says proudly, "and this is Goldenrod Higgins. Her father is an ex-boomer hogger and sole owner of the three-and-a-half mile Happy Valley Line."

"I thought so," says the mail carrier. "I'm new on this route, but I've been reading plenty about you in the RAILROAD STORIES magazine."

"Did you read the announcement in the June issue where it says that Goldenrod and I want to go booming again?" I ask him.

"Sure," says the mail carrier. "And now you're getting so much correspondence that the Post Office had to put me on this route extra."

He started to unload a big wad of mail onto the deck of the Happy Valley's No. 1 and only jack. It consists of letters and postal cards and engine picture views.

"There's a lot of people want you two to visit them," says the mail carrier good-humoredly.

"How do *you* know?" Goldenrod cuts in.

"I been reading the postcards," the mail carrier apologizes. "That's what kept me so late."

"Well, we're late ourselves," snaps Goldenrod. "Kid, will you borrow a wheelbarrow and cart that mail over to the office? We'll have a swell time reading it when we get back from the run."

BUT many weary hours pass before we get a chance to dig into that pile of letters. The annual grain rush has things humming on the H. V. like the road was trying to handle all the traffic out of Chicago on a single pair of rails. Yards, tracks, and sidings are jammed with grain cars.

The old eight-wheeler steps briskly along. Since early morning Goldenrod and me has been wheeling empties down to the co-op grain elevator at Valley Park and snaking loaded cars back up to the Junction, where the Canadian Pacific picks them up and hauls them East.

It's been a long hot day. The sun has gone down behind the wheat fields—at last—bringing the cool refreshing breezes of night. Field mice are playing around the "stooks" of grain, silvered by the moonlight.

Goldenrod's slim shoulders sag just a trifle as she jerks the Johnson bar up another notch. Her gaze is fastened on the headlight beam, watching the twin streaks of steel flow under the pilot. Overhead the harvest moon floats in the sky like a great pale yellow disk. Me, I'm whistling "It's Lamp-Lightin' Time in the Valley," that I hear so much on the radio.

Goldenrod glances at the water gage. "It kind of gets you—railroading on a night like this—doesn't it, Kid?" she says.

"Uh-huh," I says, getting sentimental myself because I am engaged to Goldenrod, which is why I am firing for her on a home-guard pike instead of booming around like I used to do. Love, I guess, is like being seasick. You gotta give up something to make you feel better.

Even at that, we're both longing for the open trail again. We like the Happy Valley Line all right, but—you know how boomers are.

"Kid," says Goldenrod, "whatever the future has in store for railroads, it can never take away the glamour and glory of steam that has been the heritage of every real rail since the days of diamond stacks and link-and-pin couplings."

"That's right," I says. "And whatever the future has in store for us, Goldenrod, I'll always be a member of the International Engine Picture Club."

Goldenrod squints at me kind of funny and laughs. "I'm sure you will," she says, leaning out the cab window to look at the fields of waving grain that Saskatchewan is famous for.

The next instant her back goes suddenly rigid. Her left hand grabs for the air. "Look out!" she yells, and she wipes the clock.

Brakes locked, drivers screaming their protest at the sudden stop, the old teakettle gives a couple of bucks that would have been a credit to any rodeo. She halts with a jerk that sends Goldenrod and me sprawling on the floorplates.

"Did—did we hit the silly thing?" gasps Goldenrod. "What was it, anyhow?"

A few yards ahead of the pilot and in the glare of our headlight a badly frightened animal crosses the track and vanishes into a clump of dark bushes on the right-of-way.

"I dunno," I says. "It looks like a porcupine. But we didn't hit him."

"I'm glad—we didn't—"

Goldenrod is sitting up on the floorplates, grasping her right wrist.

"Gosh," I says, running over and lifting her up to the right hand seatbox. "Are you hurt, Goldenrod?"

"No," she claims, through tightly clenched lips. "Not badly. It's—this darned wrist. I fell on it."

Goldenrod cannot wrestle with a throttle, so I wheel the jack into Valley Park. If she wasn't hurt it would of been a thrill for me to sit at the throttle and watch the flowing rails glint in the moonlight.

As we drift into the grain elevator siding, Jerry Higgins barks: "Where in blazes you youngsters been?"

"Goldenrod's hurt," I says to Jerry, who is Hardshell's brother, besides being the freight conductor. "Bring out the first-aid kit that is in the crummy."

Uncle Jerry don't ask another question. He streaks for the doghouse, while I help Goldenrod out of the cab. She tries to say we are making a lot of fuss over nothing, because old Uncle Jerry insists that she lie down on his bunk.

"It would happen at a time like this," she says, trying to smile. "Just when Dad is doing more business on the H. V. than he ever did since he bought the pike."

Uncle Jerry feels her arm for broken bones before he starts applying liniment and bandaging up Goldenrod's wrist. In the excitement we forget all about the stack of mail that the postman brought this morning.

"Nothing busted," he says, "but you got a nasty sprain. What happened?"

"Well," I says, "Goldenrod and me was both in the cab and there was a porcupine or something on the track."

"Yeah, I heard that one before," says Uncle Jerry. "And the next day it rained. Lemme tell you somethin', son. One-armed drivin' just don't go. Remember that sign what used to be pasted all over every railroad yard in the country: *Infernal vigilance is the price of safety.* I been young myself once, but a locomotive runnin' light ain't no place for sparkin' between members of the opposite sects."

"We weren't sparking," Goldenrod denies hotly.

"Well, anyhow," says Uncle Jerry, "Hardshell is gonna throw a fit. There ain't even a second cousin of the family

nearer than Rusk, Texas, he can get to come here engine-drivin' while you're on the sick list, Goldie. An' you know your old man. He'd let the road lie idle before he'd hire a rail that wasn't a relative to work on the Happy Valley. He's a little nuts that way."

UNCLE JERRY is wrong. I don't mean about Hardshell being nuts. Jerry has known his brother for a long time; and while, of course, I wouldn't say Goldenrod's father was daffy, most likely Jerry speaks from experience.

But the freight con makes a mistake about Hardshell having a fit. I am surprised myself, because my future father-in-law is a man who ordinarily explodes as easy as a can of nitroglycerine, only with more violence.

Next morning when I am in the office Hardshell is not cussing and swearing like he frequently does. Instead there is a big grin on his face as he reaches for the dusty overalls in the bottom drawer of his big mahogany desk.

"It'll feel good to get 'em on again," he says. "Bein' president of a railroad is a very nerve-rackin' callin'."

The old hogger actually seems happy. He starts rummaging in his desk and finally produces his battered, black metal dinner pail.

"You and me'll carry on," he says, jabbing me in the ribs with his thumb. "By lightnin', we'll roll that grain out of here."

Just then Goldenrod comes in, all togged out in a dainty summer dress instead of being in her usual working dungarees. It kind of takes my breath away, her being so beautiful and all, with her all-burn hair framing a prettier face than was ever seen on a magazine cover. Of course her wrist is still bandaged, and her face is a little pale.

"Okay, Dad," she says, going over to the desk, and sitting down in Hardshell's chair. "I'll check those loadings of revenue freight this morning, go over our coal consumption figures per ton mile, figure out the summary of financial results for the past fiscal year and draw up an estimate of our operating efficiency."

"Yeah, you do that," says Hardshell. "Me, I'm goin' out and haul some freight." He starts for the door, and pauses to call back, "If anybody asks for me tell 'em you're handlin' all executive details of the Happy Valley while the president is—er, taking a vacation. That's all, Goldie."

"Miss Higgins to you, hogger," says Goldenrod with mock solemnity. "Oh, there's the postman!" she exclaims. "Which reminds me—"

SHE digs up yesterday's mail—a big pile of it—and we start reading what the fans have to say. Lots of them want us to visit their home town. One is from Goldenrod's second cousin, W. D. Sherman, of Rusk, Texas. Another is from H. W. Saler, president of the Brooklyn Railroad Club, down in New York City.

Linwood W. Moody, who's writing an article on the narrow-gage roads of Maine, invites us to work on the old Sandy River Line. It's America's longest two-foot-gage pike, and he says it has been finally sold for junk.

G. M. Crockett, of Guilford, Maine, also wants us to visit the Pine Tree State. He even sent up some nice pictures. Arnold E. Snow offers us the hospitality of Greenfield, Mass.

But of course we can't go everywhere. W. H. Murray and Albert G. King and E. C. Huffsmith, an old-time boomer, are asking us to California. James N. Richardson writes: "Come out to Reno, Nevada, and get married."

"Huh?" Goldenrod laughs when she reads that one. "Jimmy seems to be a little mixed," she says. "People never go to Reno to get married—they go to Reno to get *un*-married."

"Here's a letter from Herman Fredericks," I says. "He wants us to visit Philadelphia." Hastily I paw through the mail. "Dr. A. R. Bacon and John Gressit want us in Chicago—and Ray Hopkins says come to Detroit—and Carleton Northrup wants us in Poughkeepsie—and Melvin Bentz of Syracuse—"

"Yeah," says Goldenrod. "A. Leslie Miller thinks we ought to visit the *State* of Washington, while Lloyd Munro bids for the *City* of Washington, D. C."

I'm just grabbing for a letter postmarked Nebo, Ky., signed R. H. Buchanan, when I look at the clock. It's time for the 8.40 local to be highballing to Valley Park.

"I'll have to read the rest of these letters later," says I, snatching a kiss from Goldenrod and dashing madly over to the yards.

BUT instead of being seated in the cab, waiting to bawl me out for being late, Mr. Higgins is still puttering around with his long-necked oilcan and arguing with Uncle Jerry. There's a regular blue haze above both men, from the kind of language they are using.

"All right, lunkhead, have it your way," rasps Jerry. "You own the pike. But I still say it ain't railroadin'."

"It is!" thunders Hardshell. "If you hadn't spent all your life sleepin' in a doghouse you'd recognize it as smart railroadin'—a masterpiece of executive ability."

"So, all day long, the crummy stays down at Valley Park—bah!" Jerry spits viciously at a grasshopper which is rubbing its legs together on the end of a tie. He misses, but the grasshopper clears the yard in two jumps.

"You wait at Valley Park until I take the last cut up to the Junction," barks Hardshell. "Then I come back an' pick up the rest of the train."

He stops me as I am climbing into the cab. "Kid," he says, "maybe you can explain to this dim-wit, sawed-off, hammer-headed brother of mine that I know what I'm talkin' about when I declare that the Grain Special this mornin' is going to be made up of *a hundred an' twenty cars!*"

"Einstein couldn't explain it," Jerry retorts.

I must say I am puzzled myself, because it sounds to me as if Goldenrod's father has gone off his trolley trying to haul a hundred and twenty loaded grain cars in one train with the old eight-wheeler he's got for motive power.

"Well," I says, "I don't see how—"

"Another dumb dodo!" Hardshell interrupts, slapping his oilcan down on the cab floorplates. "Listen, you two crackpots. You're supposed to be railroad men, both of you. Didn't you ever hear of a freight doublin' a hill?"

"Sure," I says. "When a drag's too heavy for a jack to haul up a grade you gotta take it up in two pieces. Make a cut, take that up, then double back for the rest of the train."

"Exactly," says Hardshell. "An' it's still on the timecard as one train, ain't it?"

"Certainly," Jerry butts in, "but there ain't no grades on the H. V."

"I don't need any," says Hardshell wearily. "Today we're haulin' a Grain Special of a hundred an' twenty cars on the H. V. I ain't gonna let them big roads get away with all the records for long grain trains. Of course, the hog I got won't haul them all at once. We're

gonna make six cuts out of it, takin' it down to the Junction."

"It's a good idea," I says, because while Uncle Jerry will be in the caboose most of the time, I will have to be right along with Hardshell on the front end.

"Of course it is," storms Hardshell. "I don't have no other kind. Besides, it makes it easier for the dispatcher's office. Just one train to bother with. Also it simplifies the bookkeepin' an' we don't have to lug that darned old crummy of Jerry's up an' down the line all day."

He beams, brushes me aside and climbs briskly into the cab.

"Kid, if I do say it myself, sometimes I think I ought to be president of the Illinois Central."

"Yeah," growls Jerry, "an' sometimes I think you ought to be president of the bughouse."

ANYHOW, that's the way we wheel the loaded grain cars from Valley Park up to the Junction, taking them in twenty car cuts. It gives me an idea, a new camera angle on railroading on the Happy Valley.

I figure that a permanent record—a picture record which don't lie—ought to be made of the H. V.'s Grain Special for posterity; and also to give Goldenrod as a present on account of her sprained wrist, because she is a sensible girl who would prefer a railroad picture to, say, a box of gumdrops which would maybe appeal to some dizzy blonde.

So I drag out my movie camera at Valley Park and shoot the engine and first cut as we pull out of the elevator siding. When we come back, light, for the next string of cars, I shoot the second cut. Only, of course, I don't include the locomotive in the picture again. Just the moving freight cars.

I keep on shooting these cuts until we come to the end of the train. This time I let the camera grind until the caboose has crossed the lens, with old Uncle Jerry sucking on his corncob pipe and sulking on the rear platform.

Twenty loaded grain cars being about all the H. V. jack can haul, I don't have no trouble catching onto a grab-iron and climbing over the decks back to the engine cab after I shoot the various cuts.

I figure when the reel is thrown on the silver screen it will show the Happy Valley's great Grain Special as a single hundred-and-twenty car train, just like it is down on the timecard and on Jerry's wheel reports.

Hardshell laughs and calculates it will be the best railroad shot I have ever taken with my movie camera. Mr. Higgins, being a camera fiend himself like me, I appreciate his kind words. But he seems to be worried about something, and finally he says:

"The trouble is, Kid, the H. V. is carryin' some mighty heavy mortgages an' bank loans. When times were punk the banks were mighty easy on me. They didn't want the road nohow, figured it wasn't good for nothin'.

"Now that I've pulled the pike out of the hole, and the H. V. is a goin' concern, some of these money lenders are circlin' around like vultures. They know the road'll have money soon. But they ain't grantin' any time extensions. They want their pound of flesh, an' my life's blood as well—blast 'em!"

"Yeah, that's what I say," I put in. "Blast 'em!"

"Shut up," says Hardshell. "Don't interrupt. A group of these skinflints has got together to foreclose on me. It ain't the money they want. It's control of the road—my railroad."

"Gosh!" I says. "What are you going to do, Mr. Higgins?"

Hardshell shakes his head. "Darned if I know. There's a big shot from Chicago promised to come up an' see me. If the H. V. looks sound to him he'll loan me the money."

"Well, well, Mr. Higgins," I says. "It's a funny world, ain't it? Shall I run this engine over to the turntable for you?"

"Yes, do," says Hardshell. "We're through for the day. I'm goin' up to the office an' see how Goldenrod is gettin' along."

Of course I'd just as soon Hardshell put the jack to bed himself and I would see how Goldenrod was getting along and read some more of them letters, but I do not make this suggestion.

IT is the end of the week before I get my reel of the H. V.'s Grain Special developed and ready to give to Goldenrod. Her wrist is much better now, but she is still holding down the job of acting president of the Happy Valley while her dad does the engine-driving for the road. The old man seems to worry more and more each day because this financier bird from Chicago ain't showed up.

The only time his cares slip from his shoulders is when he is sitting on the right-hand seatbox, pounding the old Baldwin down the main line, with me feeding the firebox.

Saturday afternoon the film is ready, and I bust into Goldenrod's office. A smartly-tailored egg who looks like he might be a fashion dummy is in there talking to her. But that don't disturb me, as every good-looking man I ever seen likes to talk to Goldenrod, and also a lot that is not so handsome.

"I got a present for you, Goldenrod," I says. "I shot it myself."

"Not a rabbit?" says Goldenrod, smiling at her visitor.

"No," I says, "it ain't a rabbit. I shot it with my camera. Moving pictures of your dad's Grain Special."

Goldenrod's eyes light up.

"Swell!" she says. "The projection machine and the screen is over there in the closet. We'll run it off right now. I'm sure Mr. Frank Johnson will be interested." She turns to this other bird. "Mr. Johnson, will you please pull down the shades? The Engine Picture Kid has just brought in a moving-picture which shows how the H. V. handles a grain rush."

As she starts hustling me over to the closet, I have a sudden sinking feeling in my stomach.

"Is—is that the financier from Chicago?" I ask her.

"Yep," she says gaily. "He's in a hurry to get back, too. Been waiting for Dad. The picture will be better than a million words in showing him how the H. V. can wheel freight."

"But, Goldenrod," I says, feeling a little pale around the gills. "This is a—say, you can't—"

"Nonsense," says Goldenrod.

Of course, what I'm trying to tell her is that it's a trick shot and that Mr. Johnson will either think the Happy Valley is a bunch of crooks or are trying to kid him when he sees an ancient teakettle that ought to be retired for old age years ago hauling a hundred and twenty cars of grain. It will queer Hardshell's deal for sure.

"Snap into it, Kid," says Goldenrod, as I set up the projection machine.

I manage to get her over near me. "Goldenrod," I says in a hoarse whisper, "does that Johnson fellow know anything about railroading?"

"I doubt it," she says. "Did you ever know a banker who did?"

"No," I says, "I never even knew a banker. But this picture—gosh, it'll—"

Goldenrod and Mr. Johnson have pulled their chairs close together. She snaps down the last window shade, darkening the office, and orders me to start the film.

AS the reel unwinds I can hear this Johnson guy give a couple of exclamations.

"Marvelous!" he says as he sees the Happy Valley's jack, with Goldenrod's name on the cab and cretonne curtains and potted geraniums in the cab window, puff away from Valley Park dragging a string of grain cars.

"My word!" he says later, and then, "Good grief!" when the grain cars are still rolling by.

I am very glad the room is darkened because I can just about feel how red Goldenrod's face must be. She don't say a word. It seems to me like that film will never get to Jerry and his crummy. Nothing but grain cars rolling past, one after the other. Finally I come to the end.

"Run it over again, slowly," says Johnson. "I want to count those cars. Wonderful, amazing railroading!"

Just then the office door opens and Mr. Higgins comes in.

"Right in time for the show, eh?" he says to Goldenrod, not knowing that Mr. Johnson is in the office, too. "How did the moving picture come out?"

Goldenrod, however, ain't going to have that picture shown twice. She lets the window shades up. Hardshell sees Mr. Johnson. They shake hands.

"I've just seen that extraordinary Grain Special of the Happy Valley, Mr. Higgins," he says. "You are certainly to be congratulated on masterly railroading. I don't think there will be any doubt about negotiating those notes."

Hardshell beams. "I ain't seen the picture myself yet," he says. "But we've sure been wheelin' wheat on the H. V."

"Indeed you have," says Johnson.

Right there Goldenrod steps forward.

"Mr. Johnson," she says slowly, "I'm—I'm afraid Dad doesn't understand. That picture is—just a trick shot. The Happy Valley couldn't possibly haul a hundred and twenty grain cars in one train with its present motive power. I—" She manages to smile. "I—I had to tell you, Mr. Johnson. Because I—we—Dad and I, didn't mean to misrepresent conditions." She tilts her chin proudly. "The Happy Valley is not in the habit of using wilful trickery in its business dealings."

Hardshell don't get what it is all about until Goldenrod explains. Then he says, "I'm sorry that picture gave you the wrong impression of our tonnage hauling capacity, but I've got figures to show—that is, if you are still interested, Mr. Johnson."

"Never mind the figures," says Mr. Johnson. "I haven't the time now. Must get back to Chi." At the door he turns. "But of course, Higgins," he says, "my offer still stands."

"Still stands!" gasps Hardshell.

"On one condition," says Mr. Johnson. "That you let me have that movie reel to take back with me. I want to show the boys in the club some real railroading."

"Certainly," says Goldenrod and Mr. Higgins in one breath.

"I used to be a rail myself," continued Mr. Johnson, with a twinkle. "That's why I got such a kick out of the picture. But a feeder line that handles grain like the H. V.—I got the figures from the C. P. before I came

up, Mr. Higgins—and is smart enough to make a clever picture out of it is entitled to the use of my money."

NOW that the movie is a success, and the Happy Valley Line is saved, and the big grain rush is well taken care of, and Goldenrod's wrist is O. K., me and her is going to leave Saskatchewan and go booming again.

We've already read some of them letters from the railroad fans inviting us to various home towns. And there's other letters we ain't read yet. So we got plenty places to go. Me and Goldenrod will meet some of the fans in person; and I will write stories about them, beginning with the September issue.

Meantime, if any other readers want to horn in on this, all they got to do is send me a letter in care of the Editor of RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City.

Well, I am very glad indeed that things turn out the way they do. However, I will either have to make another railroad movie for Goldenrod or else give her a box of them gumdrops after all.

The Sunny Side of the Track

ANYTHING TO OBLIGE

NORTH of St. Louis on the Burlington Route, Train No. 15 made a five-minute stop at Elsberry, Mo. A distinguished gentleman called out to a small boy standing on the platform:

"Son, here is fifty cents. Get me a twenty-five cent combination sandwich, and one for yourself. Hurry; I'm starved."

A minute later, the train was slowly pulling out when the boy ran up to the window yelling: "Here's your quarter, mister. They only had one sandwich!"— Melvin Shouse, Waterloo, Ill.

* * *

HARRISON-FISH FEUD

ON November 7, 1906, Stuyvesant Fish was ousted from the Illinois Central presidency by that shrewd railroad genius, E. H. Harriman. Behind this move was a feud of years' standing. Mrs. Fish, who was virtual dictator of "the 400" (meaning the "best families" in society), had taken a dislike to Harriman and blocked all efforts he and his family made to climb the New York social ladder.

When Harriman realized he could do nothing against the opposition of Mrs. Fish, it is said that he decided to attack the lady through her husband. Stuyvesant Fish was, of course, proud of his position on the Illinois Central, to which he worked up from office clerk.

Harriman knew this, and secretly bought up millions of dollars worth of I. C. stock. Then he went to a meeting of stockholders that November day and made his coup d'etat, forcing out the society dictator's husband and electing J. T. Harahan in his place. This move broke Fish's spirit and apparently gratified Harriman's desire for revenge.

* * *

"THE PUBLIC BE DAMNED!"

THE author of the above classic expression was Commodore Vanderbilt, big boss of the New York Central. One evening in 1882 Vanderbilt was eating dinner in his private car in the Michigan Central yards at Chicago, when a free-lance reporter burst in, saying: "I'd like an interview, Mr. Vanderbilt."

The Commodore controlled himself and said: "Can't you see I'm busy just now? Wait until I've finished dinner—"

"You don't understand, sir," the journalist cut in. "I have a deadline to make. The public—"

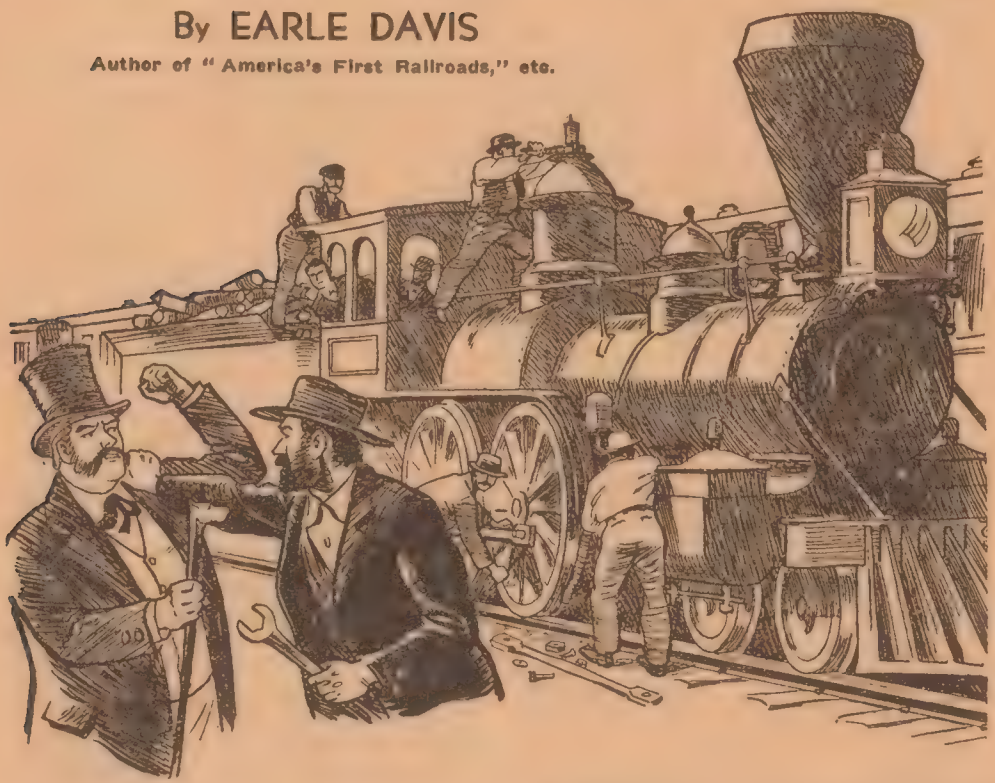
This inconsiderate statement broke the Commodore's patience and he responded crustily: "The public be damned! Get out of this car!"

The young man obeyed with alacrity, but his story was later printed in the Chicago Tribune and then all over the country.

The First Railroad Strike

By EARLE DAVIS

Author of "America's First Railroads," etc.



IN the railroad labor movement two important dates stand out. One is September 2, 1916, when the Adamson eight-hour bill became a law. This occurred a few months before the United States was drawn into the World War, when industry was working overtime to supply munitions for the war gods of Europe, when man-power was at a premium, and when the great Railroad Brotherhoods of North America were at the peak of their power.

Less widely known are certain events which occurred on March 15, 1855. That was the date of the first organized railroad strike in America, possibly the first in the world.

It happened on a sixty-one-mile line in New England, locally known as the Boston & Thompson Railroad (now the Southbridge Branch of the New Haven).*

The road had thirteen passenger coaches on that blustery day in March eighty years ago, and all thirteen were coupled onto an old wood-burning locomotive that stood, snorting and puffing, at the little depot of Thompson, in the northeastern corner of Connecticut, making what was then the longest passenger train ever seen in New England.

** To get the history of that road would require weeks of historical research. Even the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc., with headquarters in Boston, has very little data on it. Not even its corporate name is known today.*

The Strikers Did All They Could To Keep the Railroad from Operating

Aboard that train were several hundred men, mostly employees of the road. She pulled out of Thompson at 8 A.M. for a triumphal run to Boston. Stops were made at every section house and station between Thompson and Blackstone — which is thirty-six and a half miles from Boston—and at every stop more railroad men were taken on—station agents, trainmen and section hands.

On, on rolled this unusual train, gathering strength like a snowball headed down hill. No such train had ever run before. Farmers stopped their work to gape at it. Mechanics, blacksmiths, merchants and housewives rushed to doors and windows, aroused by the constant tolling of the locomotive bell, the repeated shrieks of her whistle and the roar of her exhaust.

The whole countryside became aware that something unusual was happening.

In the cab of the wood-burner sat Engineer Harry Little and Fireman Tom McBride, having the time of their lives. Back in the coaches was a picked train crew headed by Conductor Bill Floyd, the Paul Revere of 1855. His "cry of alarm" was the din of

the locomotive, a previously arranged signal that summoned all good railroad men along the line to get on board the special train.

Before they reached Blackstone, Conductor Floyd and his ticket-collecting brakeman had obtained about sixteen dollars in cash fares from the passengers. With this money they purchased a load of cordwood from a farmer at a crossroads, enough fuel to carry them into Boston, where the business offices of the Boston & Thompson Railroad were located.

There was no dearth of willing hands and strong backs on that train. Soon all the wood had been neatly stacked in the tender, and the special was wheeling into Blackstone.

At Blackstone, however, the excursionists met their first obstacle. A portly gentleman, having iron-gray hair and a florid face, a high beaver hat and a stout hickory cane with one end carved into the shape of a dog's head, was waiting impatiently at the depot. His name was Welcome Farnum. He was a mill owner of Blackstone as well as president and chief stockholder of the railroad company.

His first words of greeting belied his Christian name "Welcome." Seeking the conductor, he demanded:

"What the devil does this mean? Why are you hauling all these extra coaches? And why are all these men going into Boston?"

BILL FLOYD was a rawboned woodsman from Maine and not easily intimidated. Fixing on Mr. Farnum penetrating brown eyes that peered out from under bushy eyebrows, he recognized the official who stood fussing and fuming before him. His reply came in the nasal twang peculiar to the sons of New England.

"I suppose that I am talkin' to Mr. Welcome Farnum?"

The president nodded. "You are! And I would like to know—"

Floyd's rugged face wrinkled into a smile of greeting. His right hand shot out to shake the hand of the irate employer.

"Well, Mr. Farnum," said he, "I'm right pleased to see you. About the train—well, we're haulin' these extra coaches to accommodate the employees of this here railroad. You see, we are goin' into Boston to be paid off. I believe you promised to pay us all on the fifteenth of March. This is the fifteenth, ain't it?"

"It is," the mill owner snapped angrily, "but I'm not ready to pay off today. We'll discuss that matter later. But right now"—his voice rose, his complexion became apoplectic—"as president of this company I order you to drop the extra coaches and leave all these men right here. They would make trouble for us in Boston."

With that he stepped between the third and fourth coaches and pulled the pin. The first three coaches belonged to the regular train; the last ten cars were extras.

Floyd's genial smile faded. His expression became hard and businesslike. Replacing the pin, he served notice that the jig was up.

"Look here, Farnum," he said, "you may think you are president of this railroad. You *were,* but not now—because there is no railroad to be president of!"

The portly gentleman gasped and sputtered. "I—I won't stand for it," he managed to say.

"Furthermore," continued Conductor Floyd, "this is the last train that will run over your rails until we men are paid in full for the last six months

Photos from Joseph Lavelle Collection

A Couple of Old-Timers on the New York & New England (now N.Y. N.H. & H.). Upper Is No. 162, a Cooke-Built Mogul, and Lower Is No. 183, a Fast-Stepping Rogers Eight-Wheeler

of work. There are twelve hundred of us here, including five hundred laborers who built the extension to Thompson, and you promised to pay us today."

Mr. Welcome Farnum looked around him for some ray of hope. He saw only a sea of determined faces. Beside him stood Harry Little, the engineer. Little's jaw had a menacing set that brooked no opposition. The engineer glanced over to his conductor for orders. It was a dramatic moment.

"All right!" Floyd's command was crisp and incisive. "Let 'er go!"

"No, you don't!" retorted Mr. Farnum. "I forbid you to start this train."

"Mr. Floyd is the conductor," said Engineer Little, "and I am taking orders from him."

"You're both discharged," said Farnum.

Ignoring these words, the engineer headed for his cab, Floyd bawled out "All aboard!" and the special was again heading down Boston way.

President Farnum, who had clambered aboard the train, rode into the Boston terminal and immediately stepped into his office, where he met a grievance committee representing about twelve hundred men. The meeting was brief but stormy. It lasted fifteen minutes. Mr. Farnum blustered and threatened, tried to stall for more time. The strikers served notice that not a wheel would turn until they were paid in full, and at 10.45 A.M. they posted the following announcement:

This Railroad
will run no more trains
until further notice

THE news soon spread over the city of Boston that a greedy railroad management had refused to pay the wages due its honest employees, inflaming popular indignation. Citizens and their wives bustled about, impromptu tables were set up in the freight house adjoining the depot, and these tables were loaded with food, to show the railroad workers that public sympathy was with them. Rich and poor alike threw open their homes as sleeping quarters for the strikers that night. Those who could not be accommodated in private homes were given warm, comfortable beds in the freight house.

Thus was America's first railroad strike launched, and for three whole weeks not a train ran between Boston and Thompson, while the twelve hundred strikers were fed and housed at the expense of Bostonian sympathizers.

Meanwhile the strikers were doing all they could to cripple the railroad and prevent its operation. They were tearing up sections of track, running locomotives onto side tracks, disconnecting them and hiding the necessary gadgets, and guarding the railroad drawbridge at South Boston to see that no one closed it, so that no trains could run over it.

Efforts were made to bribe both Conductor Floyd and Engineer Little, each being offered $300 if they would run their trains as usual. Floyd flung back defiantly:

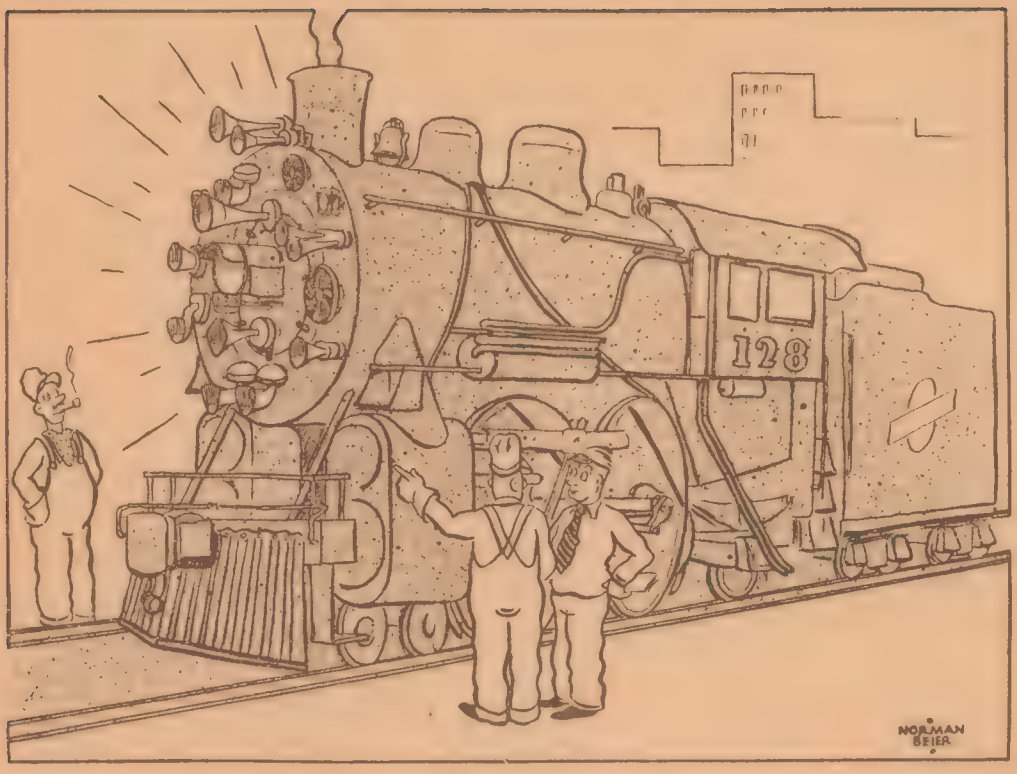
"Not for three thousand!"

The engineer likewise refused to be tempted, and the solidarity of railroad labor in that crisis was commendable. Not a man would play the rôle of traitor. The labor front was unbroken.

But after the third week, with the railroad's treasury empty and its credit exhausted, with President Farnum unable to pay and unwilling to compromise, popular enthusiasm was gradually dissipated. Public hospitality gradually lost its warmth, and in time the twelve hundred men scattered, taking up other jobs of various kinds. Some obtained work on other railroads.

In one sense, the strikers lost, for they never received the money they had rightfully earned and never went back to their old jobs. But in a broader sense they had won a tremendous victory. For the first time, they had shown the world that it was possible for a group of railroad employees to organize and fight for a common cause. They tied up the road so tightly that not a wheel turned for six months, and eventually it had to be taken over by the New York & New England (now part of the New Haven System).

The strike of 1855 meant that railroad labor was beginning to feel its wings. The valiant twelve hundred were the advance guard of the mighty Brotherhoods of today. They paved the way for the Adamson Eight-Hour Law of September 2, 1916.



"He Wasn't Satisfied with the Bell and Whistle . . ."

On the Spot

EMMETT WATSON'S cover paintings of "Old-Time Railroading" are attracting much favorable comment. Next month we will present the fourth of this series: "The Girl Op," a popular character who flourished in the Nineties and up until the close of the World War. Some of you boomers could tell us interesting tales about those gals. How about it?

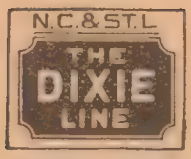
The Sandy River Line—America's longest two-foot-gage road—was put up at auction on May 18th. Linwood W. Moody will give the history of this famous pike in an illustrated feature article, "The Narrow-Gage Roads of Maine," in our September issue. Moody is familiar with that subject. He has lived in Maine all his life and has worked on two of its slim-gage pikes. His "Abandoned" (March issue) was unusually well received.

Another big feature next month will be "Hog Law," a Rud Randall novelette by E. S. Dellinger, dealing with the Brotherhoods. We predict this will go down in history as a railroad classic. Dellinger knows the streak o' rust and knows how to write about it. He is probably the world's most popular railroad fiction author today.

Every month we ask you to fill out the "Reader's Choice," coupon (page 143) or send us the dope in a letter or card. We are grateful to the thousands of readers who have done this and have helped to make the magazine what it is now. Votes and comments on the June issue are still pouring in. Those received so far show the following line-up in order of popularity:

1—"King for a Day," E. P. Kid
2—"Lion Tamers," Dellinger
3—On the Spot
4—By the Light of the Lantern
5—"When Hoboes Rode," Tyler
6—"Taxpayers' Money," Livingston
7—True Tales of the Rails
8—International Engine Picture Club
9—"Loch Ness Monster," Thomas
10—Central of N.J. Locomotives
11—"Chatsworth Wreck," Critchett
11—Model Railroading
12—"Strike-Breaker," Hubbard

North America's Handsomest Engine



REGARDING my article, "The South's Finest Engine" (July issue): My friend W. E. Miller, who has a good picture of that old N. C. & St. L. gal, gives additional facts. He says her tank wheels were the old style with paper cores, painted red striped in yellow; and her drivers were 60 inches, cylinders 14 x 22, and steam pressure 160 lbs.—H. G. MONROE, Smyrna, Ga.

* * *

NORTH AMERICA'S handsomest passenger engine, I will say in answer to Donald Somerville's request for votes on the subject, is the Pennsy K-4s, because: (1) Boiler has graceful taper, or slope. (2) Engine has Belpaire square-top firebox. (3) Headlight is located at top of smokebox front, instead of at center. (4) Smokestack is tapered, and has a large lip around the rim. (5) Crosshead slide bar is single piece, with no bar below crosshead. (6) Valve gear parts are small and good-looking. (7) Keystone number plate on front is red and gold.

Other details of the K-4s which I think are handsome are: Pilot and pilot beam, cylinders and details, smokebox front; trailing truck, and cab. I might mention sound of bell and whistle, but these would not affect the appearance.—JOHN M. PROPHET 3rd, Mount Morris, N. Y.

* * *

I VOTE for D. L. & W. No. 1125, 4-6-2 type, used on the Buffalo Div. to haul the "Lackawanna Limited," because she is neat and dressed up.—LESLIE VAUGHN, Wilawana, Pa.

MY vote is for Nickel Plate class L 1, type 4-6-4. They have polished cylinder heads, front ends finished in silver color. Although drivers are only 73 in. they frequently go through here at 70 m.p.h.—DAVID SWANEY, 220 Olin Ave., Girard, Pa.

* * *

EXPLAINING my vote for C. & N. W.'s 4-6-2 type, class E-2A: She hauls famous train No. 400, at an average speed of over 60 m.p.h. Second place, P. R. R. 4-6-2 type, class K-4. Third, B. & O. President class.—HARRY RENKEN, 420 Church St., Evanston, Ill.

* * *

PENNSY E-6s, 4-4-2 type, is the most beautiful passenger engine. I like the Belpaire boiler, boiler-top headlight, cab and stack. For second place the New Haven's 4-4-0, No. 548, for the same reasons, and I like Atlantics better than Pacifics. For third, the B. & O., No. 25, "Billy Mason," because I like the balloon stack, headlight and cab.—JOHN GRESSIT, 2449 Marcy Ave., Evanston, Ill.

* * *

ILLINOIS CENTRAL Class 1100 engines have the fatal gift of beauty. I know, for I have fired them dragging 11 to 15 coaches.—WADE JONES, 305 S. 14th St., Herrin, Ill.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *In a contest of this kind, a fan naturally picks an engine that passes through his own locality. For this reason, readers' votes are not a fair test as to which is North America's handsomest passenger locomotive; so we have printed only a few of the many votes received.*)

Graveyards and Abandoned Pikes

"GRAVEYARDS?" They're quite fashionable on railroads in these days of depression. That is, scrap yards for old locomotives. A typical "graveyard" is on the fringe of S. P. yards at Sacramento, where 34 or more huge hulks of iron and steel are rusting away, some with wide gashes in their sides, others stripped of headlights, whistles bells or smokestacks.—L. HARRISON, 2330 14th St., Sacramento, Calif.

* * *

ANOTHER typical graveyard is on the P. R. R. at Bradford, O., where 100 or so useless locomotives and 3,500 equally useless freight cars occupy the million-dollar classification yard and 11 men now do all the work that formerly kept 1,000 men busy.—LAURENCE BORGER, Miamisburg, O.

(EDITOR'S NOTES *Who can tell us about other graveyards of the old iron horse, or send photos?*)

* * *

BURIED railroad track believed to be nearly 100 yrs. old was found 6 ft. underground at Nutley, N. J., by employees of the Essex County engineer's office recently. It is believed to have been part of a line from a quarry to the Passaic River. Who can give details?—R. BUCKHOUT, N. Y. City.

NORTH & SOUTH RY. has died by permission of the I. C. C., given March 20, 1935. The poor thing was inc. in 1923 to link Canada and Mexico by building 332 miles of line between Miles City, Mont., and Casper, Wyo. Only 41 miles were operated. A receiver was appointed in 1924.—R. M. SAWYER, 173 Ashuelot St., Dalton, Mass.

* * *

BEGAN firing on the B. & O. when I was a kid, then the Erie's Meadville Division, back to the B. & O. at Lima, O., then C. H. & D. and W. & L. E. and D. & R. G. W. From there to the Rio Grande Eastern in New Mexico as engineer. When that was abandoned I went to the D. & S. L. Then Midland Terminal, finally to a copper pit road as locomotive engineer. Now I am running goats on 640 acres of my own, when not on an engine.

Fellows, stay in the Northwest where rails are railroad men! Here they are cowboys and dry land farmers. Brotherhood receipts are no good here. I'd like to hear from you boys and learn what is going on.—BLACKIE, THE BOOMER FIREMAN, Bowie, Ariz.

Old Bridges Over Sacandaga River at Luzerne, N. Y. Photo from Collection of Fred E. Beach, Retired Delaware & Hudson Engineer, 5 High St., Oneonta, N. Y.

Motive Power Enthusiasts

FOR Pete's sake, where on earth did all the engine picture fans come from? Since my L. K. & W. true tale was printed (May issue) I have been drowned in a flood of mail requesting pictures of the old line. The first 20 or so were flattering, but after that it became a drain on the family purse. I'm out about $15 for prints and postage. Not one party ever thought to inclose a dime for expenses! If ever you use another article of mine, print a line that no prints will be sent or letters answered unless a dime is enclosed. It is only fair.—JAMES W. EARP (trainman), 616 North C St., Herington, Kan.

* * *

I WAS pleased to be able to buy your June issue in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe in Paris while traveling with an orchestra. I expect to take photos of French railway scenes and will forward them to you if they're O. K.—ROY MASSER (ex-rail), 1427 Centre St., Ashland, Pa.

* * *

I ENJOY International Engine Picture Club and pictures of old engines. More historical articles would help; also more facts about locomotive builders.—W. A. ANDERSON (retired trainmaster, Mo. P.), 3644 S. W. 22d Terrace, Miami, Fla.

* * *

ENGINE picture fans lost a friend in recent death of James R. Quigg, master mechanic, Kansas City Terminal Ry. When I asked permission to take pictures on K. C. T. property, he replied: "Help yourself!"—J. T. BOYD, 826 Garfield Ave., Kansas City, Kan.

FANS would be interested in a small booklet "Locomotive Stock of Main Line Railway Companies of Great Britain," by D. R. Pollock, 102 Disraeli Rd., Putney, London, S. W. 15. It gives numbers and classes of each, numbers withdrawn and remaining, and sells at one shilling, 2 pence (about 30 c.).—A. M. D. PENDER, 201 Red Lion Rd., Tolworth, Surbiton, Surrey, England.

* * *

PHOTOGRAPHY articles are good. Print dope on S. P. Mallets. Even without fiction, RAILROAD STORIES would be well worth the money.—H. MCMICHAEL, Waterford, Ont., Canada.

* * *

IN "Engine Picture Stamps" (June issue) the 8-center is not a railroad scene but shows soldiers guarding a wagon train. The bridge is the Eads structure across Mississippi at St. Louis built in 1874.—ROBERT WHITE, Drayton Plains, Mich.

* * *

THE 3 most beautiful locomotive stamps and also the lowest priced are the 3c. blue of 1869, 2c. carmine and black 1901, and 5c. carmine rose, parcel post issue of 1912. These 3 stamps can be obtained for around 20c.—WM. KINGSTON, 940 S. 21st St., Salem, Ore.

* * *

I HAVE an International Engine Picture Club button, but do not know how to get a Brotherhood card. Can you tell me how to get one?—R. HUTCHINSON, 643 N. E. Ave., Oak Park, Ill.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Cards issued by Railroad Brotherhoods are only for Brotherhood members in good standing. They are not given or sold to the general public.*)

What's in a Name?

WHEN I worked on the Northern Pacific at Pasco, Wash., years ago, yard tracks were designated by women's names such as Ella, Clara, etc., instead of numbers. Can you explain why?—E. C. HUFFSMITH, 243 Atlantic Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *For the same reason that Pennsylvania men call a certain locomotive "Fat Annie." That is, for no reason at all. Just an ebullition of irrepressible railroad humor.)*

* * *

CLEVELAND & MARIETTA R. R. (now part of Pennsy System) once had a locomotive, "Postboy," named after a village near Newcomerstown, O. This village is probably the only one in the world taking its name from a murder. On Sept. 9, 1825, William Cartweel, while carrying the mail from Westchester to Coshocton, was shot to death. The murderer was seen leaving the scene of the crime. He was arrested, convicted and hanged. He confessed on the gallows.—FRANKLIN E. RADCLIFFE, Box 152, Del Paso Hts., Calif.

* * *

IF you can believe the *Postal Guide*, there is but one post office in U. S. named "Railroad." It is on the P. R. R.'s Baltimore Div. between Harrisburg, Pa., and Baltimore, Md., but is not mentioned in the *Official Guide of Railways* because it is not a station. It is 1¾ miles from the station of Shrewsburg, which is more than 100 years old.—ROBERT E. WHITE (Grand Trunk section foreman), Drayton Plains, Mich.

* * *

REGARDING towns with railroad names in (May Spot dept.), one has only to look through the list of stations in the *Official Guide* to see others, such as: Bell (17); Dome, Cal., Ariz., Tex.; Tank, Pa., and Tankville, N. B., and Ill.; Cylinder, Ia.; Stack, Mich.; Driver, Ark., and Sask.; Pike, in 6 states; Helper, Utah; Coal, W. Va.; Round House, Ill.; Yardville, N. J.; Pusher Siding, Pa.; Boomer, W. Va.; Cupola, Pa.; Headlight, Ga.; Blazer, Mo.; Coal Chute, Ala., and Ind.; and many others.—H. EDGERTON STROTHARD, Spring Hill, N. S.

* * *

TEXAS has 2 towns which have the same names as the largest two builders of locomotives: "Alco," on the Angelina & Neches R. R., and "Baldwin," on the Louisiana Ry. & Navigation Co.'s line.—W. D. SHERMAN, Rusk, Texas.

The Information Booth

WHO can give dope on the now abandoned Ocean Shore R. R. which ran between San Francisco and Half Moon Bay, Calif.? Also, I want to know the origin of any station names on the Western Pacific, esp. those in Nevada along the line operated jointly with the S. P. —JAMES FRASER, Box 37-W, R. F. D. 2, Redwood City, Calif.

* * *

SOME time ago I read about a compressed air locomotive invented by Wm. B. Boyette, of Atlanta, Ga., which was to make 125 m.p.h. Was it ever tried out?—E. H. NERVO, Box 66, Route A, Geyserville, Calif.

* * *

I WANT to correspond with railroad fans of my age (15), especially those in foreign countries. —PAUL LEOPOLD, Morgan Park Military Academy, Morgan Park, Ill.

* * *

DOES anyone know words and music of 2 old songs, "Daddy's the Engineer" and "Does This Train Go to Heaven"?—E. C. HUFFSMITH, 243 Atlantic Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

* * *

WHO can supply words of "The Freight Wreck of Altoona"?—REX DOUGLAS, Camp 42, Kingston, Ont., Canada.

* * *

I AM compiling a work on "Superstitions of America," and I ask readers to help me in gathering material. Particularly I want facts about the superstitions of railroad men, but others will be welcome also.—J. A. LESLIE, No. 58248, Ohio State Prison, Box 511, Columbus, O.

LOCOMOTIVE "Toronto" interests me greatly. When the Ontario, Simcoe & Huron Ry. was opened from Toronto to Aurora on May 16, 1853, the "Toronto" hauled the special train. My great-grandfather, then an alderman of Toronto, was one of the invited guests. When the train arrived at Aurora he was astonished to see his son and other boys, who had played hooky from school, sitting on the pilot. Family tradition relates that the inauguration ceremonies were delayed for a few minutes while a well-deserved spanking was administered.—ROBERT R. BROWN, secretary, Canadian R. R. Historical Ass'n, 700 Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada.

* * *

WHO knows anything about the old diamond-stack loco, resting in the grass on the bank of the Mississippi at Baton Rouge, La., where Mo. P. trains are ferried across the river? Who knows anything about the little 4-4-0 sitting on the sidewalk near Pratt and Gay Sts., Baltimore, Md.? Can anyone supply facts about a loco. builder at Batavia, N. Y.?

Commenting on a letter from Wm. J. Parry, C. N. R. engineer (April "Spot" dept.), as to why locomotives don't go faster: Why don't they use a vacuum to evacuate expanded steam from cylinders as is done in marine engines?—GEO. BEATER, 6456 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

FIREMEN and engineers, please write.—ROBT. VIKEN (age 18), 22 Mora Court, Manhasset, N. Y.

* * *

WHO built the now abandoned track around Madison and Geneva, O.?—HARRY JAMES, 5789 Westminster, St. Louis.

Fighting the Dust Storms in Kansas: Typical Scenes on the Santa Fe Right-of-Way

LONGEST train of passenger cars I ever saw consisting of 28 Milwaukee steel coaches hauled by 2 freight engines deadheaded through here one October night in 1930.—FRANK MCBRIDE, 612 E. 4th. St., Muscatine, Ia.

* * *

CHAS. F. SOMERS, former engineer, died here April 8. He ran Pennsy 18-hour trains in tests, making 127 m.p.h. for 3 miles between Crestline and Fort Wayne, a record which still stands.—NORMAN STOCKDALE, 831 N. Washington St., Wheaton, Ill.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *For details see N. A. Critchett's article, "Speed War of the Century," Dec., '34, issue.*)

* * *

FIRE broke out in the lounge car of the "400," C. & N. W. flyer speeding through Kenosha, Wis. At the northern limits of the city, passengers were transferred to other cars and the fire extinguished. After a 10-minute stop they proceeded on to Milwaukee, arriving only 4 mins. late, *making up 6 mins. in 33 miles!* Then, after the club-lounge was cut out of the train (another 10-min. delay), the "400" arrived in the Twin Cities on time!—A. H. CHRISTIANSEN, P. O. Box 502, Oak Park, Ill.

* * *

I HAVE been talking with the men operating the C. & N. W. "400," and you can take my word for it that she is, as advertised, "America's Finest and Fastest Train." She covers the 85 miles between Chicago and Milwaukee in 75 mins., and the remaining 325 miles of the Chi-St. Paul run takes just 5¼ hrs., regular schedule.

She has 6 or 7 cars. On front of locomotive, beneath headlight, is a large colored insigne of the road, directly under which is a large plate containing the term "400." On both sides of engine, directly over rear drivers, are other huge "400" signs, all illuminated at night. Incidentally this train hits over 100 m.p.h.!

I have interested approximately 336 railroad men in and around Chicago in RAILROAD STORIES, and I believe most of them have become regular readers.—JAMES BROWN, 1769 Arthur Ave., Chicago.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Thanks a lot, brother! We wish there were many more like you in U. S. and Canada.*)

On British Rails

RECORDS were broken by a L. N. E. R. train March 5 between King's Cross and Newcastle drawn by "Papyrus," named after a famous Derby winner. She is a 3-cylinder simple Pacific built 7 years ago, used in ordinary passenger service and not specially prepared for the occasion. The train was about half normal weight of an ordinary train.

The run was carried out to test the theory that light units drawn by steam locomotives were better than Diesel-engined trains.

The distance between London and Newcastle, 268 miles, ordinarily occupies 5 hrs., 6 mins. Test run was made in 3 hrs., 51 mins. Following a stretch of 12½ miles at 100.6 m.p.h., "Papyrus" was speeded up to 108 m.p.h. Throttle was kept wide open; cut-off varied from 22 percent to 32 percent; boiler pressure 200 to 215 lbs.; coal consumption averaged 46.93 pounds per mile including lighting up.—C. BROOKS, 29 Russell Rd., London N. W. 9, England.

* * *

EXCEPT on a couple of "light" railways in wild parts of Ireland and Scotland, British trains run without any headlight at night. All tracks are fenced, with few grade crossings. While a British engineer can see the semaphore lamps he will run as fast at night as by day. However, the L. N. E. R. has found a use for headlights on a few small branch-line jacks (locomotives).

The 12-mile Knaresborough branch in Yorkshire has been equipped with a new system of "locating boards" instead of block signals, the block-signal towers having been closed down for economy. These boards are mostly about 3 by 1½ yards, fixed on short posts and painted with diagonal stripes in various color schemes, according to kind of semaphore signal replaced.

For night use, to save the cost of illuminating, they have fixed to these boards various layouts of "multi-ray" prism reflectors of the sort used on highway signs, and the jacks used on this branch are equipped with small headlights of automobile pattern, to reflect light onto these prisms.—F. H., Liverpool, England.

* * *

"KING" Class engines of Great Western Ry. have been described as new. Really they are not new, the first of the class being the "King George V," shown at the Chicago World's Fair. Except L. N. E. R.'s "Cock-o'-the-North," a 2-8-2, these engines are the most powerful in England, surpassing the L. M. S. "Princess Royal," which is chiefly a copy of the G. W. "King" Class. The latter is to try for the world speed record on the G. W.'s centennial anniversary. "King" engines pull the Cheltenham Flyer, London to Swindon, 78 miles in 65 minutes.—CEDRIC ABBEY, 35 Faraday Rd., Wimbledon, London, England.

"RAILWAY ENGINES OF THE WORLD," a book by an Englishman, makes the absurd assertion that Americans were frightened when the English engine, "King George V," made 76 m.p.h. on the B. & O. For years this speed has been exceeded in spurts by regular trains on American roads, yet I have not heard of anybody being scared to death. I have ridden at 90 m.p.h. on the B. & O. and Reading.—CLIFFORD BISSELL, 1509 Euclid Ave., Berkeley, Calif.

* * *

I CAN'T understand why the debate between English and North American speed bugs is kept going. There is no comparison between locomotives of Great Britain and North America, nor between operating conditions. English fans are invited to visit U. S. and Canada and learn that we have some *real* railroads and locomotives.—IRA BARNES, 38 West Main Street., Mayfield, N. Y.

* * *

BRITISH engines are much smaller than American, neater in outline and kept cleaner. While black is the predominant color, most express locomotives are painted various shades of green, those on the L. M. S. crimson. Our latest "monster" is L. N. E. R. "Cock-o'-the-North," 2-8-2 type, tractive effort 43,460 lbs., for heavy Scotch grades. Six are to be built. Next comes the 4-6-2 "Princess Royals" of the L. M. S., 40,300 lbs. t.e. They work the heavy London-West Coast Scottish express route. Ten are on order.

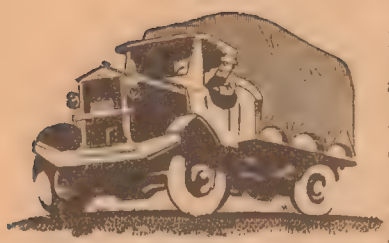
Thirty 4-6-0 "King" type with 6½ ft. drivers also run on the L. M. S. Under a new chief mechanical engineer this road is developing new designs generally of a larger size. He has now on order 225 4-6-0 express-mixed traffic engines of 25,450 lbs. t.e. This big order reflects a shortage of heavy motive power due to recent traffic increases.

Our trains are much lighter and distances are shorter than in America, although our longest non-stop run is 400 miles. Most freight work is done with 0-6-0 inside cylinder engines. Many such are now being built. L. N. E. R. and G. W. use 2-8-0s for heaviest freight traffic, the former road trying out a couple fitted with boosters. Express locomotives are usually given names. We go in for rebuilding rather than replacing, some passenger engines dating back to 1866-70. I recently saw 2 freight engines built in 1864.—GRAHAM LLOYD, Meadowland, College Road, Cheltenham, England.

* * *

IN 1933 the "Royal Scot" was exhibited at the S. P. depot here. One of our 5000 class giants pulled in alongside. S. P. officials were told that the 5000 would have to be moved, as the "Royal Scot" was on exhibition, not in competition. The 5000 left. English engines aren't bad looking, but they appear almost effeminate beside American hogs.—WM. DIEFFENBACHER, 1530 Jones St., San Francisco.

Speaking of Road Hogs—



RAILROADS are throwing away more business than trucks could win on merit. Here are typical examples: For years Erie's No. 6 stopped at Saegertown, Pa. When business fell off the stop was omitted. President of bottling works there asked dispatcher to stop No. 6 to let him off at Saegertown. He was told a bus served that place. Now a truck concern hauls the weekly carload that the bottling company formerly furnished the Erie.

Formerly the Buffalo run consisted of 2 full trains. "Efficiency experts" tinkered until now the 2 are cut to half a trainload. More "efficiency" cut the number of switch engines. A steel mill with a rush order, being refused an engine to get out several cars, gave its business to another road. A Meadville oil company, finding daily service from Cleveland cut off, now uses trucks. A Salamanca grain dealer, unable to get cars spotted, promptly gave his business to another road. I work in a furniture store. Truck shipments always arrive in good order; rail shipments almost never do. (Don't print my name.) —LITTLE ROLLO, U. S. A.

* * *

"FULL TONNAGE" fad is costing railroads lots of business. Letting cars hang up in yards until a trainload accumulates while customers wait for them at destination is what makes trucks flourish. The public isn't as dumb as it used to be. Lighter equipment, faster and more frequent schedules might be more costly at first, but when people learn that railroads could be depended on their business would come back.—F. W. GRAHAM, Attapulgas, Ga.

* * *

RUMORS that truck competition would force abandonment of the Cassville & Exeter R. R., a 5-mile line with one locomotive and 3 employees, brought President Dingler hurrying from California to Cassville, Mo. He had 22 drivers arrested for overloading and issued the following warning to local merchants:

"The C. & E. Railroad will continue to operate if it breaks me. If you merchants don't stop using trucks I'll build the darndest biggest store in Southwest Missouri, haul goods on my railroad and sell them at cost."—JOHN DAVIDSON, 245 Madison Ave., Memphis, Tenn.

* * *

THE only engine ever owned by the 28-mile Virginia Blue Ridge R.R. (see page 138) is a 2-8-0 type built by Porter. The road runs through Tye and Piney River valleys with many curves and 3½ per cent grades, serving sawmills at Woodson and Massie's Mills, Va. The V. B. R., built in 1915-6, has had hard sledding, chestnut blight taking the timber, and trucks taking the freight. —J. W. SANDRIDGE, JR., Box 344 Vinton, Va.

REGARDING "Mid-Ocean Railway," by Willis Austin (May issue): This railroad will, in time, probably cease to exist. Too bad that the builders never put the road clear around the Isle of Oahu, as had been planned. The road has never been in the red, and I believe it would have made more money than it did, had it "circumnavigated" the island.

It seems like "good old days" to see a narrow-gage freight train balling the jack with their 0-8-0 and 0-6-2 jacks, but they look odd without the "doghouses." Only 2 cabooses seem to be left, one of them in pretty fair condition on the rip track.

One point about this railroad that will give it longer life is the temporary spider-like tracks they can throw almost any place through the cane and pineapple fields, and haul merchandise from almost any place to any place. The railroad's arch enemy, the truck, is outclassed here.—"WOODY" (ex-brakeman), Honolulu, Hawaii.

* * *

MUCH has been said about holding trains for tonnage. The Pere Marquette doesn't do that. There are 3 fast through freights between Chicago and Detroit via Grand Rapids. Their schedules are fast and they must not be delayed. Time, 12 hours; distance, 336 miles.

At Grand Rapids the crews, engines and cabooses are changed and there are intermediate stops to pick up and set out. These trains must run regardless of tonnage; often they are run in 2 sections or doubleheaded. L.c.l. freight is handled just as fast. Freight loaded at Grand Rapids for Detroit, and vice versa, also stations between, is ready for delivery at 7 o'clock next morning. What truck line can beat that?—L. M. BRODBECK, agent, P. M. Ry., Woodbury, Mich.

* * *

I AM a furloughed Wabash brakeman, now driving truck for a living. If the railroads do not get young blood they are done for. This is the day of speed and economy, not heavier tonnage. If freight doesn't move faster trucks will soon have it all. I haul freight between Columbus, O., and Detroit, 200 miles in 12 hours. It would take 2 or 3 days by rail.—P. B. PATTERSON, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

I DO not like your attitude toward truck drivers. I am one myself. Why blame us for earning a living? We have to pass rigid tests to get a job. Truck driving has all the risks of railroad service, possibly more. We have no limit for hours, tonnage, mileage or number of men for a truck.

Big road trucks, to which you often refer, are frequently owned or operated by former railroad men. This is not to defend trucks, their long hours, low wages, high speeds and overloading, but is offered in defense of drivers who have to live somehow and are no more anxious to hog the road or cause wrecks than is the average engineer.—LIVANLETLIV, U. S. A.

Photos of the Entire Motive Power Roster of the Virginia Blue Ridge Railroad (See Page 137) and the Little Frame Station at Piney River

The Anvil Chorus

I AGREE with those who criticize use of profanity in your fiction. Some writers act as if readers had no respect for good literature. Who will join me in a drive for clean reading?—GARLAND PETERSON, 510 W. 37th St., Norfolk, Va.

* * *

WHAT'S the matter with some of your readers? We got a big kick out of your editor's note answering that fellow who objected to the use of cuss words in fiction (June issue), when you said: "We're not putting out a Sunday school paper." When will Dellinger write another yarn of the "Old Hell-Bender" type?—H. and D. W. RICHTER, 233 Lucerne, Memphis, Tenn.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *"Hog Law," coming next month, will deal with the Railroad Brotherhoods even more strongly than "Old Hell-Bender" did.*)

* * *

I DON'T care for your fiction. I wouldn't knock it, however, as I realize that to put out a magazine catering to one class exclusively would cost many times what you charge now.—CHAS. TUCKER, Box 353, Morristown, N. J.

* * *

WHY clutter up a good magazine with The Engine Picture Kid stories? They seem silly to me.—F. L. MCCLANAHAN (ex-rail), Paris, Ky.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *According to readers' votes and comments, The Engine Picture Kid—John A. Thompson—is our second most popular author. Except for Dellinger, he leads the field by a wide margin. Latest returns on June issue put his "King for a Day" at top of list. If this result stands, it would be the first time a short story has run ahead of a Dellinger novelette. But the June voting is very close; perhaps "Lion Tamers" will nose out "King for a Day" even before this issue comes off the press. We'll tell you later if it does.*)

* * *

SOME people say Englishmen don't appreciate American humor, but I enjoy stories about The Engine Picture Kid and Goldenrod. I am a L. M. S. signalman and a charter member of the

International Engine Picture Club. Have got in touch with some fine fellows through the club. Thanks for using 2 photos of mine in June, '35, issue.—W. SPRAY, 184 Curzon St., Long Eaton, Notts., England.

* * *

TO save ink in filling out Reader's Choice coupon, put down the entire table of contents as my choice—except for that toy shop, "The Model Trading Post."—A. M. RUMP, 10 Buckingham St., Brighton, England.

* * *

RAILROAD STORIES is the best story and feature magazine in North America. Don't take the "Spot" dept. crabs too seriously. Your fiction, true to life and technically perfect, still has enough action to entertain the non-railroader.—GEO. W. BOOTH, gen. chairman, B. of L. E., Pacific Elec. Ry., Magnolia Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

* * *

YOU devote too much space to Eastern lines. Come out West where railroading does not depend on alarm bells, whistles and automatic train control; where an engineer must still use his head.—GEO. B. CLEVELAND, 308 4th Ave., S.W., Cedar Rapids, Ia.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *You may be right, but we try to cover all sections. Eastern railroad men say we publish too much Western stuff.)*

* * *

CORRECTION: Address of P. L. Bergoff in my "Strike-Breaker" article (June issue) is 551 5th Ave., N. Y. City, not 550.—FREEMAN H. HUBBARD, editor of RAILROAD STORIES.

Calls for the Big Hook

I WAS a boomer fireman on the Burlington, U. P., Rock Island, Santa Fe, and M. & St. L., but have been out of service 20 years. Reading about Chatsworth wreck (June issue) reminds me that I often saw Axel Applegreen, passenger engineer on the T., P. & W., when I was a boy. He was, I believe, the last survivor of that wreck.

Narrow-gage line crossing the M. & St. L. at London Mills, Ill., which J. N. S. mentioned in June "Boomer Trail," was made standard-gage 30 years ago, and is now part of the Burlington.

I'd like to see pictures and specifications of C., B. & Q. engines classes R_5, S_2, O_2 and O_3.—C. H. HUGHES, 1421 Missouri Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

* * *

CHATSWORTH wreck is still fresh in my mind, though I was very young at the time. I have good pictures of the wreck, one showing engine No. 13 on her side in the ditch. This engine was totally destroyed. Engine No. 21, instead of No. 2, as N. A. Critchett's article says, was in the lead. Second engine was No. 13, not No. 15; she was known as "The unlucky 13." My father was a Section 4 man at Meadows on the T., P. & W. for 12 years.—F. J. ROACH (U. P. freight house clerk), 155 N. 9th Ave., Pocatello, Ida.

* * *

I WAS interested in the Chatsworth wreck article, as I had friends and neighbors killed or injured. While I did not know Dave Sutherland, engineer of the head engine, I knew 3 of his brothers all enginemen running out of Creston, Ia. In fact, I fired for his brother John, one of Burlington's crack engineers. I also rode thousands of miles behind him after entering the railway mail service. A mother and one of twin daughters from our neighborhood were killed.

Publish stories of the railway mail service, which is no small part of railroad transportation. Old-timers could tell good stories.—CLINTON Brown, (retired railway postal clerk), 506 N. Cedar St., Creston, Ia.

* * *

SAW a train wreck the other day—in a movie, "Fugitive Lady." Passenger train runs by a red signal. Operator gets the station at which a freight had stopped after it had left on a single track. The 2 trains roar down a straight stretch and meet with a blinding flash. Engines rear up on their cabs, all cars pile up on them, then the steel cars burn! Great railroading, what?—JAMES MORLEY, 2635 Etna St., Berkley, Calif.

* * *

CAN anybody give dope on Lehigh Valley No. 4 wreck at Clifton Springs, N. Y., in 1912 or 1913?—GEORGE WHITFIELD, 192 Broad St., Eatontown, N. J.

* * *

PLEASE send details of West Hartford wreck in which many people were killed. Think it was winter, 1888. Also, I want words of song, "Little Joe Magret."—EDGAR DUPUIS, West Lebanon, N. H.

* * *

THANKS for printing my request for information on the Wabash wreck in 1904 at Litchfield, Ill. Have had a dozen letters from men who know about it.—A. H. EGGLESTON, Detroit.

* * *

HERE are details of Litchfield wreck: Wabash "Banner Blue" train was running in 3 sections July 3, 1904, with passengers for St. Louis World's Fair. Second section ran into an open switch at 50 m.p.h. at 5 P.M., striking a string of box cars. Wreck caught fire and several passengers were believed to have been burned, in addition to 28 known dead.—BILL KITCH, 811 N. Gray St., Indianapolis.

* * *

MY uncle tells me he laid over for a day at Eveleth, Minn., because of the D & I. R. wreck mentioned in your true tale, "Locked Horns" (Aug., '34, issue). The mess was awful. Then he became a boomer brakeman, but is now on the N. P.—JOHN CANNON, 600 8th Ave. S. E., Minneapolis.

* * *

H. C. FOOTE asked about wreck at Chadd's Ford Jct., Pa. It occurred 5.45 P.M. Nov. 14, 1904. Engine of the Phila., Balto. & Wash. extra freight No. 43 left rear of train on main and went to pick up cars on interchange track. Reading No. 8 pulled up behind rear of No. 43 and stopped with engine on crossover frog. Rear of No. 43 got away and ran into its own engine,

knocking her against No. 8's engine which turned over. Of 4 persons in cab, one was slightly injured. A passenger was killed. Harry Smith, P. B. & W. agent, was standing near No. 8's engine when she went over, and narrowly escaped. He is still on the job, which he has held for 45 years.—H. C. HUGHES, 1024 Linden St., Wilmington, Del.

* * *

WHO can give me details of wreck on New Haven Road at East Lyme-Niantic long ago? It was caused by "Federal Express" colliding with a new Rhode Island locomotive left on main line by a crew from Providence Division, not familiar with that part of the road. They had thought they were safe on the passing track.—LEONARD CLAPP, 20 Elmwood Ave., Norwich, Conn.

* * *

WILLIAM J. McGROARTY, engineer, died last Feb. 12 at his home in Allentown, Pa., from injuries received in dismounting from his engine. He was in a runaway down Ashley Mountain, Central R. R. of N. J., in Feb., 1917. Several engines were piled up and nearly a score of men injured. McGroarty jumped, after doing all he could to stop the runaway, and escaped with a broken arm and severe shock. I think this was the runaway about which someone asked recently. —M. LAVELLE, 266½ River St., Forty Fort, Pa.

SOMEONE asked about Mo. P. wreck between Lamonte and Knobnoster, Mo. Although only 11 years old then, I remember it. While milking about 5.30 A.M. on a farm near Knobnoster I heard a crash and saw steam rising from the wreck for half an hour. Later, I saw bodies being brought in Knobnoster, and was told the wreck had been caused by Lamonte operator giving a clearance to westbound passenger train before taking an order for it.—C. A. CUNNINGHAM, Russell, Ky.

* * *

CAN anyone supply facts on Pere Marquette wreck near Iona, Mich., about Sept. 30, 1906? Second section of a passenger train telescoped 1st section, killing 55 and injuring 100. Being then a child, I do not remember details; but have heard that this disaster forced Pere Marquette into receivership. When I became an employee at Traverse City, July 17, 1916, there were locomotive pictures in the freight office carefully guarded. I was reprimanded for looking at them. I was told that those engines had been in the Iona wreck, and that discussion of the disaster was forbidden. Though receivership ended in 1917, the rule against discussion of Iona wreck remained in force. —(MISS) SELMA J. E. PRESCHER, 10665 Pearmain St., Stonehurst, Oakland, Calif.

A Corner for Juice Fans

HOW fast can P. R. R. streamlined 4-6-4 electrics go? One of the non-streamlined models, about 2 years ago, worked a test train of 15 coaches up to 105 m.p.h. on the N. Y. Div. With the same test train a K-4 got up to 95 m.p.h.

Steam fans would have been tickled pink, during heavy snowstorms in the East, to see what I saw: West Jersey & Seashore (P. R. R.) electric trains (third rail, multiple-unit) entered and left their Camden, N. J., terminal behind steam engines. Snow prevented the contact shoe from riding on the third rail.—GEORGE BEATER, 6456 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I'M a railroader, like my dad and his father. I'm attending a Diesel school in Chicago. Diesel has its good points—also its bad ones. Cost of maintenance is very high; repairs are frequent and expensive. Diesel can never crowd the iron horse out of the picture!—DAVID HARRIS, 129 Dacotah St., Houghton, Mich.

* * *

LEE COUNTY R. R. (in answer to T. S. Woods, May issue) was built about 1912 to connect Amboy and Lee Center, Ill., though its western terminus was several miles west of Lee Center. *Electric Railway Journal* of Oct. 7, 1916, said: "Line south of Ashton to Amboy no longer operated by electricity; wire sold. Operated now by steam; extension planned from Amboy to Reynolds Church."

"Madame President" (June issue) refers to the Rock Island Southern as a steam road. The 18.3 mile section between Galesburg and Monmouth, Ill., is electrically run.—E. R. THOMPSON, Montague, Mich.

I WANT information about trolleys that ran in Hempstead, Catskill, Hudson, Peekskill, White Plains, Port Chester and Ossining, N. Y., and Danbury, Conn., and Lakewood, N. J.—GEORGE ARNOUX, 9245 219th St., Queen's Village, N. Y.

* * *

WHY not print pictures and information on street cars before they are all scrapped?—AL. GILCHER, 34 Wildwood Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

* * *

"RIDE the interurban street cars! Twenty-two times safer than travel by bus." This slogan is printed on my stationery.—W. L. HAY, 1803 Fulton Rd., N. W., Canton, O.

* * *

HOW long can interurban lines stand against cut-throat competition of truck and bus? In 1910 Ohio had 70 traction lines; now fewer than 25, all in the red, some in receivership.—WAYNE PRIWER, 1601 Lagonda Ave., Springfield, O.

* * *

I WORK for a street railway and am interested in street cars. Print more pictures of them.—CARL JOHNSON, 393 Hamilton St., Worcester, Mass.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *We often try to get unusual true tales, fiction and articles about trolley cars. Every time we print such a request we are flooded with trite old stuff about robberies or runaways, or articles too technical for popular appeal, or history so dull that only the most ardent street-car fan would attempt to wade through it. Our big field is, of course, steam railroading, but we can always find room for electric stories and pictures of exceptional interest, such as "A Remarkable Juice Record," July issue.*)

Model Railroading

Photo from H. G. Monroe, Smyrna, Ga.

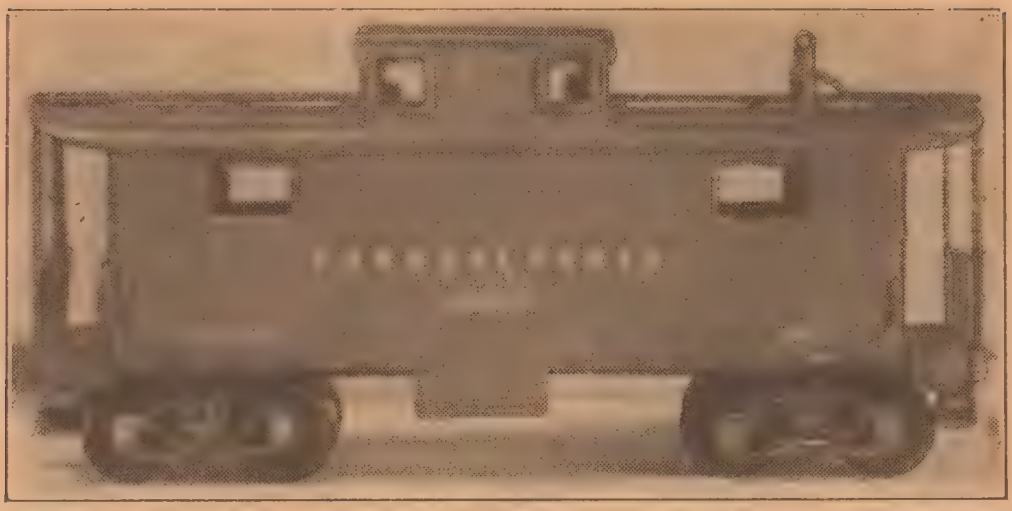
Miniature Railroad System Operated by F. P. Rose and His Two Sons, Preston (Left) and Edward, in the Attic of Their Home at Decatur, Ga.

How to Photograph Your Models

WHEN you photograph a model you make an accurate copy that will enable you to duplicate any parts which might break, and you also can show the model to friends without the trouble of carrying it around. Anyway, who doesn't want a good photo of his model?

To take successful photographs you do not need professional equipment. Mighty fine photos have been taken with cheap cameras. If you can, by all means get a camera with an adjustable back and some sort of ground glass focusing arrangement. Take your local photographer or photographic supply dealer into your confidence. He could give good advice about both equipment and methods.

A tripod is useful, but it costs money. Instead you could put the camera on a board placed across two chairs. By using a ground glass, which you can purchase for the average camera for 15 or 25 cents, you can see your model just as it will appear on the film. A fair substitute is tracing cloth, although the results with it are not as fine. Place the ground glass in the back of your camera where the film normally is. Then, looking through this ground glass at the model, move the camera back and forth until the model occupies a space



Caboose Model Made by Walter Kaufmann of New York City—a Good Example of Photography. Notice How Clearly Each Detail Is Shown. This is Due to Perfect Lighting, Sharp Focus and Simplicity of Background

on the glass equal to the size of the film. Next, focus the image until it is needle-sharp. Then, with some type of clamp to hold your camera in place, remove the glass and put in your film.

Now for preparation of the model. Place it upon a long piece of roadbed whose ties are light in color but with unpainted ends. Use aluminum or steel rail if you can. When taking the photograph of a locomotive, make sure the driving rods are below center line. With the rods below center line you can get a full view of the valve gear.

Place a piece of white cardboard in back of the model and another piece under the roadbed, so that the cardboard will extend toward the camera. If you do not want too much light in the foreground, use blue cardboard. When focusing the camera take care that you do not see any background but the cardboard.

Lighting the model has much to do with the success of the photograph. Place photo-flood lamps or 100-watt bulbs from three to six feet away from the model and face them down on it. Aluminum saucepans make good reflectors.

Now, after you have your model lighted the way you desire, close one eye and view the model from all angles and heights. Select the angle that appeals to you most. Flash lamps enable you to get weird and novel effects. They are more expensive to use, of course, for the lamps can be used only once.

After you have got everything ready, put out all lamps and load the film.

" Stop down " your camera. On the front

Scale Model of K-4 Pacific Built by C. Morsch, Jr. (See Next Page)

of most cameras is usually a knob that either turns or slides along a series of figures such as 6.3, 8, 11, etc. Move the knob until it is over the figure 22 or the nearest to it you can get. Set the shutter to time, which on most cameras is indicated by the letter " T." Open the shutter and turn on the lamps.

Try a 3, 5 or even 10 minute exposure on three different pieces of film. If you use the same bulbs and keep them the same distance away you will get a good idea of what exposure is best, and at least one good negative. While the shutter is open *do not* walk about, as vibration jars the camera and spoils the sharpness of the picture!

Developing is a common procedure which is carefully explained in many books or pamphlets obtainable at the local library.

Let's hear about your success in photographing models. If you think it is exceptional, send a print to the model editor of this magazine and he may find room to publish it. Also send details on how you built the model.

Photographs should be sharp and clear, not too tiny, not a dull gray monotone, not blurred or " fuzzy," and not half buried in shadow. This refers especially to pictures intended for publication.

Next Month: " How to Rebuild a Tin-plate Hopper Car," by Charles G. Cunningham.

Model Engineers and Clubs

PATERSON Railroad Club is building a ¼-in. scale layout. For information write W. Wright, 26 20th St., Paterson, N. J.

* * *

I BUILT a scale model of the famous K-4 Pacific in one year. I used 47 castings and a standard motor with transmission. The boiler is made of tubing with a Belpaire firebox. All my machine work (including bronze drivers) was done on a $8.75 lathe. Length 23½ in., height 4 in. and width 2⅝ in. at the cylinders. Brooklyn Railroad Club, of which I am a member, helped me greatly in building this.—C. Morsch, Jr., 3402 Ave. P, Brooklyn, N. Y. City.

* * *

MODEL makers in vicinity of Allentown or Danielsville who desire to form a club write to Peter Turancia, Box 54, Danielsville, Pa.

* * *

FRANKLIN Model Railroad Club meets Tuesdays in Benjamin Franklin High School, 209 E. 79th St., N. Y. City. This club visits railroad yards and terminals. They have plans under way for OO gage line. For details write Joseph Cerveny, 332 E. 79th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

MICHIANA Model Engineers Guild had 21 members present at their latest meeting and enrolled 8 new members. LeRoy Smith exhibited excellent rough and machined castings for his ¾-inch scale steam loco. For further information get in touch with J. A. Landgraf, 322 W. Battell St., Mishawaka, Ind.

* * *

TOLEDO model fans interested in organizing a club, write to Howard Forster, 4524 Overland Parkway, Toledo, O., who is an HO fan.

* * *

THE LITTLE SOUTHERN RY. has 500 ft. of track, 4 locos., and mixed rolling stock. It is 17/64th-inch scale. A cordial invitation is extended to all visitors by W. Haverly, Jr., 708 S. 23rd Ave., Bellwood, Ill.

* * *

CAMDEN readers interested in forming a model railroad club, get in touch with Edward Hilland, 523 Royden St., Camden, N. J.

* * *

ALL my models are of the old wooden type with open end platforms. I'll send you some good clear photos very soon.—Lad Arend, 530 S. Front St., Franklin, O.

* * *

LOW-COST good models are more interesting than the oilcan and thread spool models. Your magazine should have a 50 per cent mixture of scale and tinplate articles.—Harry Summers, 15 W. 16th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

MANCHESTER model makers wishing to organize, write to Wm. Maier, Jr., 142 Wentworth St., Manchester, N. H.

* * *

MODEL makers who have trouble in getting drawings of motive power or rolling stock they want to build can find them in the Locomotive Cyclopedia or Car Builders' Cyclopedia, which may be consulted at public libraries or technical libraries. These drawings may be photostated to the scale you want. Some libraries maintain photostat service. The cost is low. When you order photostats instruct the man to make the longest dimension the exact length of your model. This will enable you to take measurements right off the drawing. Be sure to ignore the dimensions already on there.

RAILROAD STORIES Reader's Choice
280 Broadway, New York City

Stories, features and departments I like best in the August issue are:

1.....
2.....
3.....
4.....
5.....
6.....
7.....

Name.....
Occupation.....
Address.....

The Model Trading Post

WILL swap my wide-gage equipt. for O gage. —Merle Anderson, 7839 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

* * *

WHAT model equipment will you offer for a Lionel multivolt type A transformer?—Albert Berg, Jr., 1728 N. 16th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

I HAVE O gage equipt. to swap for working steam loco.—Jeffery Earle, 172 Edgehill Rd., Westmount, Que., Canada.

* * *

I'LL trade my Lionel strd.-gage pass. and frt. car set for O gage set.—Walter Garrett, Jr., 367 Weaver St., Port Chester, N. Y.

* * *

WANTED: Book entitled "Trains," by R. S. Henry, for which I offer in exchange O gage equipt.—Theodore Gay, 257 88th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

WHO'LL give me O gage equipt. for science and short story magazines?—Wells Glover, Shortsville, N. Y.

* * *

I HAVE miscellaneous magazines to trade for American and English model-making magazines and book "Model Steam Locomotives."—A. B. Halley, 1721 Hildacrest, Huntington, W. Va.

* * *

WHO has 1 7/16 inch dia. machined loco. drivers mounted on axles, ¼ inch scale?—Edward Hilland, 523 Royden St., Camden, N. J.

* * *

WANTED: O gage electric locos., frt., trucks, track.—Theodore Kopp, 14 Wilcox Ave., Columbus, O.

* * *

I WISH to dispose of O gage track, cars, Creist Craft boat, movie machine, erector set.—Wm. Maier, Jr., 142 Wentworth St., Manchester, N. H.

Free Information Service

QUESTIONS about model railroading—either tinplate or scale equipment—will be answered free by mail by our technical staff, if you enclose stamped envelope. (Residents of Canada or any foreign land, send a loose stamp from your own country.)

* * *

What kinds of model articles do you like to read? We invite suggestions and criticism. Tell us about your miniature railroad system, and models you have built, and model clubs. All items are printed without charge in this department. Material for October issue must be received before July 15.

* * *

Many readers whose names are listed here are swamped with mail. Some cannot afford to pay postage in answering all letters. When you write to any of them, please use "Reply Postal Card" (costing 2c.) or enclose stamped envelope.

WHAT do you offer for my O gage track, 45 degree crossover, A. F. trans., rheostat, 4 double wheel trucks?—Leslie Martin, Box 433, Richfield Springs, N. Y.

* * *

I HAVE 25 Lionel cars, 4 prs. switches, 75 pieces of track to trade or sell.—Warren Morse, Box 63, Excelsior, Minn.

* * *

HAVE you ¼-inch scale loco. or A. F. steam outline loco. with trans., track, switches to trade for my double-barreled Springfield 410 gage gun?—A. V. Perkins, Robstown, Texas.

* * *

WANTED: Steam loco. Atlantic type, strd.-gage rolling stock, either scale or tinplate.—Ralph Perry, 54 Oak Grove Ave., Brattleboro, Vt.

* * *

WHO has 2 prs. Lionel O gage automatic couplers to trade for my Lionel fasten-in couplers?—Wm. Russell, 404 N. Broom St., Wilmington, Del.

* * *

I WILL swap my Nos. 253, 261 locos. and frt. cars for 260-E steam type locos. or what have you?—Fred Speidel, 111 Roebling Ave., Buffalo. N. Y.

* * *

I NEED a set of ¼-inch scale pilot wheels. What have you?—Warren Stowman, 7444 Forrest Ave., E. Germantown, Philadelphia, Pa.

* * *

WHO'LL trade model-making magazines for my ¼-inch scale drawings of 50-ton steel box car?—Mark Fyie, R.7, Box 62, Tyler, Texas.

* * *

WHAT am I offered 2 wide-gage locos. Nos. 3241-3235, flat car, box car, 5 Pullmans, 52 ft. of track?—Robert Harding, 40 Beach St., Marblehead, Mass.

* * *

WHAT is offered for my Lionel locos. 408-E and 381-E, Pullmans Nos. 412, 414, track, etc.? —R. Hurlburt, 97 Circle St., Forestville, Conn.

* * *

I'LL swap my ¼-inch scale box car blueprint and model railroad booklet for what have you? —Donald Martilla, Box 85, Oriska, N. D.

* * *

WANTED: O or OO gage rolling stock, equipt., buy or trade.—A. Simmons, 623 Bloomfield Ave., Montclair, N. J.

* * *

WILL trade for ¼-inch scale parts, pair of hand phones, loco. No. 3243, and 3 cars.—H. W. Saler, c/o Brooklyn R.R. Club, 338 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I HAVE the following Lionel O gage equipt. to trade for car construction sets or what have you: No. 259-E steam type loco; No. 250 electric type loco; box car, tank car, coal car, caboose; 21 sections track.—H. Singer, 2724 Morgan Ave., Bronx, N. Y.

* * *

LACKAWANNA—N. Y. Central Model Lines are now running 125 through trains an hour. Main line is 725 ft. long, double-tracked, and there's over 2,000 ft. trackage altogether; has 65 locos. and 350 frt. and pass. cars. Will trade photos of my road for those of other model roads; also want copies "Railroad Stories." Fans, please write.—Chas. H. Tucker, Box 353, Morristown, N. J.

* * *

I OFFER 20 magazines, boys' books, timetables, loco. photos, 2 toy fire trucks, in exchange for O gage rolling stock, equipt.—Fred Voorhees, Box 125, Miller Place, N. Y.

* * *

WHAT am I offered for size 127 Kodak and size 120 Eastman box camera? I need O gage locomotive, 8-wheel cars, and track.—Harry L. Wynn, 413 Charles St., Derry, Pa.

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29x4.50-20	2.35	0.85
30x4.50-21	2.40	0.85
28x4.75-19	2.45	0.95
29x4.75-20	2.50	0.95
29x5.00-19	2.85	1.05
30x5.00-20	2.85	1.05
28x5.25-18	2.90	1.15
29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.15
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
29x5.50-19	3.35	1.15
30x6.00-18	3.40	1.15
31x6.00-19	3.40	1.15
32x6.00-20	3.45	1.25
33x6.00-21	3.65	1.25
32x6.50-20	3.75	1.35

TRUCK BALLOONS		
Size	Tires	Tubes
6.00-20	$3.75	$1.65
6.50-20	4.45	1.95
7.00-20	5.95	2.95
7.50-20	6.95	3.75
8.25-20	8.95	4.95
9.00-20	10.95	6.65
9.75-20	13.95	6.45

TRUCK TIRES		
Size	Tires	Tubes
30x5	$4.25	$1.95
33x5	3.75	1.45
32x6	7.95	2.75
36x6	9.95	3.95
34x7	10.95	3.95
38x7	10.95	3.95
36x8	12.45	4.25
40x8	15.95	4.95

REG. CORD TIRES		
Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$2.25	$0.65
30x3½	2.35	0.75
31x4	2.95	0.85
32x4	2.95	0.85
33x4	2.95	0.85
32x4½	3.35	1.15
33x4½	3.45	1.15
34x4½	3.45	1.15
30x5	3.65	1.35
33x5	3.75	1.45

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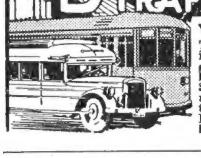

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PHOTOGRAPHS

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No. 2 "Lord Baltimore" 4-6-4 Class V-2
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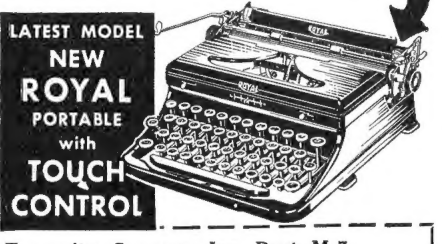

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